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The Author of "Bulldog Drummond" Creates a New Hero in These Thrilling Chronicles of Jim Maitland; the First Story Is—

Raymond Blair—Drunkard

By "Sapper" (Major H. C. McNeile)

Illustrations by George W. Gage

A FEW days ago I was stopping at a house in the country. A boy aged six was exploring my waistcoat pockets as I sat in the smoking-room; his mother, sitting opposite me, was regarding him with proper maternal pride. And then, suddenly, she looked at me.

"Do you know, Dick, I'm sometimes jealous of you."

With an agility worthy of a conjurer, I saved my gold watch from utter destruction in the grate.

"Why—may I ask?"

"You know—and I don't—about those five years. They're a closed book to me."

Her husband put down his paper and grinned.

"Curiosity killed pussy, Sheila. Is it not enough that I now grow pigs at home?"

She shook her head vigorously.

"No; those five years are mine, too, Jim. I want to know about them."

"My dear, they were deuced dull," he said lazily, but the gleam in his eyes belied his words.

And I knew he was back in the lands that lie beyond the beaten ken, with the smell of strange scents in his nostrils and the sight of strange things in his mind—in the places where laws are made to be broken, and the gun is mightier than the pen. And suddenly I decided that I would put on paper a few of the episodes of those five years when fate threw Jim and me together in lands we are never likely to see again. I am no story-teller; but for what it's worth—here goes.

THE first time I heard Jim Maitland's name mentioned was in the bar of a P. and O. We were two days out of Colombo, going east, and when I confessed my complete ignorance of the man, a sort of stupefied silence settled on the company.

"You don't know Jim?" murmured an Assam tea-planter. "I thought every one knew Jim!"

"Anyway, if you stay in these parts long you soon will," put in some one else. "And once known—never forgotten."

They fell into reminiscences of old times, and I was content to listen. Ever and anon Maitland's name was mentioned, and gradually my curiosity was aroused. And when, one by one, they went off to turn in, leaving me alone with the tea-planter, I asked him point-blank for further details.

He smiled thoughtfully, and took a sip of his whisky-and-soda.

"Ever been in a brawl, Leyton, with ten men up against you, and only the couch keeping a fellow with a knife in the background from sticking it into your ribs? Well, that's Jim's heaven, though he'd prefer it to be twenty. Ever seen a man shoot the pip out of the ace of diamonds at ten paces? Jim cuts it out by shooting round it at twenty. He's long and thin, and he wears an eye-glass, and rumor has it that once some man laughed at that eye-glass." The tea-planter grinned. "Take my advice and don't—if you meet him. It's not safe. He's got his own peculiar code of morals, and they wouldn't wash with an Anglican bishop. He never forgives and he never forgets—but he'd sell the shirt off his back to help a pal.

"Who he is and what he is I can't tell you; whether even it's his right name I don't know. And I've never asked; Jim doesn't encourage curiosity."

"Yes—but what's he *do?*" I asked as he finished.

"Do?" echoed the tea-planter. "Why, man, he lives. He lives! He doesn't vegetate, like nine out of ten of us have to."

With a short laugh, he finished his drink and stood up.

"Well—I'm turning in. That's what he does, Leyton—he lives. Night-night; and you never can tell—you might meet him in Tampico."

I did—and this was the way of it.

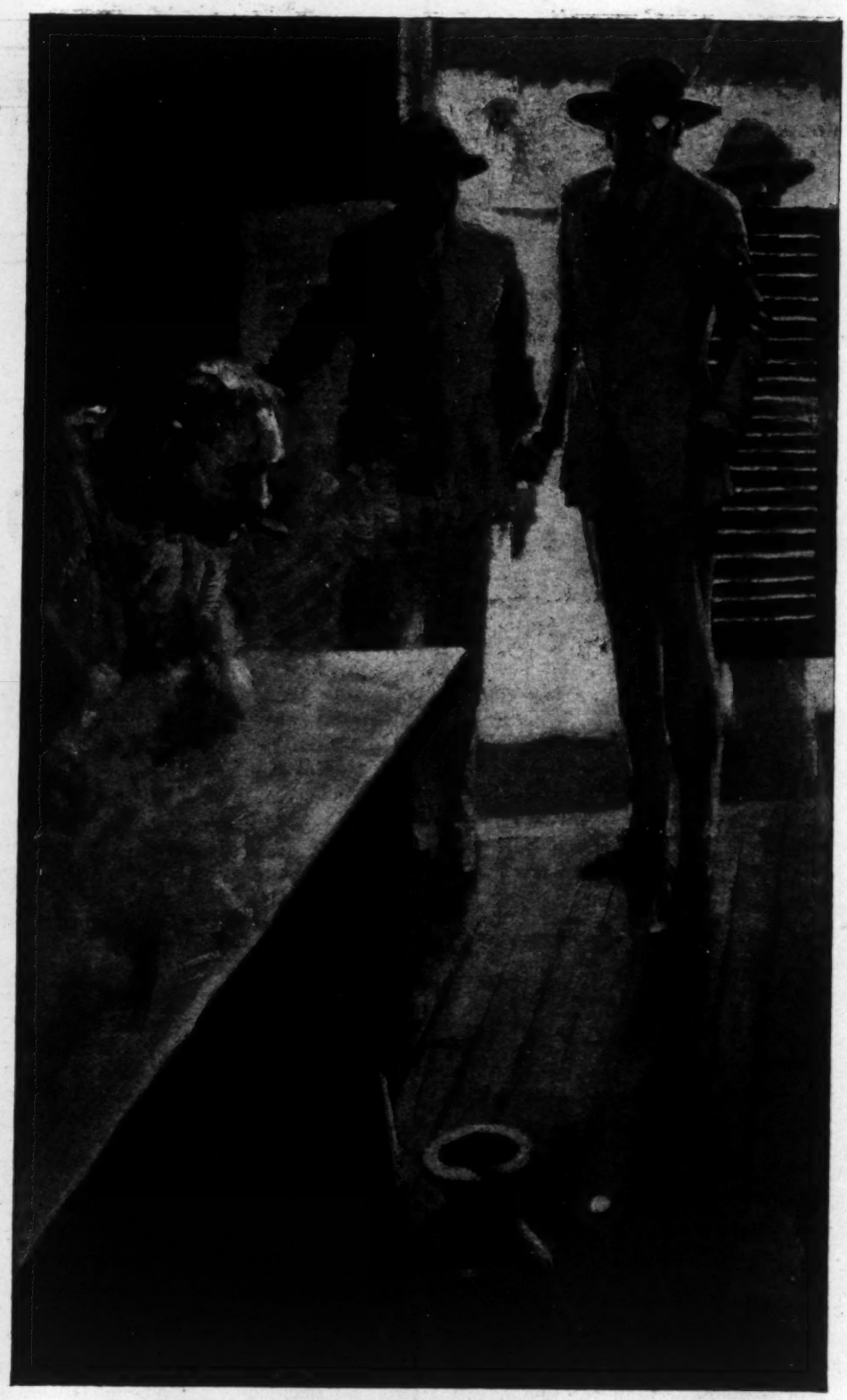
YOU probably do not know the Island of Tampico. I will go further and say you have probably never even heard of the Island of Tampico. And in many ways you are to be pitied. If ever there was a flawless jewel set in a sapphire sea, Tampico is that jewel. And because

flawless jewels are few and far between the loss is yours.

But on balance you win. For if ever there was a place where soul and body rotted more rapidly and more completely, I have yet to find it. That beautiful island, a queen even among the glories of the South Seas, contained more vice to the square mile than did ever the slums of a great city. For in Tampico there was no work to be done, except by the very few who came for a space on business and departed in due course.

In Tampico, where fruit and enough food could be had for the asking, there was no struggle to survive. In fact, no one ever struggled in Tampico except for one thing—drink. Drink could not be had for the asking! Drink had to be paid for in hard cash. And hard cash was not plentiful among the derelicts who came to that island, and having come remained till death took them, and another false name was written roughly on a wooden cross to mark the event.

TAMPICO was out of the beaten track of the big liners by many hundred miles: only small boats ever called—boats principally engaged in the fruit trade, with passenger accommodation for six in the first class. For fruit was the particular trade of Tampico; fruit and various tropical products which grew so richly to hand that it was almost unnecessary to pick them. If you waited long enough they fell into your hands. And nobody ever did anything but wait in Tampico, which is why it was so utterly rotten. Even when a lump of ambergris came ashore, the fortunate finder did not hurry. True, he might knife the man who tried to steal it, but otherwise his movements were placid. There was a dealer in the town, and ambergris meant drink for weeks.



Leaning over the bar, Dutch Joe oozed perspiration and geniality

The first time I saw Raymond Blair, he had just found a lump of the stuff, and was, in consequence, utterly and supremely happy. I'd heard about him from MacAndrew the trader, and I watched him with the pitiful interest a sound man always feels for the down-and-outer.

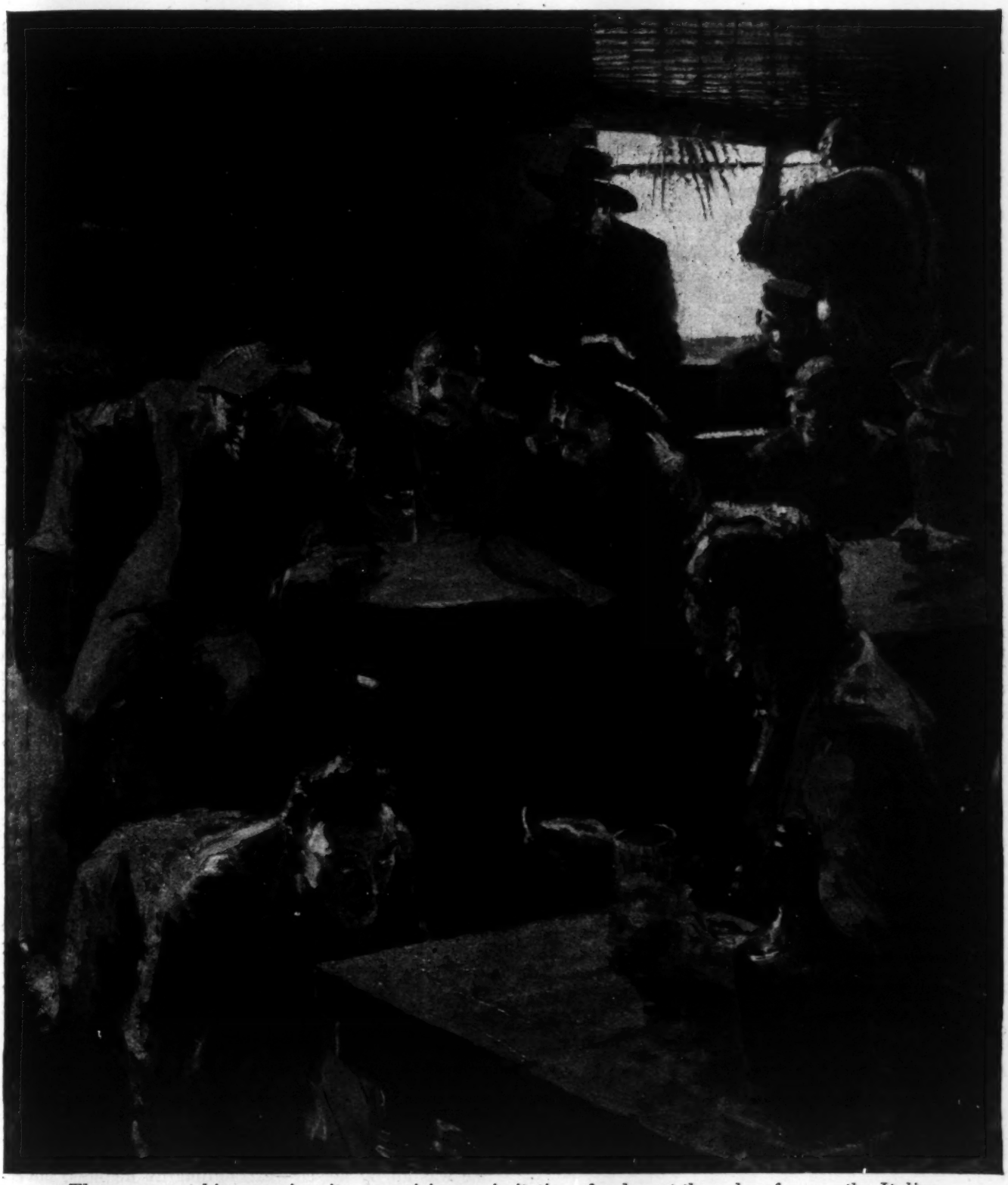
"The most hopeless case of all," MacAndrew had said to me in the club the night before. "A brilliantly educated man—Balliol, he told me one evening just before he got insensible. He'll spout classics at you by the yard, and if he's in good form—not more than one bottle inside him—he'll keep a dinner-table in roars of laughter."

"He belongs to the club?" I said.

MacAndrew shrugged his shoulders.

"It's easier to belong to our club here than the Bachelors' in London. He's got money, you see—quite a bit of money. Comes out every month. And he's educated—a gentleman. And he's a drunkard. Hopeless, helpless, unredeemable." He filled his pipe thoughtfully. "And though it's a strange thing to say, it's better to keep him drunk. It's all that keeps what little manhood is left in him alive. When he's sober he's dreadful.

"Toward the end of the month always, before the money comes, he isn't a man—he's a crawling, hideous thing. Anything, literally anything, will he do to get drink. And there's an Italian bully here who torments



They were watching a university man giving an imitation of a dog, at the order of a swarthy Italian

him. He loathes him because one night Blair—who was drunk and therefore in good form—put it across the Italian in a battle of words, so that the whole club roared with laughter. And the Italian gets his revenge that way. Why, I've seen him, when Blair has been crawling on the floor—and that's not a figure of speech, mark you, I mean it—crawling on the floor for the price of a drink, make him stand up on a table and recite "Humpty Dumpty" and other nursery rhymes, and then give him a few coppers at the end as a reward. And he's Balliol."

"But can't anything be done?" I asked.

MacAndrew laughed a little sadly.

"When you've been here a little longer you won't ask that question."

I was sitting in the window of the club as Raymond Blair came in, and we had the room to ourselves. He had been pointed out to me a few days previously, but he had then been far too drunk to recognize anybody, and from the look he gave me as he crossed the room it was evident that he regarded me as a stranger. I took no notice of him, and after a while he came over and drew up a chair.

"A stranger, I think, sir, to our island?"

His voice was cultivated, and he spoke with the faintest suspicion of a drawl.

"I arrived about a week ago," I answered a little abruptly. Somehow or other, the thought of this English gentleman standing on a table reciting nursery rhymes stuck in my throat.

"And are you staying long?"

"Probably a month," I said. "It depends."

He nodded portentously, and it was then that I saw he was already drunk.

"A charming island," he remarked, and his hand went out to the bell-push. "We must really have a drink to celebrate your first visit."

"Thank you—not for me!" I answered briefly.

"As you like," he remarked, with a wave of his hand. "Most new arrivals refuse to drink with me, in a well meant endeavor to save me from myself. But I'm glad to say it's quite useless—I passed that stage long ago. Such a fatiguing stage, too, when one is struggling uselessly. Far better to drift, my dear sir—far better."

HE took a long gulp of the double whisky-and-soda which the native waiter, without asking for orders, placed beside him.

"I am myself now," he continued gravely, "only when I am drunk. I am supplied regularly with money from—er—a business source at home, and I am thereby enabled to be myself with comparative frequency. I get it monthly." He was gazing dreamily out of the window, across the water to the white line of surf where the lazy Pacific swell lifted and beat on a great coral reef. "A most prosperous business, though this month the remittance has not arrived. Most strange; most peculiar. The boat came in as usual, but nothing for me. And so you can imagine my feelings of pleasure when I found yesterday afternoon a quite considerable lump of ambergris on the shore. The trouble is that the dealer is such a robber. A scandalous price, sir, he gave me—scandalous. Still, better than nothing. Though I am afraid my less fortunate confrères outside will have to suffer for his miserliness. Charity and liquor both begin at home. It is the one comfort of having the club: one can escape from them."

I glanced into the street, and there I saw his confrères. Five haggard, unshaven human derelicts clustered under the shade of a palm tree, eyeing the door of the club hungrily, wolfishly, waiting for this product of a university to share with them some of the proceeds of his find.

"As you see," he continued affably, "they are not quite qualified for election even to the Tampico Club."

He dismissed the thought of them with a wave of his hand.

"Tell me, sir, does the Thames still glint like a silver-gray streak by Chelsea Bridge as the sun goes down? Do the barges still go chugging past Westminster? Do children still sail boats on the Round Pond back London way?"

And, for the life of me, I could not speak. Suddenly, with overwhelming force, the unutterable pathos of it all had me by the throat, so that I choked and muttered something about smoke going the wrong way. Hopeless, helpless, unredeemable, MacAndrew had said. Ay—but the tragedy of it, the ghastly, fierce tragedy! "Back London way—"

With wistful eyes he was staring once more over the wonderful blue of the sea, and he seemed to me as a man who saw visions and dreamed dreams—dreams of the might have been, dreams of a dead past. And then he pulled himself together and ordered another whisky-and-soda. He was himself once more: Raymond Blair—drunkard and derelict.

Through all that followed the memory of the haunting tragedy in his face stuck to me. Maybe it made me more tolerant than others were—more tolerant, certainly, than Jim Maitland. For it was in Tampico that I first met Jim, as I have said, and Blair was the unwitting cause of it.

It must have been a month or five weeks later. The fortnightly boat had just come in, and I intended to leave Tampico in her next day. It was tea-time, and, as I turned into the club, I saw a stranger lounging on the veranda. And because in the outposts of Empire one does not wait for an introduction, I went up to him and spoke. He rose as I reached him, and I noticed that he was very tall.

"I'd better introduce myself," he said, with a faint, rather pleasant drawl. "My name is Maitland—Jim Maitland."

So this was the man of whom the Assam tea-planter had spoken—the celebrated Jim Maitland, who lived and didn't vegetate.

"My name is Leyton," I answered, "and I'm glad to meet you. Several strong men had to be helped to bed a few weeks ago after the shock they got when I said that not only had I never met you, but that I'd actually never heard of you."

He grinned—a slow, lazy grin—and then and there I took to him.

If I shut my eyes, though it's fifteen years ago, I can still see that immaculately dressed figure—tall, lean, and sinewy, the bronzed, clean-cut face tanned with years of outdoor life—and, clearest of all, the quite unnecessary eye-glass. Of the inward characteristics that went to make up Jim Maitland—of his charm, of his incredible lack of fear, of his great heart, I knew nothing at the time.

"Yes—I know most of the odd corners out here," he said, as we sat down and I rang for a waiter. "Though, funnily enough, I've never been to Tampico before."

"What's yours?" I asked, as the waiter appeared.

"Whisky-and-soda, thanks," he answered, stretching out his long legs in front of him. "Yes—as I say—I've never been here before. I've just arrived in the boat, and I want to get off in her again to-morrow rather particularly."

A PECULIAR look, half cynical, half amused, came into his eyes for a moment—a look to the meaning of which I had no clue. And then the amusement and the cynicism changed, I thought, to sadness; but maybe I was wrong. Certainly his eyes were expressionless as they met mine over the top of his glass.

"Here's how," he said. "You know this place well?"

"Been here six weeks," I answered. "Going to-morrow myself."

"Six weeks should be enough for you to tell me what I want to know. I joined the *Moldavia* at Port Said, and struck up an acquaintance with a little woman on board. She was all by herself—extraordinarily helpless, never-been-out-of-England-before type and all that—and she was coming here. In fact, she's come this afternoon by the boat to join her husband. I gather he's a fruit merchant in Tampico on rather a big scale. Well, when we berthed, there was no sign of him on the landing. So I took her up to that shack of a hotel, and started to make inquiries. Couldn't find out anything, so I came along here." He put down his glass suddenly and rose. "Hullo! here she is."

I glanced up and saw a sweet-looking girl coming toward us along the dusty street. Her age may have been twenty-five, but her wonderful freshness was that of a girl of seventeen. And it seemed to me as if Tampico had vanished and I was standing in an old English garden with the lilac in full bloom.

"Mr. Leyton," murmured Maitland, and I bowed.

She nodded at me charmingly, and then gave him the sweetest and most beseeching of smiles.

"I couldn't wait in the hotel, Jim," she said. "It's a horrible place."

"The Tampico hotel," I laughed, "is not a hotel, but a sports club for the insect world."

She sat down daintily, and I thought of the few leather-skinned products of Tampico. And then—why I know not—I glanced at Jim Maitland. His eyes were fixed on the girl with that same strange, baffling expression in them that I had noticed before—the expression that in years to come I was destined to see so often. But at the moment I remember thinking that it was, perhaps, as well that he was going by the boat next day.

Then I realized he was speaking:

"He can't have got your letter, Sheila. Or perhaps he is away from the island on business."

"Well, I asked every one at the hotel, after you went out, but they didn't seem to understand," she said a little tremulously.

The man turned to me.

"Mrs. Blair has lost or temporarily mislaid her husband," he remarked whimsically. "A large reward is offered for information as to his whereabouts."

"Blair," I said, puzzled, my mind being busy with the fruit merchants of the place. "Blair! I don't seem to know the name."

"Raymond Blair," she cried, leaning forward. "Surely you must know him!"

And for a moment it seemed to me as if the street behind her and everything within my vision turned black. How long I sat there staring at her foolishly I know not—perhaps it was only the fraction of a second. But a kindly providence has endowed me with a face that has enabled me to win more money at poker than I have lost; and when I heard myself speaking again, her face still wore the same little eager, questioning smile.

"How stupid of me," I remarked steadily. "Raymond Blair! Why—of course. The last time I saw him, he was going into the interior of the island, and he did say, if I remember aright, that he might be catching the boat that left a fortnight ago."

I FELT the eye behind that eye-glass boring into me, and I wouldn't meet it. In an island where if a man sneezes the fact is known by the whole community in half an hour, the whereabouts of a leading member of society are not a matter of vague conjecture. But she didn't know it, poor child—with her English ideas. And I watched the smile fade from her face, to be replaced by a little pitiful questioning look which she turned on Jim Maitland.

"Perhaps I could go to his house," she said doubtfully—"if you could tell me where it is."

And now I was lying desperately, furiously.

"He was going to have it done up," I remarked. "I think, Mrs. Blair, that the best thing to do would be for you to go back to the hotel, while I make inquiries as to where your husband is. If he is away from the island, I think you had better put up with the chaplain's wife until—er—until he returns."

And it was at that moment that MacAndrew passed by to go into the club, and nodded to me.

"Perhaps your friend might know," she hazarded.

There was nothing for it, and I rose and caught MacAndrew by the arm. My grip was not gentle, and as he swung round, my eyes blazed a message at him.

"Mrs. Blair has come out to join her husband, Mac," I said. "You know—Raymond Blair."

I heard him mutter "God in heaven!" under his breath.

"I have a sort of idea that he sailed on business by the last boat; didn't he?" I continued.

He took his cue.

"I believe he did," he said thoughtfully. "Yes—now you mention it—I believe he did."

And then Jim Maitland began to take a hand in his own masterful way:

"I think you had better do what this gentleman suggests, Sheila. I'll take you back to the hotel, and I'll see that you get a good room. Then you can lie down and rest for a bit, while we find out for certain where your husband is." He turned to us, and we knew he'd guessed something. "Shall I find you here when I've seen Mrs. Blair to the hotel?"

"We'll be here," said MacAndrew quietly.

SILENTLY we watched them go up the street. In silence, too, did we wait for his return, save for a brief period when Mac cursed savagely and horribly, with no vain repetitions.

"Where is he, Mac?" I said, as he finished.

"In Dutch Joe's gin-hell," he answered. "And they're baiting him. He's got no money. Who is the fellow with the pane of glass in his eye?"

"Jim Maitland," I remarked briefly, and MacAndrew whistled.

"So that's Jim Maitland, is it?" he said slowly. "Well, if one tenth of the yarns I've heard about him are true, there will be murder done to-night." He looked at me shrewdly. "How does Maitland stand with the girl?"

"Don't ask me," I answered. "I know no more than you. They both came in to-day's boat; that's all I can tell you. And, anyway, she's Blair's wife."

MacAndrew grunted, and relapsed once more into silence.

Five minutes later Jim Maitland returned, and strode straight up to us.

"Mrs. Blair is a friend of mine. I don't know her husband from Adam, but I know her. You get me?"

His blue eyes, as hard as steel, searched our faces.

"Well, gentlemen, I'm waiting. I don't know what the game is, but your lies, sir,"—and he turned on me,—"wouldn't deceive an unweaned child who knew these parts."

And, strangely enough, I felt no offense.

"I lied right enough," I said heavily. "I lied for her benefit, not yours."

"Why?" snapped Maitland.

"You'd better come and see for yourself," said MacAndrew.

"Then Raymond Blair is on the island," said Maitland slowly.

"He is," returned MacAndrew briefly. "Nothing on God's earth is quite so sure as that."

And in silence he led the way along the dusty street toward the native part of the little town. Once or twice I stole a glance at Jim Maitland's face as he strode along between us, and it was hard and set. But he spoke no word during the ten minutes it took us to reach Dutch Joe's gin-hell; only a single long-drawn "Ah!" came from his lips when he realized our destination.

"Nothing on God's earth is quite so sure as that," repeated MacAndrew grimly, as he flung open the door and we stepped inside.

It came with almost as much of a shock to me as it must have to Jim Maitland. For since that day at the club I had not seen Blair again, and if Blair drunk was a pitiful sight, Blair sober was a thousand times worse. Almost, in fact, did I fail to recognize him. He was crawling around the floor like a dog, and barking, and sometimes the spectators kicked him as he passed, and

sometimes they threw him a copper, which he clawed at wolfishly.

Leaning over the bar was Dutch Joe, his fat face oozing perspiration and geniality; while, seated at tables round the room, were a dozen or so of the sweepings of every nation—Greeks, English, Germans, Chinamen; they were all there, and temporarily they were united in the common bond of watching a university man giving an imitation of a dog at the order of a swarthy-looking Italian sitting at a table by himself. It was the Italian who noticed us first, and an ugly sneer appeared on his face. Baiting this drunken sot would prove more interesting in front of three of his own countrymen.

'Thank you, Mr. Blair," he remarked affably. "A most excellent imitation of a pariah; but then, of course you would be able to give a good one of such an animal. You will now please stand on the table and recite to us 'Mary had a little lamb.' You will then get this nice shining dollar."

AMID a shout of half-drunken laughter, Blair, his eyes fixed longingly on the silver coin which the Italian was holding loosely in his hand, proceeded to climb on one of the tables. Shaking and quivering, he was a dreadful sight.

I had one brief vision of a man whose nostrils were white, and who wore that very unnecessary eyeglass, going in on that baiter; and then the fighting began. Mercifully for us, Blair had subsided foolishly in a corner and was forgotten. The one thing they all understood—a gin-hell fight—had taken his place. And in a gin-hell fight you scrap with the nearest man to you whose nationality is not your own. Wherefore, out of the tail of my eye I saw no fewer than four fights going on in different parts of that bar, while Dutch Joe, no longer genial, cursed every one impartially.

It was hot while it lasted—so hot that I had no chance to see what an artist Jim Maitland was till quite the end. I was too busy myself with a greasy Portuguese who tried to knife me. But I got in on the point of his chin, and he slept, even as a child. Then I saw Jim do a thing I have never seen before or since. His Italian—the main Blair-baiter—had gone down twice and was snarling like a mad dog.

Like a flash of light he flung a knife at Maitland—and I heard afterward that he could skewer a card to the wall at ten paces. It was then that Jim did this thing—so quick that my eye scarce followed it. He side-stepped and caught the knife in his right hand by the hilt, and, so it seemed to me, all in the same motion he flung it back. And the next moment it was quivering in the fleshy part of the right arm of that Italian.

"Get out of it," said Jim tersely; "I'll bring Blair."

I got MacAndrew, who was enjoying himself in his own way with an unpleasant-looking Teuton in a corner, and together we made our way to where Maitland had hauled Blair to his feet. We all got round him and rushed him through the door out into the sunny street. I was sweating and MacAndrew was breathing hard, but Jim hadn't turned a hair. His eyeglass was still in position, his clothes were as immaculate as ever, and his face wore a faint, satisfied smile.

"Not bad," he remarked quietly; "but it was time to leave. They'll be drawing guns soon."

With Jim on one side and me on the other, while MacAndrew pushed behind, we got Raymond Blair along, gibbering foolishly. We took him to MacAndrew's house, and we dropped him in a chair.

"Merciful God!" said Jim, after he'd taken stock of the poor sodden wreck. "How can such things be? This thing—married to that divine girl."

He said the last sentence under his breath, but I heard it, and I saw the look in his eyes.

"What are we going to do?" he continued. "She's come out here from England to join her husband whom she hasn't seen for five years. She thinks he's a prosperous fruit trader. And there he is. What are we going to do?"

"He's better when he's drunk," said MacAndrew. "He's almost normal then."

"But, good heavens, man!" cried Jim angrily, "do you propose that he should be kept permanently drunk by his wife?"

"There's the alternative," answered MacAndrew, quietly pointing to the chair.

For a while there was silence, broken only by the mutterings of Blair.

"Why on earth didn't you say he was dead?"

Jim swung round on me, and I shrugged my shoulders.

"It might have been better, I admit," I answered. "But think of the complications. And at any moment he might heave in sight himself—normal, as MacAndrew says."

Jim Maitland paced up and down, smoking furiously. Suddenly he stopped, and I saw he had come to a decision.

"There's only one thing for it," he said. "His wife must know: it's impossible to keep it from her. If we say he's gone on a voyage, she'll wait here till he comes back. If we say he's dead—well, even she will hardly swallow the yarn that we've only discovered the fact since we last saw her. Besides,"—he frowned suddenly,—"I can't say he's dead. There are reasons."

"Ay," said MacAndrew shrewdly; "let's take that for granted."

"She's got to see him at his best, you understand—at his best. And then—if, well—if—"

He was staring out of the window, and MacAndrew's eyes and mine met.

"Ay, lad," said the gruff Scotchman gently, "it's the only straight game."

He rose and crossed to a cupboard in the corner, and having opened it he took out a bottle of gin. Without a word he handed it to Blair, and then, signing to us to follow him, he left the room.

"There are things," he said, "on which it is best for a man not to look."

"Will one bottle be enough?" asked Jim Maitland.

"There's plenty more where it came from," answered MacAndrew, and with that we sat down to wait.

FIVE minutes passed; ten—and then we heard the sounds of footsteps coming along the passage. They were comparatively steady, and Jim, who had been standing motionless, staring out of the window, swung slowly round as the door opened and Raymond Blair came in. He was still shaky; his face was still gray and lined, but he was sane. He was a man again, as far as in him lay, and in his hand he held an empty bottle of gin.

"I thank you, MacAndrew," he said quietly. "It was badly needed."

And then he saw Jim Maitland, and paused as he realized that there was a stranger present.

"Mr. Blair, I believe," remarked Jim in an expressionless voice.

"That is my name," returned the other.

"I have recently arrived from England, Mr. Blair," continued Jim, "and your wife was on the same boat."

Raymond Blair clutched at the table with a little shaking cry.

"She is at the hotel," went on Jim inexorably, "waiting to see her husband, whom she believes to be a prosperous fruit trader."

I couldn't help feeling sorry for the poor devil—his distress was too pitiful. Even Jim Maitland's eyes softened a little as, bit by bit, the rambling, incoherent secrets and degradations of his soul came out.

We heard how he'd lied to her in his letters, writing glowing accounts of the success of his fictitious business; we heard how, on one excuse and another, he'd prevented her coming out to join him. And we heard that the money which he'd received each month had come not from any business at home, but from her, out of the small private means she had. And he had pretended he was investing it for her in the island. All that and many other things did we hear as we sat in the darkening room—things that may not be written in black and white.

And then, gradually, a new note crept into his voice—the note of hope. The reason for the non-arrival of the usual remittance was clear now: she had come—his little Sheila. With her at his side he could make a new start; she would help him to fight against his craving. And then, at last, he fell silent, while MacAndrew lit the lamp on the table beside him. Jim's face, I remember, was in the shadow; but instinctively MacAndrew and I said nothing; it was for that tall, clean-living sportsman to speak first.

And at length we heard his voice, quiet and assured.

"You had better come and see her at the hotel now, Mr. Blair. But on one thing I insist. You must tell her what you have told us here to-night; otherwise I shall tell her myself."

And that was almost the last I ever saw of Raymond Blair. I saw him go to his wife in the hotel; I saw her welcome him with a glad little cry, though even then it seemed to me that her eyes went over his shoulder to Jim. And then, gray and shaking, he went to her room, while the man who had no right there turned on his heel and strode out into the night. And MacAndrew and I had a split whisky-and-soda, and discussed some futility, being made that way.

AN hour later she came down the stairs, and her face made me catch my breath with the pity of it. But she came up to me quite steadily, and we both rose.

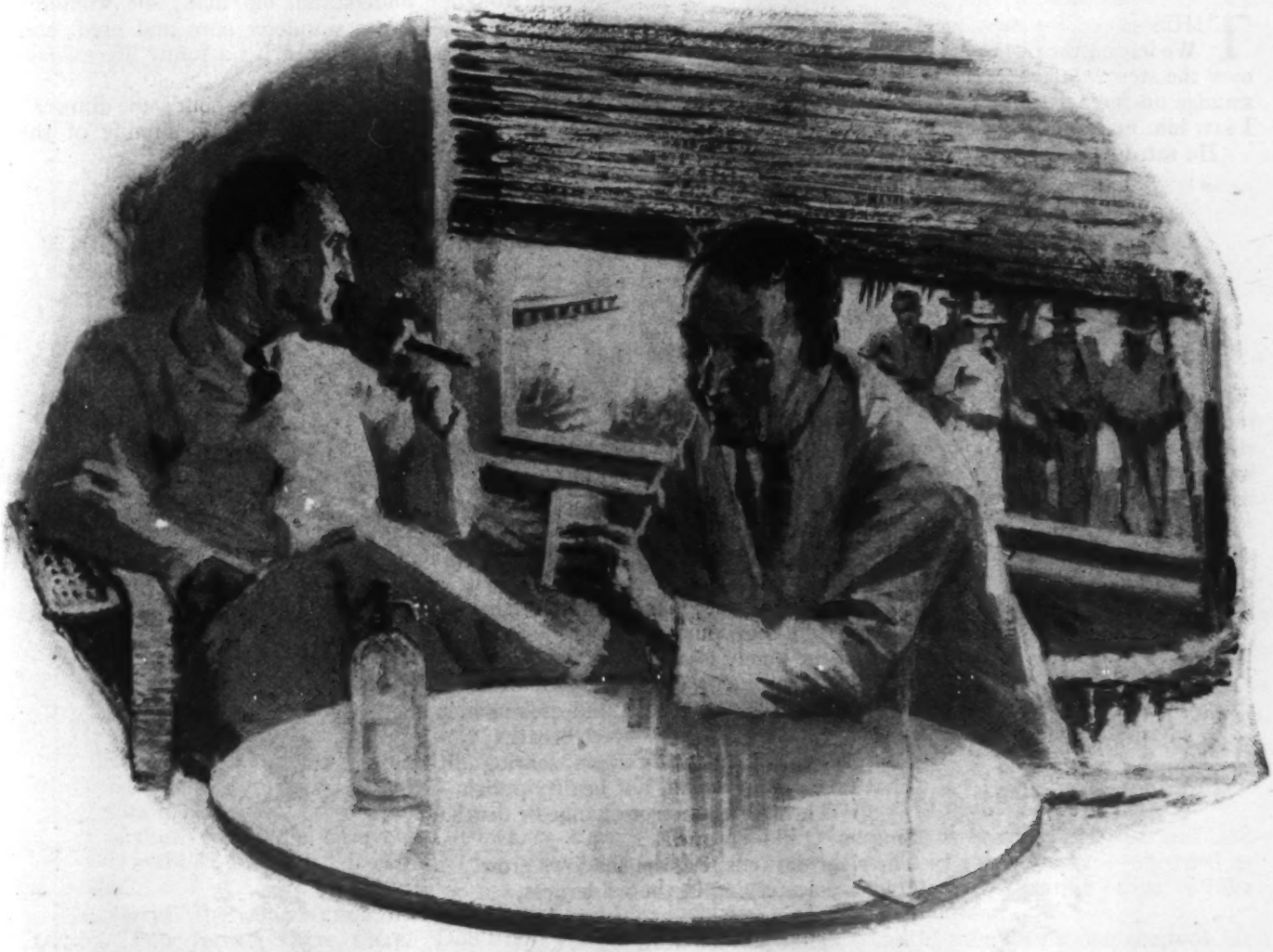
"Where is Mr. Maitland?" she asked quietly, and at that moment he came in.

And from then on her eyes never left his face; as far as she was concerned, MacAndrew and I were non-existent.

"Why did you give him that bottle of gin?" she asked, still in the same quiet voice. "Why did you send my husband to me drunk just after he had recovered from a dose of fever?"

I saw MacAndrew's jaw drop, but it was Jim Maitland I was staring at. After one sudden start of pure amazement, he gave no sign; he just stood there quietly, looking at her with grave, thoughtful eyes.

"I trusted you utterly," she went on. "You were good to me on the boat—and I thought you were my friend. And you presumed—you dared to presume—that you might become more than that. You thought, I suppose, that if I saw Raymond drunk I might leave him



I glanced into the street, and there I saw his confrères, five haggard, unshaven human derelicts eyeing the door of the club hungrily, wolfishly

in disgust—and that you— Oh! how dared you do such a wicked, wicked thing?"

I opened my mouth to speak, and Jim Maitland's hand gripped my arm like a steel vise. And I saw that he was looking over her head—upstairs. For just a second I caught a glimpse of Raymond Blair, staring at him beseechingly—his hands locked together in agonized entreaty; then the vision vanished, and once more Jim was looking gravely at the girl, with a strangely tender expression in his eyes.

She seemed to have forgotten our existence; her world consisted at the moment of the poor derelict upstairs and Jim Maitland—the man who had made him drunk.

"Have you anything to say—any excuse to make?" she asked at length, and he shook his head.

"You cur," she whispered very low. "Oh, you cur!"

Then, without a backward glance, she went up to her room like a young queen, and we heard the door close. And after a while he turned to us with a little twisted smile on his face.

"It's better so," he said gravely; "much better so."

But MacAndrew was not so easily appeased. His sense of fair play was outraged, and he said as much to Maitland.

"He's lied—yonder swine," he growled. "He's lied to her after his promise to you. She should be told."

The smile vanished from Jim Maitland's lips, and he stared very straight at the Scotchman.

"The man who tells her," he said quietly, "answers for it to me."

And with that he swung out of the hotel.

THUS ended my first meeting with Jim Maitland. We left on the boat next day, and I saw him leaning over the stern, staring at the island till it was but a faint smudge on the horizon. Then he went to his cabin, and I saw him no more till the following morning.

He sat down at ten o'clock and played poker for six hours without a break: won a hundred and fifty pounds, and rose from the table with the concentrated weariness of all hell in his eyes. And two days later he left the boat.

It was six months before I saw him again. I was up in Nagaski, and he lounged into the bar just before dinner. He greeted me as if we had parted the day before, and we took our cocktails outside. And after a while he looked at me with a faint smile.

"Been back to Tampico, Leyton?"

"No," I answered; "have you?"

"Just come from there." He took out his pocket-book. "There's an additional ornament in the island."

He handed me a photograph, and I stared at it in silence. It was the cemetery. In the center rose a big white stone cross, and on the cross was written:

In Loving Memory
of
RAYMOND BLAIR

"How long ago did it happen?" I asked.

"He lasted three months—and he nearly broke her heart. But she stuck it—and she never complained, MacAndrew told me. And when it was over she went home to England."

"Why don't you go after her?" I said quietly, and Jim Maitland stared at the cherry tree opposite.

"'You cur,'" he said below his breath. "'Oh, you cur!' Man, I can hear her now. And I'd have given my hopes of heaven for that girl."

"Then you're a fool," I answered. "Go back to her."

But he shook his head.

"She wouldn't understand, old man; she wouldn't understand. No—I'm a wanderer born and bred: and I shall wander to the end. But it's a funny life—sometimes—isn't it?"

He glanced at his watch. "What about some dinner?"

And that may be said to be the beginning of the five years.

The Song of the Hermit-Thrush

By Nancy Byrd Turner

DUSK on the solemn river, faint and chill,
Wan dusk and solitude
In the dumb wood;
The day's whole store of light and color spent.
Oh, hush, be still!
Listen! what is that melody unpent
Beyond the darkened hill,
Outpoured upon the edge of desolate night
In sudden ecstasy?—
A clear chord broken with beauty, then a lift
Of rapture, . . . then a precious note adrift
On the sheer silence; sadness and delight,
Joy and old pain, pure peace and memory,
And all the lonely loveliness of earth
In one ineffable cry.
Tears, and deep tenderness, and dreams men cherish,
And, in the same sweet breath,
Courage high-flung—the certain, soaring faith
That love can never fail nor beauty perish
Through chance or change or death.
Sing on, O hidden bird!
The river darkens and the shadows grow.
O lone voice crying in the wilderness,
Cry yet again, again—exquisite, slow,
That perfect word
Our hearts had ached to utter and did not know.

Jack London Himself Could Not Have Painted a More Vivid Picture of the Hunger of Arctic Men for Home and Love than Appears in—

Bread

By David Churchill

Illustrations by D. C. Hutchison

PAYNE caught the first whiff of it from where the canoe had dropped him on the beach—bread, crisp from the oven, enticing, fragrant as nothing on earth but wheat bread is fragrant. Kate saw him down there among the heaps of washed-out sand. She knew he must be a miner. She had just seen him come ashore from the whaler *St. Michel.*

The wind blew down from the snow-covered mountains back of Cape Nome over the little new mining town of tents and shacks; over the wild hyacinths that strewed the tundra; over Kate's cabin, where a dozen loaves of bread stood on end cooling and a pan of biscuits for her boys' supper was rising behind the stove.

Kate knew what made Payne suddenly start up the beach with the long, quick stride and lift of the heel that comes from snowshoeing. Some one who knew her hospitable table had sent him to her, and he had located her by the smell of her bread. She ran to smooth her hair and roll down her sleeves, because she was a woman and knew that her boys thought her beautiful.

As she passed the kitchen she called to Jerry, her man-of-all-work, to fill the stove with wood. She heard him come in from the shed, and then she heard him throw up one of the windows.

Payne, now abreast of the cabin, saw Jerry, half out of the window with excitement, his sun-blind eyes upturned, his stump of a hand crushed against his mouth like a child determined not to cry out. Then he heard the oven door bang, and Kate's voice, deep-pitched, with golden overtones, but full of wrath:

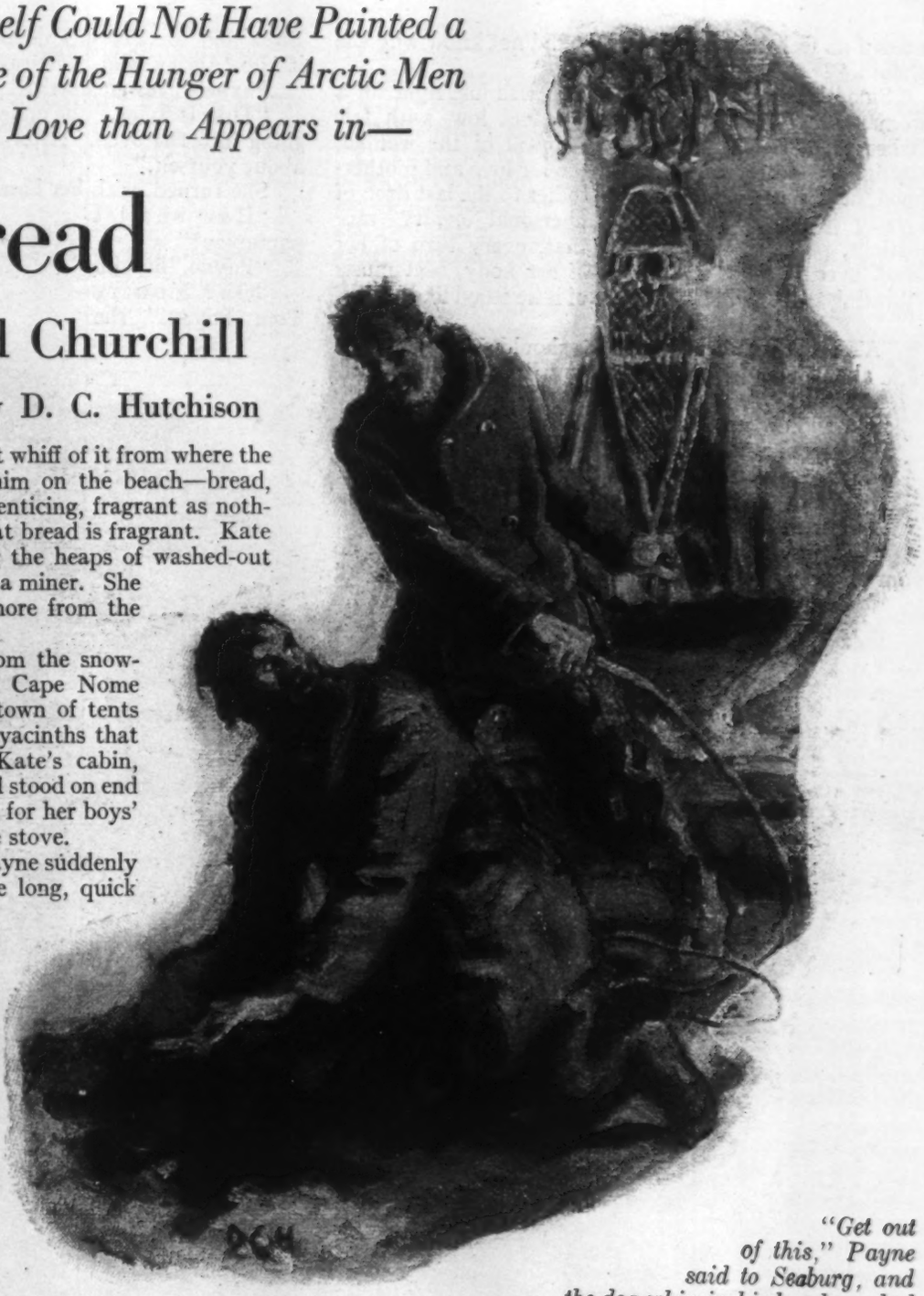
"Jerry! Did you open that window on my biscuits?"

He heard Jerry's answer: "Don't be mad, Kate. Listen! I thought—I'm sure I heard—a song-sparrow!"

And then it broke, the call of the longspur, the song-sparrow of the North, three clear notes of melody, then silence. It stabbed the heart. Down went the blind face with a sob.

"Oh, Jerry!" the woman cried, her voice full of compassion. "Poor Jerry! There, there! Don't cry, Jerry, don't. Kate didn't mean it!"

Payne stood immovable, even after the window had closed with a glimpse of faded blue apron and a round arm. Even as Jerry, the man from back-of-beyond was seeing things that were no longer: the spring colors of an old garden—hyacinths and bruised wet grass—stung him. He heard Benjy, little Benjy with his crutch, down on the gravel with his cheek against the flowers. He saw Benjy with his hands full of great slices of bread, cut lengthwise of the loaf and spread with fresh butter, offering a bite to the big brother whose shoulder he rode. He heard the child singing.



"Get out of this," Payne said to Seaburg, and the dog-whip in his hand cracked

KATE spoke hospitably from the door-step.

"Were you coming to have supper with us?" she asked. Kate kept an inn of a sort, jealously guarded as to patronage by her boys. It was daring of her to take a new man without their consent.

Payne's tongue was stiff from disuse, but she took his assent for granted. "We'll be ready in half an hour. You can get your shopping done first, if you're spry."

Her eyes, he saw, were as friendly as a collie's. She

made him feel welcome, though he did not know why she should.

Smooth hair and fair, he decided, was just right for a woman, and eyes broad apart and set low, with fair lashes to match her hair. The appeal of the woman, strong, deep-bosomed, ruddy, made for love and motherhood, held him, bound him over to her to the last drop of loyalty in him. It was an impersonal loyalty—race instinct, perhaps. Aside from that, every turn of her head, every restless movement of her body, sent music vibrating through him. Because of it he stood like a rock.

KATE was wondering what she should say to her boys about him. Her head drew a little sidewise with intent scrutiny.

"Do I know you?" she asked.

"No," he managed to say to this.

"How did you hear about my place?" she probed. "Did some of the boys tell you about it?"

He was at a loss.

"You just followed your nose! I see. Go now, do your shopping," she said. "You will have to buy of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves up the street. They call it the 'Alaska and Northwestern Trading Company.'"

Payne's eyes gleamed responsively.

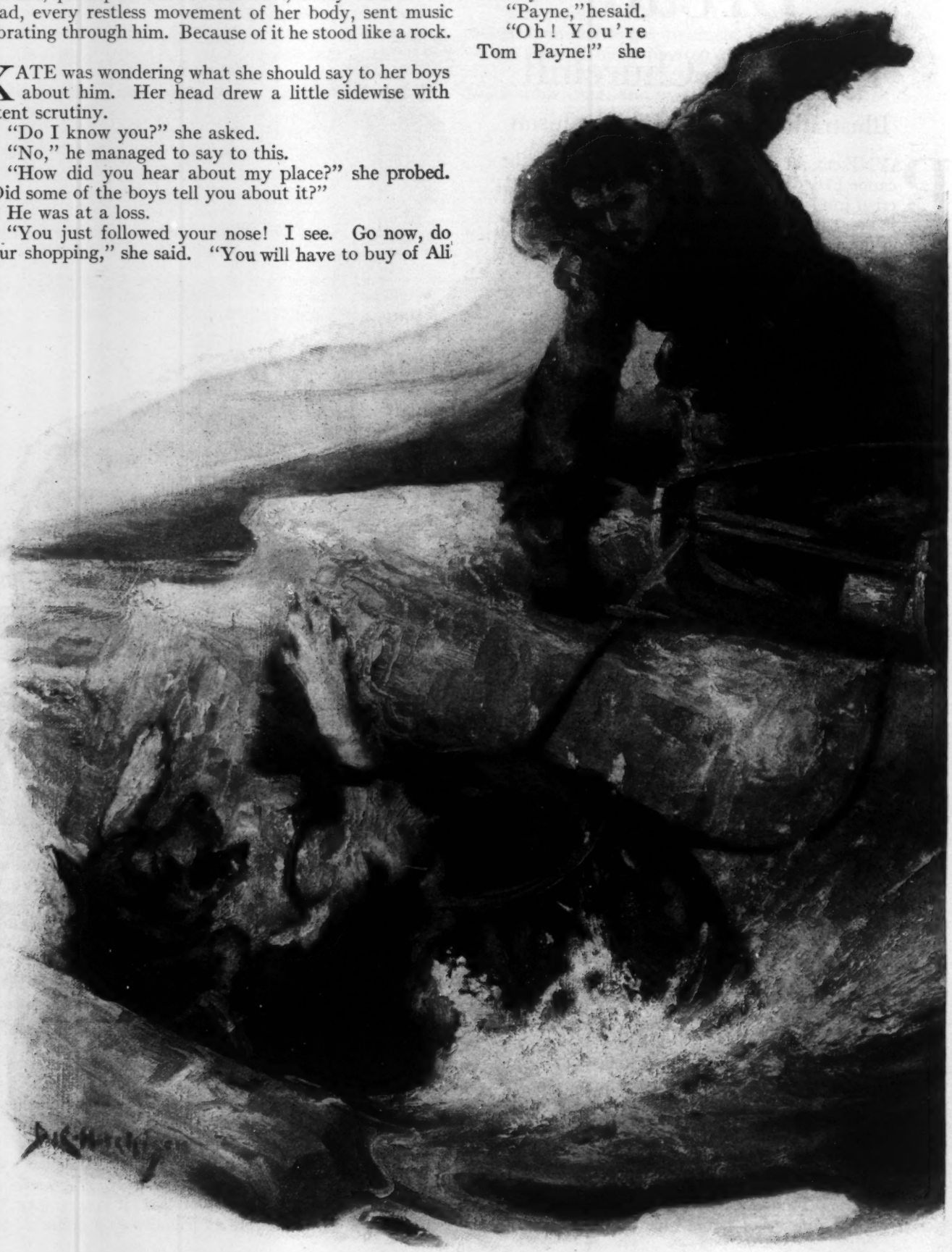
"Time is flying," she ended, "and the biscuits are just going into the oven. After supper you shall tell me all about yourself."

She turned, with her hand on the door.

"How shall I name you?"

"Payne," he said.

"Oh! You're Tom Payne!" she



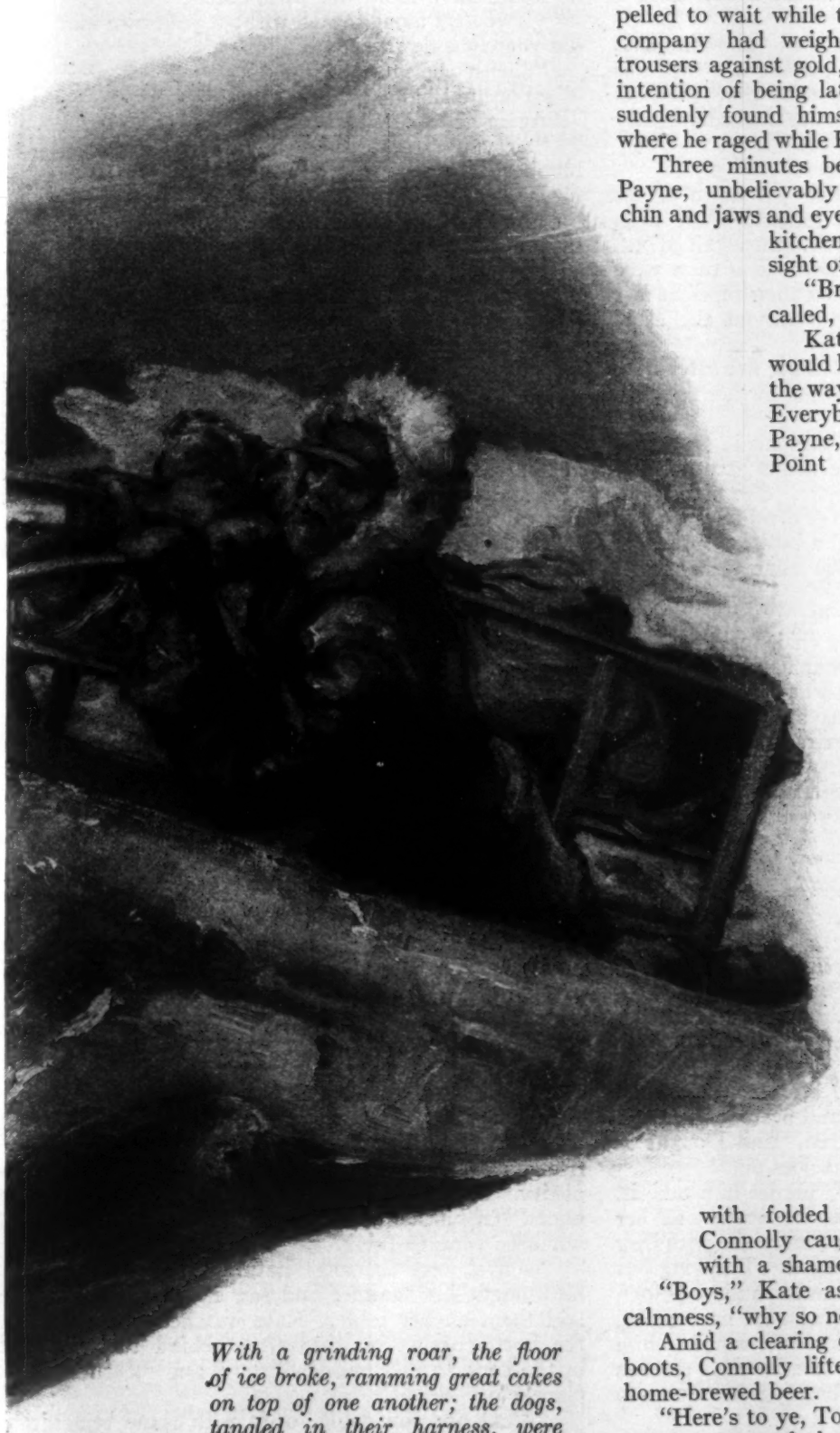
cried. " 'Man no afraid,' who paves his wickiup with gold nuggets and scorns white man's food! I thought he was a myth!"

She held out a hand on which there was still a little dried flour, and her strong grip met his.

"Tom Payne, I'm glad to meet a real old-timer. I've been here only a little over a year, so I'm just a *chechahco*, you see."

"I see," he said.

He let her take her hand away, and because she turned then with finality and entered her house, closing the door, he started up the oozing marsh that in Nome was called a street.



With a grinding roar, the floor of ice broke, ramming great cakes on top of one another; the dogs, tangled in their harness, were dragged under

THE barber was the news agency of the Yukon basin. Payne let him talk while he shaved the heavy black beard and trimmed his hair; but when, in addition to his fee of gold dust, the barber insisted on answers, it was another matter. Payne balked. Then the barber grew angry and refused to rent his bath—the only bath in Nome.

Too much time was passing; Payne had been compelled to wait while the presiding robber of the trading company had weighed out flannel shirt and canvas trousers against gold, pound for ounce, and he had no intention of being late for Kate's supper. The barber suddenly found himself locked outside his own door, where he raged while Payne, within, finished his grooming.

Three minutes before supper-time, Kate saw Tom Payne, unbelievably long and thin, with blue-white chin and jaws and eyes full of changing lights, back of her kitchen gathering wild hyacinths. The sight of him was good to her.

"Bring some flowers for the table," she called, thoughtless of the consequence.

Kate should have known, too, what would happen when she took the flowers in the way she did before that tableful of men. Everybody in Alaska knew about Tom Payne, with his placers from Tanana to Point Barrow. Their feelings, as they watched him standing before Kate, varied in degree but not in kind. That this lean, silent greyhound of a man disquieted Kate was plain to every one of them, from Connolly to big Eric.

Inwardly they cursed him because of his assurance, and themselves because they had overlooked so simple a way to please her as cluttering the place with posies. For women whom men called good were few and far between in the Nome of that day, and were worshiped with almost fanatic idolatry.

As they sat down at the table, Kate casually announced: "Boys, this is Tom Payne."

She had filled the twentieth plate, replenished the big bread-platter, and stopped for breath before it dawned upon her that her boys had made no response to her introduction. Vexed with them, amused, wishing with all her heart that they were young enough to be spanked, she stood with folded arms, looking down on them. Connolly caught her eyes, and ducked his head with a shamefaced grin.

"Boys," Kate asked sweetly, but with dangerous calmness, "why so noisy?"

Amid a clearing of throats and a shuffling of heavy boots, Connolly lifted his mug of ginger beer—Kate's home-brewed beer.

"Here's to ye, Tom Payne," he said, "now I ricollect me manners, and who it is helps them as helps themselves."

All mugs were lifted but big Eric's. Tom Payne

lifted his—Kate's eyes so willed it—and drank with the others.

Then big Eric rose. His head almost reached the beam above. His hand covered his untouched beer. Through his lowering yellow eyebrows the blue of his eyes glittered, and his voice was as the voice of Thor.

"I mak the spich," he roared, with menace toward Payne. "Tha man who halp heemself *here*—Gott halp heem!"

With a quick pull on his arm Kate turned him around till he faced her pale anger. He met it with a scowl.

"Eric," she said deliberately, "I think you need a change—of bread!"

Eric! Kate's Great Dane! Banished—and for what? Kate was going too far! Every man felt it. Eric was just an overgrown boy, blurting out what they all thought. It was her first unfairness, and of course they blamed Payne for it.

BUT Kate was Kate. Unless Eric got down on his marrowbones, she would not retract. And Eric, stung to the quick, faced her sullenly and then stalked out.

The rest of the supper was as silent as if there were death in the house. The men lighted their pipes at last and went off, singly and in groups, without the usual "'By, Kate."

Untroubled, Tom Payne sat watching her after they had gone, smoking his pipe and waiting for her to finish her work.

When the lean-to kitchen had been made speckless, Kate rolled down her sleeves. The men's attitude had made her self-conscious toward Payne. She had promised him a talk after supper, and she would keep her word; but she took pen, paper, and a bottle of ink from a rafter back of the stove before she came to sit at the table with him.

Payne rose and drew a chair for her.

No one ever before had placed a chair for Kate—she didn't know it could be done. Not that she had lacked beaux, back in Ohio. It merely had happened that this particular refinement of intercourse never had had a place in her life. It gave her an extraordinary sense of ease. She had dreaded his silent scrutiny, but she found herself bearing it without embarrassment. Stranger yet, a restlessness of which she was always aware had left her.

Payne felt no need for speech. He was used to the silence and solitude of the Arctic shores. Kate's amiable way with him neither encouraged nor discouraged him. Without vanity, he thought that it might be her way with every one. As for questioning her about herself, it was unnecessary. It was enough for him, just then, that she lived—that she sat there warming him with those friendly eyes and with the completeness and charm of her womanhood.

But the moment grew large to Kate. She seized the ink-bottle, which had lost its cork, and peered into it.

"It's all dried up," she murmured, "and I ought to write a letter before the Seattle boat goes out."

Payne reached for the bottle. She let him take it, and her hand as well—though this was against all her rules of conduct with her boys. Suddenly she withdrew it and sat up, flushed and bright-eyed. The longspur was calling across the meadow-like tundra, and, as before, there was no answering call. Payne saw her control some strong inward distress, and when she turned to him with a question, he half stood, with an answering distress in his face that startled her and brought her quite to herself.

To cover her lapse, she asked him: "Is it true—what they say of you?"

Payne looked carefully out of the window while she dried her eyes.

"What?" he asked.

"That you've been up here half a life-time—that you find your living like an Indian, an Eskimo, and build your *topek* of walrus hide and whale's ribs."

He gave silent assent.

"You *like* it?" she demanded.

Once more Payne assented, but with a lift of the shoulders.

She felt a sudden irritation, and planned a question he would have to answer with words:

"If you get along so well without your own kind, why did you come down here at all?"

"Shells," he murmured.

"For hunting?"

Again he assented with a nod.

"So you do eat something besides dried fish and blubber?"

He laughed outright at this.

"You look well nourished," she remarked, appeased by the sound of his laugh.

His regard interested, puzzled, and disturbed her now. She stood up and went over to the window. His eyes followed her, comprehended her—enfolded her, without offense, but with breath-taking assurance. It was too much—she turned to face him.

"Tom Payne, your name should be 'Eye that talks,' " she said, tapping her foot.

At that he laughed again, a chuckle of rare enjoyment, and rose, towering over her. She took his hat from the wall and held it out to him. He accepted it with an amused questioning gleam of the eye.

"No can stay," she half jested, as if he were an Eskimo.

"No?" he demanded.

She shook her head. "No excuse," she said, and held out her hand. "Good-by, Tom Payne."

"Good-by." He turned, with a grip that hurt, and was gone.

THAT night Kate mixed ink-powder with water and wrote her letter. It was an order for a premium, a chromo reproduction of a famous picture. Millions of cakes of soap had paid for the original.

Next morning, as she set her bread, Kate looked out of her kitchen window to see Tom Payne stretched on the steps, smoking his pipe and whittling a cork. Beside him were a new hammer, saw, and box of nails.

That he should be up at five o'clock did not surprise her. By late May in the North the sun shines full twenty of the twenty-four hours, and men sleep little. But for what had he bought those tools? Kate put her bread to rise, and opened the door.

Tom Payne's tongue was the only member of his lean, vigorous body that was stiff from disuse. With a single movement he bounded to his feet to greet her. In the man's face more than in the woman's the sun seemed rising. Payne's advantage was that of a greater simplicity. He had thought of Kate, Kate only, for fifteen hours. Of himself and Kate's opinion of him there had not been time to think.

As if it were the most natural thing in the world, he brought his hammer and saw into the kitchen and laid them on her table. Kate watched him reach for the bottle of ink on the rafter behind the stove, fit in the cork he had been whittling, and return it to its place.

"What are you going to do with those tools?" she asked indulgently.

"Make it handy," he explained, with a brief, com-

prehensive gesture that included the entire place. "Shelves," he concluded.

"Who taught you the way to a woman's heart?" she asked banteringly, to make him talk. The glint in his eyes made her think of level sunshine on still water. The thought abashed practical Kate. She was so ill at ease with herself that she didn't notice that he had left her question unanswered.

The man was tireless—full of expedients. First he made her a clothes-basket from barrel staves. The head of the barrel he shaped up for a chopping-bowl, that last and dearest of a woman's luxuries to follow the frontier. A week later, under her awed eyes, he screwed the hinges on the doors of a kitchen cabinet made of boxes, and as he did so took up her question.

"My mother taught me," he said, "and after that—"

"After that—" she prompted, with a curious flutter of interest. And again that glint of humor lightened upon her. She had been waiting for his answer.

"After that, Benjy," he said soberly.

"Benjy?"

"Little shaver—crooked back."

"Oh!" murmured Kate.

"I snugged things down for him," he explained, his tongue loosed a trifle. "He kept house—I worked."

"Is he—down in the States?" she asked.

"He died," Tom Payne answered in a carefully level tone.

"Oh!" she said again. The sympathetic richness of her voice made him turn his back to her. She was silent at this; and then she asked, under necessity: "Was he your brother?"

Payne nodded. "Lively as a chipmunk—all I had."

He turned unexpectedly, took her by the arms just below the shoulders, and looked down at her. Kate somehow knew all he wanted to tell of Benjy, all she longed to have him say and much besides. She should have left it at that, but she was a woman.

"Tell me—why did you come North?"

"The open—big hunting—gold. And to—beat the North!"

"But wasn't there some one—?"

"Not a soul. Been tied close with Benjy."

"But fifteen years! Roving around Alaska fifteen years! What makes you stay 'way up there back-of-beyond? What keeps men at it up here, anyhow? If they have a good thing, why don't they know when they've got enough? Why do they stick till they go to pieces? I've seen it over and over, just the short time I've been North. Of course, some are stark crazy—gold-mad. But you aren't, you know. Look at poor Jerry. He had a good poke, but I picked him up in the snow, robbed, frozen—from drink. All his folks are dead. They died waiting for him. Of course, if a man—or a woman—has a reason—"

THE words came more and more slowly, and then stopped at the sudden deepening of his gaze. She dreaded a question, but she had no need. Her mere existence was still enough for him, almost too much. With a sound in his throat that was nearly a laugh, he loosed his hold a little and his hands slipped down her arms. For the first time, he called her by name.

"Kate," he said, "don't you know there are always dreams?"

Her woman's conscience lashed her unmercifully while her heart sang. The question he had not asked prodded her without ceasing: why was she there? The one he had not answered seared her heart: why was he? And of the two she suffered more from the latter. Fifteen years up there alone! Or wasn't he alone? Was there some reason why he couldn't go back to the States and with all that energy and mastery, find a place for himself—a home, a wife, children? Was something lacking in him, that he had no child? Or had he a squaw and a *topek* full of half-breed children?

The thought was intolerable. To escape it she stayed close beside him wherever he was at work. She sunned herself in his presence till the miasma of doubt dissolved. She could not bring herself to question him again, though at night the doubt rose with its ugly leer.

No uglier, she told herself sadly, than her shirking what she ought to tell him. For Kate had a husband. All the boys knew that. They knew he had left her—penniless, they rightly suspected—in the first rush to the Klondike. They knew she had followed him North, working her way, and had opened her inn at Nome, near the mouth of the Yukon, through which the great river traffic to and from all the creeks must pass. With her boys to bring her news, a changing crew coming from all parts of Alaska and the territory, she had waited and worked, month by month, on the chance of a word of him. There could be no real happiness for her till she had found him and squared herself with her conscience, for Kate felt that she had driven him away.

BIG Eric had spoken to the boys of coming over the Pass two years before with a man answering to the name of Seaburg and tallying with Kate's description; a sullen incompetent, probably dead long since—and good riddance. By tacit agreement, Kate was not told, though sometimes the boys talked of hounding the man to death and freeing her. Had she favored one more than another, something of this sort might have been started; but until Payne's advent none had dared make love to Kate. And now envy and jealousy were at work. Yet Eric only, of them all, talked. In drink he hinted darkly at knowledge of Seaburg—threatened to face Kate with her husband. But of this no word came to her, and none dared Kate's anger by speaking of it to Payne.

So matters were when the midnight sun of June came to warm the tundras of the North into royal carpets of bloom, and to fill the silence with the music of hidden waters. Down from the Strait sailed the great icebergs like a fleet of crystal barges.

Kate's little cabin was newly screened. Every device that wit and love could conceive had made it perfect for comfort. Payne, cudgeling his brains for some new need that would keep him at work near her just a little longer, had thought of a desk that would fit the window corner in the living-room. Her bedroom set, of stained boxes, was a miracle of convenience, and something more. Payne had been inspired by the highest urge man knows to make beautiful the bower of his lady. Each time she entered it Kate felt it a shrine.

Payne had long ago cornered all the boxes available in the little town. Lumber there was none; so when the steamer *Olympic* from Seattle was sighted, his chief thought was that there would be more boxes, fresh ammunition for his siege.

Coming up the beach with a load on his shoulder, Payne had no thought for anything but Kate. Kate, who had been so open and friendly, was growing moody, restive. Crippled Jerry came in for many a stormy scene, though Kate was always penitent and ashamed afterward. With the others she was either silent or gay, with bursts of friendly talk that didn't ring true.

Tom Payne had remembered that his mother hated a "man underfoot," and had stayed away for three days, only to learn with wonder that Kate missed him, blamed him, even suspected him, in the hours he was gone. Yet,

when he tried to tell her what she meant to him,—tried to make her answer him,—she would grow almost hysterical. Sometimes she would wring her hands and cry out to him not to spoil it; and a moment afterward she would laugh and coax him to forget what she had said—anything to restore the old footing.

ONE day he brought his box into the house and put it down beside her, seating himself upon it at her feet. As she leaned back in a chair of his contriving, it came over him that Kate was thin, with a curious slackening of the mus les of her shoulders, her whole body.

It was well for them both that his strength was as the strength of ten; that he was simple of purpose, and that purpose Kate's welfare: for there was small happiness for either of them these days.

While he studied her face Kate's eyes blurred with tears, and she turned them from him out over the tundra, where the longspur still called hopefully into the silence.

"Kate," Tom Payne said with finality, "either I must go or you must tell me what the trouble is."

She didn't realize the finality. She reached out and smoothed his head with one hand while the other clung to both of his. And then Jerry, blundering and jealous of Payne's more skilled services to his idol, stumbled in with the last box of her supplies from the *Olympic*, and brought his hatchet to pry it open.

But Kate had passed beyond irritation. Her lips trembled on a name. In her eyes as they rested on Tom Payne was the brooding sweetness of a young mother.

The box, screeching under Jerry's hand, was fresh from the manufacturers of washing powders and soap, those who give coupons and, upon a sufficient number returned, premiums. Beneath a layer of excelsior, which Jerry gathered carefully so that none should be spilled on Kate's clean floor, lay a sheet of cardboard printed in color. It was the copy of a painting of a rosy boy lying on a bed of moss, plucking a butterfly from his shoulder, the premium for which Kate had sent on the day of Payne's coming.

But Jerry, blind Jerry, did not see it. With his arms full and the hatchet clasped against him by his stump, he started to rise. The brilliant color caught Kate's eye. She cried out suddenly to have a care. Jerry's nerves jangled, he dropped the hatchet, and it fell, corner first, striking the picture and tearing through the round pink arm.

Kate sprang at him like a mad woman: "Jerry! You brute! You brute!"

Jerry cowered as Kate swooped down on the picture, rescued it, and ran with it to her room, slamming the door.

PAYNE, drawn to his feet with sudden illumination, stood staring after her, stirred to the depths of his be ng.

"Kate!"

With his hand on her door, he called her. There was no answer, though he heard her restless footsteps back and forth. Once more he called mightily, and then, as by right, he entered.

The storm had broken over Kate. She swayed as she walked away from him, and when she turned, her face shocked him. She had bitten her lips crimson; her eyes were the eyes of travail; and, though her face was gray and haggard, there was about her a kind of glory—the glory of strife, of lightning and storm. No man in the flesh could have looked on her unmoved.

"Tom!" she half sobbed, and ran to him for shelter.

She turned her wet face away from his, pushing weakly, holding him off. He gathered her in his arms.

"Wait!" she begged him.

When he was sure she meant it, he held her off by the shoulders. His look frightened her.

"Tom," she quavered, unable to face him or to look away, "Tom, I should have told you—"

Slowly, before his eyes, a red mist crept between them, and hung there. What should she have told him? He pushed her away. He had to see clear—to think.

For Kate there were traitors within, urging that she had done her duty—more than expiated any claim of the man who had deserted her. But so long had she lived with her purpose that she could not deny it, though it seemed to her she should die of it.

Her distress was too much for him. It mastered his sense of outrage, his overwhelming passion. She had let him come to this, knowing that it was hopeless; but she was Kate!

"Tom," she whispered, "help me—Tom!"

At length he answered her: "Of course."

She came toward him timidly, but he made no move to touch her. "Who—is it?" he asked.

"My husband," she answered, full of dread.

HE stood waiting for the quieting of his blood, and for sanity. He must think the thing clear: Kate needed help.

"Where is he?" he asked, his voice so altered that she drew back.

"Oh—I don't know," she wailed. "He left me—he left me! I came up here to find him. It's just as if a part of me was dead and not buried. Tom, I can't live any longer like this!"

"Why did he go?"

"I drove him to it. I didn't mean to, but I didn't know any better!"

Of what was she accusing herself—Kate, the woman he loved beyond all things in earth or heaven?

She was talking again. He didn't get it all—there was such a din in his head, such pain in his whole body. He was smothering!

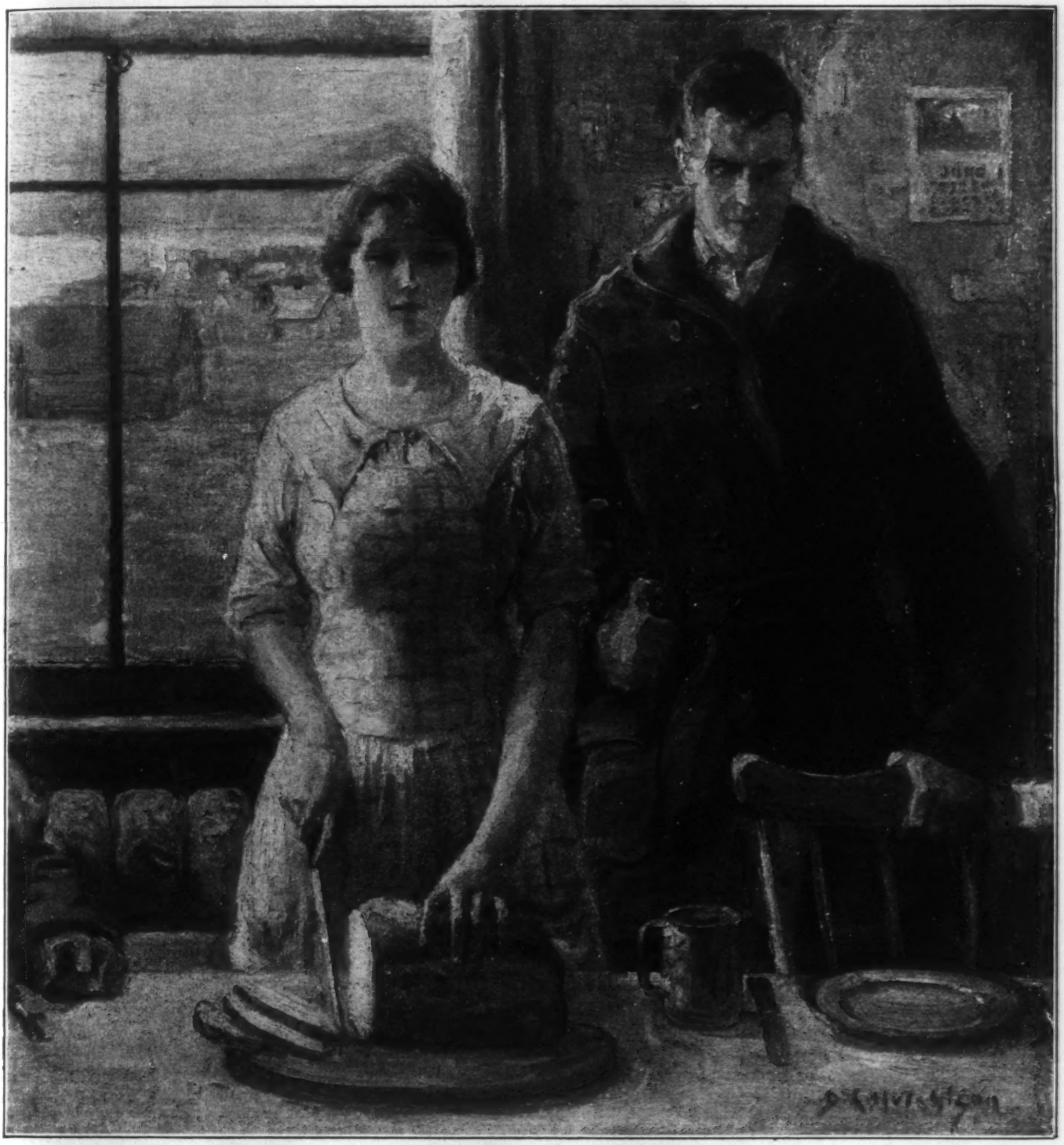
"I didn't know anything when I married him," she went on with her confession—"anything about life. He was the big catch. I was a silly school-girl. He looked like an actor I was crazy about—big brown eyes, white hands, a mouth I grew to hate. He was lots older, and in a hurry. That flattered me. So did the big wedding he gave me, with all the girls I'd cut out, for bridesmaids.

"We moved into a house he meant to buy. Then he wanted to settle down and have a child. I couldn't—I couldn't! I didn't know why, then, but it made me creep to have him come near me. His hands—how I hated those soft hands! He thought I was just flighty, but the truth was I couldn't stand him. At first he was nice to me—that was the worst. Then he got angry and said I'd cheated him. When he finally told me that he'd married me for a home and children, I was furious. I flung off to one of the girls, and when I crept back a couple of days later he'd gone.

"I found he'd bought a ticket to Seattle, and I sold my rings and followed him. I knew he would go North, and I worked in an eating-house till I had enough to come up here. Tips were Klondike gold. The men told me this was the place to get all the news, but it's going on to two years, and I've never heard a word. You see, don't you, Tom, that I've got to find him? I drove him away—I must make it up to him. Tom, you understand, I've got to find him!"

Payne breathed more easily. There was even a fierce exultation in the knowledge that she had borne no man a son. He had known it, he told himself. He was thinking clearly now.

"Kate," he asked, "haven't you more than squared it



At table, Kate casually announced: "Boys, this is Tom Payne." It dawned on her that her boys made no response

with him if you've been hunting him two years?"

For one wild moment she hoped that she could believe him; but the habit of self-blame was too strong with her.

"I must find him if he's alive, Tom," she said. "I must square myself with myself, or I wouldn't be worth your love."

So long he stood with eyes on the floor that she grew desperate. Silent, severe, he seemed to recede into the dim regions of ice from which he had come to her. At last he turned as if to go.

"Tom?" she questioned forlornly.

"I'll find him—bring him to you, Kate." It seemed to him all there was to say.

"Good-by, Tom." She held out her hands. He did not touch them. Neither was it possible for him to speak. She watched him go with a heavy premonition of disaster, still tortured by a doubt of the necessity for what she had done.

THE long trail had begun for Tom Payne. Even with Kate's description and after exhaustive inquiry, he had been obliged to start without a real clue. Any of the men could have given him one, for big Eric, nursing his grievance, had pointed out Seaburg in a saloon the day after Payne's arrival from the North. He had watched the man board the whaler *St. Michel* on which Payne had come down. But not a man would speak, though they knew—perhaps from Jerry—that Kate had sent him to find her husband.

Yet it was through them that Kate heard of Payne as he went from one settlement to another. They told her when he went out over the Pass and was heard from

in the saloons of the Coast cities down as far as Los Angeles. They knew when he came in again over the Pass; yet, when he reached Nome, having come down fifteen hundred miles in the dead of winter with the mail team from Dawson, they were silent. It was big Eric, who had crept home to her with frost-bitten feet, humble and soft with suffering, who told her. And Kate, knowing that Payne would not come to her until he had news, made Eric take her to see him in the bunk-house.

There was no greeting. Eric watched them as they stood looking austerely at each other. Tom was more gaunt than ever, yet in his bearing there was a new pride of endurance. As he had thought it all over, he had come to the certainty that Kate loved him—that she had done right at a fearful cost to herself. It was characteristic of him that he did not count the cost to himself.

"Eric has a clue," Kate began. "My—Mr. Seaburg was here in the spring—June. He came up from Inmachuck, bought a small outfit, and took the whaling-vessel North."

Payne turned on Eric. "Which whaler?"

"*St. Michel.*"

"You knew it was Seaburg?"

"He know me," Eric admitted.

"Eric thrashed him on the trail," Kate supplemented, "and he recognized him. He says Mr. Seaburg has a beard, his eyes are bad from the sun, and he—he seems crazed—"

Payne nodded.

"Eric thinks the whaler is frozen in at Port Clarence," she added.

Payne knew that the captain had a native family there. He drew in his belt with a characteristic habit. Kate noticed.

"You can't go North yet, Tom," she said; "there'll be no boat till the ice breaks in June—three months, at least."

He smiled queerly, and she noted, with a constriction of the heart, the dark hollows above his eyes.

"You won't try to go before the weather breaks," she insisted anxiously. "Come and eat with us once more, won't you? The boys—the boys all hope you will."

"When this is settled, Kate."

In the morning he had gone, and for months she heard nothing except that he had bought the best team of malemutes in Nome and had started across the tundra toward Port Clarence.

PAYNE learned from the captain of the *St. Michel* that he had dropped a man answering to Seaburg's description at Point Barrow, up on the Arctic Ocean, the July before, not far from Payne's own camp. With that information, Payne set out with the dogs. In the months of March, April, and May he covered all the inlets of the north shore from Hope to Barrow, as a dog covers the scent of game. But in all that desolation, in the few Eskimo encampments wintering in the Strait, he found no sign of the man he sought. In his own *topek* at last, with the dumb Innuit who guarded it, he stretched himself in the weariness of defeat. It had been almost a year, and he was still without a clue.

The short summer was passing when he headed eastward again, this time in a skin canoe among the icebergs that floated at high tide into his inlet or were beached, till either the current that draws from the hidden north passage toward the Strait caught them or winter locked them to the shore. The end of a long July twilight found him opposite his own camp. He slept there in his blankets, and at dawn watched the icebergs floating out on the ebb tide. On one, a broad, flat cake, some animal had been caught when it left the shore—a seal, perhaps. The creature ran around as if it realized its plight.

Something strange in its way of moving struck him—a curious jumping action of the hind legs. He dipped the canoe and paddled near, and as the sun rose above the level of the ocean he saw that it was a man.

Somehow, he never doubted that it was Kate's husband, and when he saw him tearing at a frozen carcass embedded in the ice, he knew that he had to deal with a man whose wits had left him. The sight of a human being set the creature babbling. It was with the utmost difficulty that Payne held him off while he chipped steps in the side of the ice cake and eased him down into the canoe.

Throughout that summer Payne nursed him, till the man's wits began to come back, and with that his terror of another winter, though this he tried to hide. He could not remember how he came to be on the ice-floe, but he did remember being driven from Payne's camp by the native. Later he had found a deserted Indian encampment with a few stored provisions, dried fish and blubber.

AS Seaburg's appetite returned, Payne found it necessary to renew his store of food. He tried to get the man to hunt and fish with him. While there was daylight Seaburg would go, but as the nights lengthened his haste to be at home in the warm *topek*, full of the smell and the sight of food, made him troublesome. Then Payne stayed at home with him for a while, watching and listening. Sometimes he wondered how Kate could have married such a man, even in her unthinking girlhood; for Seaburg revealed himself in much talk of men and life outside.

"It's bad enough when you're single," he told Payne; "but when you marry and your life gets steadied and you want a home and kids, and you find you've got a kind of gay young kite tugging at the string instead of a wife, it's such a hell on earth you just have to bolt."

Payne gravely considered him. Nothing but a bomb would smash that asinine conceit. Yet he miscalculated.

"Seaburg," he said sharply, "Kate is waiting for us in Nome."

"Kate?" questioned the man stupidly—"Kate?"

And then he understood, and with understanding a fury of insane jealousy caught him. "You said *us*—curse you! 'Kate is waiting for *us*'!"

Payne watched the man's senses rise and clamor for the woman he had known and deserted. He saw the mouth she hated remembering across the years a girl's mouth, red and angry. And he knew then the awful strength of hatred. It almost broke his will. When he had mastered himself, he spoke:

"I should have let you die."

"Why didn't you?" Seaburg snarled.

Payne made no answer. What could a man like that know of a promise?

There was no longer room for the two men in the *topek*. Payne, with the dumb Innuit, ranged the waste of snow, for as the days passed fresh meat became imperative. Payne knew where the penguins nested. If worst came to worst he would club them, but there was something about snatching those hardy, dumb creatures from their brooding in the dead of winter that had come to seem traitorous to him, especially as it was to feed Seaburg.

Left alone, Seaburg ate often and heavily. Payne realized that the situation was difficult, even dangerous. And then one night when he came home he found the dogs' harness in a tangle. Seaburg had been trying to drive—was planning to bolt. To let him go would have been a simple solution. He could not reach the nearest

He was dealing with a creature whose wits had left him

native encampment alive, even if he managed to steal all the provisions he needed for himself and the dogs. After that Payne left the native on guard, till, returning one night exhausted from bear-trailing, he found him ill. None of the primitive remedies helped and within a week he died, whether from natural causes or treachery Payne could not tell. Yet he grimly made his decision.

"GET out of this," he said to Seaburg, and the dog-whip in his hand cracked.

The cold was intense, the night a black smother. Seaburg balked in mortal fear, but in the end his fear of Payne was stronger than his fear of the dark. In a trembling, impotent rage he put on the warm fur *parka* Payne had given him from some Siberian stores of his own. Payne had to fasten his snowshoes over his moccasins for him. Once outside, the sharp command struck him like a blow:

"Mush!"

Mumbling with cold and fright, Seaburg started off, tangled in his snowshoes, straightened himself, and started again, to escape that crackling whip. For more than a mile Payne drove him, out over the tracks he had made with the dogs, around a pile of rocks where the penguins squawked like spirits of the dark. It was not necessary to drive him back to the snow-banked *topek*, with its smell of dried meat and fish, its strings of bulbs and roots hanging from the blackened whale-ribs. Payne followed him as he scuttled to cover.

"Seaburg," he said, "that goes five times a day, with or without the whip. Later we'll make it ten times or more, till you're fit. When we go to Nome, we go together."

The days had lengthened a little. Payne left him alone, once, to go after penguins. When he returned he found that Seaburg, with the courage of the brief sunshine and his hardening muscles, had been working the dogs again. Payne delayed no longer: he began to pack. He stowed every ounce of dried meat, fish, and oil in the *topek*. He loaded the narrow sledge five feet high, leaving one seat at the front.

Seaburg, seeing this, attacked him, in the fear of being left alone to starve. Payne caught him by wrist and ankle, tied him with leather thongs, laid him by the fire, and went on with his packing.

"I walk," he said briefly, and heard with amazement Seaburg's muffled sobs.

On the fifth night from home, Payne made camp in the lee of the shore by turning the sled on its side, runners to the wind. He made calculation that they had traveled less than a hundred miles. The ice in places had been like a series of roofs covered with light snow. The dogs had slipped and fallen continually, snapping at each other, blaming each other and him, going at it again like the well trained malemutes they were, whining, but pushing on. Point Hope, where it juts out within less than a hundred miles of Siberia, was still more than two hundred miles distant.

Payne tightened his belt and broke out the sledge by starlight the next morning, hounding Seaburg from his sleeping-bag. By nine that night they had covered twenty-five more of the deadly miles. But the next morning Seaburg refused to rise. He got hold of the long whip, and as Payne harnessed the dogs, cracked it at him from his seat on the sled.

"I can't walk—I won't!" he shouted. "You can do

the walking. You aren't human—you're a devil. I'll cut this across your eyes if you meddle with me!"

Payne laughed shortly and closed with him. The dogs took advantage and started. But for a snarl in the harness they might have got away, for Seaburg rolled off going over a ridge. It took Payne an hour to straighten out his team after he had caught them. Not a word escaped him till he had finished, while Seaburg looked on, murderous but cowed. The whip lay on the ground.

"Bring it," Payne commanded.

Seaburg brought it, and suddenly lifted his arm to defend his face. Payne's eyes gleamed with the relief of irony.

"You have never seen me whip a dog," he said. His tone changed: "Get in front!" Seaburg obeyed. "Break way for the team," Payne thundered. "Mush!"

He kept him at it until midday, when they stopped and made tea over a blubber-lamp. He drove him again till the man fell, unable to rise. Payne picked him up and put him on the sled, covering him with his sleeping-bag.

"Seaburg," he said, without anger, "see if you can get it into your head. You're being taken to Kate—intact."

"How do I know you aren't lying?" Seaburg whined.

"Why should I?" Payne asked.

Seaburg choked and spluttered: "You needn't tell me you don't want to make way with me."

"Seaburg," Payne pointed out carefully, "whether you understand or not, you know there must be a reason why I haven't killed you or let you die before this. Whatever that reason is, it still holds—will hold till I bring you to Kate."

On the fifteenth day, when Payne halted the dogs for the night, his voice boomed as hollow as in a bell-glass, and the level sun, gliding to its setting, was suddenly duplicated on each side by small suns, blinding white like molten metal. And then, as if snatched from patrolling the sky, they were gone, and blinded eyes saw caverns yawn where they had been.

Payne felt the storm coming, and drove on through the twilight till he found a comber of snow and ice, partly sheltered under the lee of the shore. The wind had ceased and an ominous silence succeeded it.

There was about this silence something final, as if life itself were to be blotted out. Minute by minute the cold grew deadlier. Cowed, breathless, frightened into something like companionship as the darkness enveloped them, Seaburg tried with stiffening hands to help unharness the dogs. The beasts huddled and whined, curling into balls. Payne comforted them in a low half-speech.

INTO that hush came a great sigh, the sigh of the North. From the desolate, barren steppes of Siberia, across the open Strait and along the ice, blew a little wind. A scud of snow rose like frightened gulls. It fell again and waited, as they all waited,—men and dogs,—while the sky darkened minute by minute till it closed down over them. Then, on a sudden, with a roar, the blizzard was upon them.

But for the dogs the men must have frozen, for the comber was beaten down, and as they tried to bank it for shelter the lash of the wind was like a branding-iron on raw flesh.

"Get in your bag—I'll manage," Payne shouted through the smother. But Seaburg had lost his wits. At last Payne got him into the bag, between the sledge and the comber. Slowly, with the wind tearing jealously at it, the drift piled up around men and dogs till they were walled in. Payne stamped and packed till the shelter was like an ice hut, and the warmth of living bodies moderated a little the awful cold. Then he examined Seaburg, who watched, with a kind of lull in his hatred, Payne thawing and working over his foot and oiling his frost-bites.

In the days they were held there, Payne dared not sleep. The dogs were keen for the rations strapped on the sled, and Seaburg, if he were to reach Nome, must have frequent treatments of his frozen foot.

It might have been noon of the sixth day that Payne roused to the realization that he had slept deeply and that their cave was sun-warmed. The dogs had broken loose—he could hear them squabbling outside. With a rush of new life, he followed, out through the broken wall of snow into the sunlight, fairly beside himself with the suddenness of the reprieve.

WHEN Seaburg half roused from his stupor of sleep, it was to see Payne playing in the snow-dazzle with his dogs, shaking off tears, but laughing, shouting, whispering one word:

"Kate! Kate!"

The dog-whip lay inside the shelter. Seaburg grasped it, and all the venom of his days and nights of brooding seethed. Painfully he crept out until he was within reach, and waited till the man he hated turned toward him. Then, with his whole strength, he swung the lash. It cracked on the gaunt face; blood spurted.

Payne stood, his eyes like lightning. Seaburg faced him for a full minute, shaking but triumphant, before he began to fear, and at last to grovel. But the lightning did not strike. Without a sound, Payne began to harness the dogs, and when he had broken out the sled and put them to it, he was still silent. Seaburg limped to his place before them, and they started.

On the first of April they rounded Cape Prince of Wales, and started on a wide curve shoreward across the arm of Bering Sea toward Port Clarence, where the *St. Michel* was ice-bound. Seaburg's foot was black now; he could no longer walk. With his knife Payne cut away the gangrene, dressing the wound with a salve he carried for all ailments. In spite of himself, a reluctant admiration for the man's endurance was growing in his mind.

Toward the middle of the fourth day from the Cape, almost without warning, the *chinook* wind from the south, warm and scented with spring, struck them. Before night sleet was falling and freezing. Seaburg, tortured with his foot, his wet clothing freezing upon his body, broke the silence:

"I'd rather die, Payne—I'm in hell! My God! What am I to her, anyhow, but a corpse that wasn't buried?"

Payne made no answer.

"What will she do with me when you get me there?" Seaburg demanded brokenly. "She never did like me! Anyhow, I'm dying—from the feet up! Leave me here—I'll die quicker! It's a thousand times worse to live and suffer what I'm suffering, I tell you."

Payne drove on as if he had not heard. The ice beneath them was heaving in long swells. He thought he should have taken a wider curve, toward the shore. Seaburg was growing feverish and obstinate.

"You can have her!" he screamed, with a string of oaths, mad with the silence that had held since the drawing of blood.

Payne, conscious no longer of anything but the need to bring Seaburg to Kate, strapped him to the sled and drove on through slush and freezing rain, his knife drawn for emergency, his strained pulse hammering: "Kate—Kate!"

It was in the night sometime that he and the dogs knew land was near. In the gray of dawn they galloped

Across their trail glittered the Northern lights; their only companions were the giant penguins

frantically toward it over the groaning ice-pack. Within two hundred yards of the shore, with the tundra stretching ahead of them like a green meadow flushed with rain,—the meadow beyond which lay the little town of tents and shacks where Kate watched and waited,—the end came.

With a grinding roar, the floor of ice tipped, broke, and rammed the great cakes on top of one another. The team plunged over and between the dripping ice toward the beach—were almost upon it when the cake beneath them opened between the dogs and the sledge.

Payne slashed the traces, but the dogs tangled in their harness and dragged under. The men lay where they fell on their ice-floe till the coming tide beached it.

Soaked, freezing as the night came on and the temperature fell, Payne shouldered the unconscious Seaburg, staggering up and down the beach, knowing no longer where he was or why, with one instinct left—to keep moving if he would not freeze to death. At some time during the night before, the masts of the *St. Michel* had loomed within half a mile of them.

With the first light, Payne started on again over the tundra, a treacherous boggy bed of moss, into which he sank knee-deep, sliding and falling with the slithering of roots over still frozen earth; falling into the ooze where gullies crossed and recrossed the melting surface between hummocks.

Day and night were obliterated in a fog of misery. His lungs were like paper, his membranes dripping blood. Even his eyes bled with the effort. Seaburg had died, but Payne did not know it. Just ahead of him the tundra dipped toward Nome, but he no longer knew distance or direction. He had a homing instinct, nothing more. Somewhere beyond that flowering tundra was Kate; if his heart did not burst, he would find her.

In the end, he fell across a brawling gully, and could not rise. Yet the fall jarred in him some half-remembrance of the little brother with the crippled back. He gathered Seaburg into his arms and crooned over him. The hoarse, cracked voice lifted the childish song Benjy had asked for when his pain was worst:

> "The little toy dog is covered with dust—is covered with dust—"

His shaking body rocked back and forth, and the eyes that would never see again stared up at him.

WITH the night Payne lost consciousness. The morning light could not wake him: he had gone too far down the long trail. But with the sun the wind came. It blew from the mountains back of the little tent village, over the hyacinths, over Kate's cabin, where the bread stood cooling, fresh from the oven, fragrant, enticing. Down through the shadows that fragrance followed Tom Payne's groping spirit. It enfolded him, comprehended him—the fragrance of bread, Kate's sign and symbol—bread for the living.

Slowly he groped toward it. As through waters parted, he came up to life. He lifted his head and caught the smell on the wind, a deep, tremulous breath of it.

"Bread!" he cried, with a hoarse sob. "Bread!"—and turned on his face.

There big Eric found them, for Kate's Dane was on the watch. And because he loved Kate, he wrapped her husband in his own blanket and buried him from sight in the frozen tundra under the hyacinths. And then he sat down to watch and wait for Tom Payne to wake; and as he watched, he bathed the blood and stains from the face he had hated, as gently as Kate herself would have done.

The sun slipped around to the water, far to the north. Like an eye that waits, it hung over Siberia—over the restless Strait. It saw Tom Payne open sane eyes at last, and big Eric, sure that all was well, shoulder him and flounder off with him across the tundra toward home and Kate.

And suddenly it slipped below the level of the icy ocean and was gone.

Beginning in the

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Red Justice

How Soviet Russia's Secret Police Suppress the Foes of Bolshevism

By Sergey Kobyakov

Counsel for the Defense at the Revolutionary Tribunals in Soviet Russia

The Executive Committee of the Russian Revolutionary Party

Uritzky, first head of the Cheka, who was assassinated

THE Cheka is Soviet Russia's all-powerful secret police organization, known as the Chrezvichaika and designed to combat counter-revolution. It became the most dreaded institution devised by the Bolsheviki. Homes were raided, people arrested on all sorts of false accusations, and imprisoned for months. Hundreds were tortured and shot without a semblance of a trial. Many simply disappeared.

Uritzky, head of the Cheka, directed his wrath more ruthlessly against socialist opponents of the Bolsheviki than against monarchists. He was assassinated. Yet the Cheka spread throughout Russia and became more powerful than Lenin and Trotzky. Though the Conference of Soviets publicly abolished capital punishment, the exact number put to death will never be known.

In the following article Sergey Kobyakov, counsel for the defense at the Revolutionary Tribunal, describes the cases in which he appeared. His is a true, vivid, and unembellished account of Red Justice.—THE EDITOR.

THE first case tried before the Supreme Tribunal of Soviet Russia was that of Admiral Schastny. He was charged with high treason. Admiral Schastny's "high treason" consisted of failure to obey the order of the Commissary of War and of the Navy, Trotzky, to destroy the Baltic fleet.

Schastny was defended by V. A. Zhdanov, the defender of the famous revolutionist Kalyayev. About two weeks before the trial, the conference of the Soviets had abolished capital punishment. But several days later the Soviet of the People's Commissaries issued a decree leaving to the judges of the People's Tribunals the choice of penalties to be imposed by them.

When Counselor Zhdanov, apparently worried by the decree issued by the Commissaries, mentioned capital punishment in his speech, he was immediately stopped

by the presiding judge, Karklin. In these circumstances, it seemed that there was no cause to fear for Admiral Schastny's life.

The Tribunal deliberated for some time. Finally the judges came back; and Karklin, the presiding judge, a Lett, read the sentence in broken Russian:

"Former Admiral Schastny is guilty of high treason." Karklin paused for a minute, and then shouted at the top of his voice: "To be shot in twenty-four hours!"

Everybody in the room was stunned by the verdict. Capital punishment? Had it not been abolished by the Conference of the Soviets, and had not the judges forbidden the counsel for the defense to mention capital punishment? The people rushed over to Krilenko, the prosecuting commissary.

"Why are you so excited?" asked this super-Pharisee. "Schastny was not condemned to death. If he had been condemned to death, the presiding judge would have said, 'Schastny is sentenced to death,' while what he said was, 'Schastny is to be shot'—and that is not the same thing."

Steklov, the editor of the Moscow *Izvestya*, apparently liked this remarkable interpretation, for he published it the next day in the official organ.

Among the members of the Tribunal who condemned Schastny to death was the workman Galkin. Galkin had once been sentenced to death under the Tsar by a court martial, and he was saved only by the energy of his counsel, Zhdanov, who now defended Admiral Schastny. We afterward learned that Galkin more than any one else insisted on the death sentence. He delivered speeches, argued with those of the judges who hesitated, and finally won them over. Thus did he repay the man who had saved his life.

Schastny was shot within twenty-four hours.

The Case of Lockhart of the British Mission

THE charges against Lockhart, chairman of the British Mission, according to the act of indictment, were as follows:

In the summer of 1918 a British lieutenant, Riley, connected with the British diplomatic mission, was alleged to have induced the commander of the Lettish regiment, Berzin, to overthrow the Bolsheviki with the aid of his troops. Riley was said to have offered Berzin a million rubles for the purpose of bribing the soldiers.

Berzin asked for a few days' time in which to consider the proposition. He informed the acting chairman of the Supreme Cheka, Peters, of these conversations with Riley. Peters advised Berzin to accept Riley's proposition, to take the money from him, and to keep the Cheka informed of all his negotiations. This Berzin did. He posed as an enemy of the Soviet government, received a million rubles in instalments from Riley, and kept the Cheka informed of his negotiations.

After he had received the final instalment from Riley, an order was issued for the British lieutenant's arrest; but it was too late—Riley had disappeared. Then it was decided to arrest Lockhart, chairman of the British Mission, the Cheka claiming that it had "undeniable proofs" that Lockhart himself was supervising the conspiracy.

The British government's answer to Lockhart's arrest was the arrest of Litvinov, who was in London at the time. After brief negotiations Lockhart was exchanged for Litvinov, and he, with all the members of his mission, left Russia for England.

A Monster Trial

LOCKHART left Russia, but the Bolsheviki had to show the world what mischief the "contemptible entente" was doing to the Bolshevist government. They decided to try Lockhart and Riley for high treason. In order to make an impression upon the people, they

Kirpichnikoff, the soldier who is said to have started the Revolution in Russia

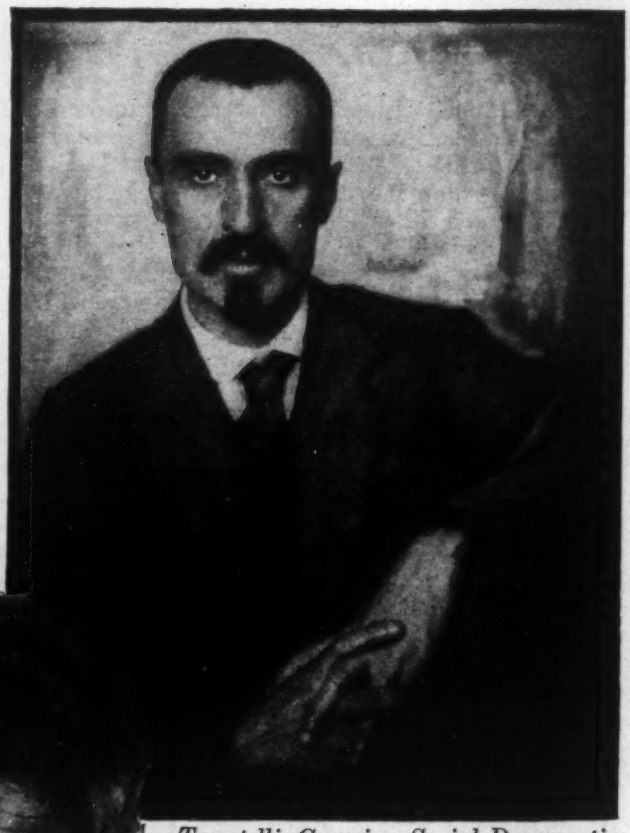
resolved to stage a monster trial, involving, in this case, a number of people of various nationalities.

Among these were the American citizen Kolomatyano, the French citizen Madame Morance, the British subject Hoyt, three Czechs, and a number of Russians, beginning with two prominent generals and ending with Mademoiselle Otten, an eighteen-year-old artiste of the Studio of the Art Theater. Kolomatyano was accused of gathering military information and transmitting it to the British Mission while he was a "commercial agent" of the United States. The others were accused of helping him to gather this information, or of being acquainted with Lockhart and Riley.

The case was tried in December. The preliminary investigation, conducted by Helen Razmirovitch, failed to establish any proofs of their guilt. It was found that Kolomatyano, through his agents, had been gathering commercial information. Among these reports there was also information not of a commercial characte but that was closely connected with commerce, and that was necessary for a complete understanding of the commercial and industrial life of Soviet Russia.

I was sure that Riley had never conducted any negotiations with Berzin involving the overthrow of the government, and I was also sure that the million rubles which Berzin returned to Peters did not come from Riley. Nor was there any doubt that Kolomatyano had no relations whatever with either Lockhart or Riley.

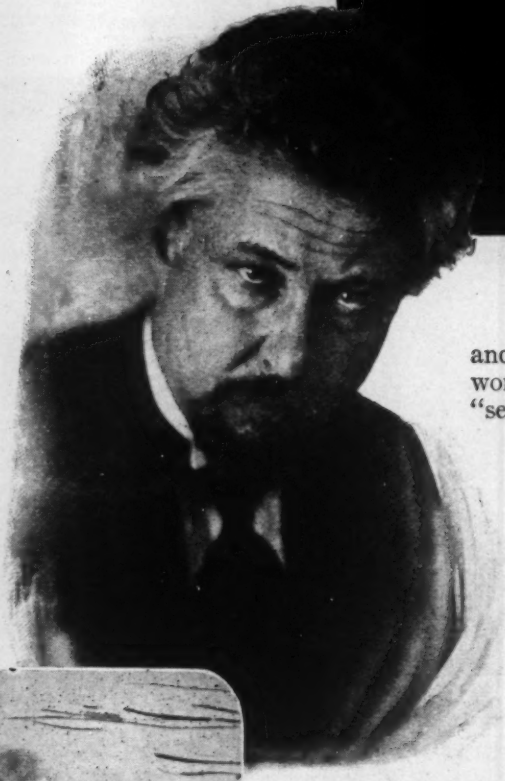
The Supreme Tribunal held its sessions at the Kremlin, in the Mitrofanov Hall. It was cold and uncomfortable. The hall was dirty, with rubbish scattered around, people were spitting on the floor—in a word, the hall had the appearance of any room in which the Bolsheviki work. The court-room was filled with a "select" public. Mr. Joffe was dressed like a real diplomat. He wore a splendid fur coat of gray beaver, lacquered shoes, and blue gloves.



Tzeretelli, Georgian Social-Democratic leader; Minister of Ports and Telegraph under Kerensky

The young "diplomat" Karakhan was also richly dressed; the newspaper dictator Steklov, Peters, and others of communist fame were elegantly and warmly dressed. What a contrast to the accused and the counsel for the defense!

The Lett Karklin presided; among the judges was also Galkin. This combination seemed ominous.



Victor Chernoff, leader of the Moderate Wing of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party

Adriana Tyrkova, political leader, wife of Harold Williams, English journalist and authority on Russia

The Old General's Letter

Among the accused was an old general who had been retired from service about ten years before the revolution. In one of their raids the Bolsheviki found in his house a letter addressed to him by a certain cavalry officer, containing the phrase: "We are of the same school." This was sufficient to cause the arrest of the old man. He was kept in prison for five months, charged with high treason. His case was linked with that of Lockhart.

At the preliminary hearing the old general explained to Madame Razmirovitch that the phrase referred to the fact that he and the cavalry officer were graduates of the same military school. Madame Razmirovitch, who is the wife of Commissary Krilenko, insisted that the phrase referred to a White Guard organization, and that it furnished proof that the old general participated in the conspiracy. The general explained the meaning of the

Marie Spiridonova, leader of the Socialist-Revolutionary Party (Radical Wing); she is a bitter foe of communism

phrase to the Tribunal. General Brusilov, summoned as an expert, confirmed the old general's testimony.

Then came the summing up. Krilenko, the prosecutor, was furious. He demanded the death sentence for all of the accused. Feeling that the charges had not been sufficiently substantiated, he declared:

"It is unimportant whether or not these people are guilty of the charges made against them. The important thing is that they will never cross the boundary-line that divides them from us. Therefore they must be destroyed!"

Among the accused was a man named Solus. His part in the case was so insignificant that Krilenko did not even mention his name when he enumerated those who should be destroyed. But the secretary of the Tribunal, a young man anxious to gain favor with the general prosecutor, shouted: "Comrade Krilenko, you omitted the name of Solus."

Krilenko thought for a while and then uttered the words that sealed the man's fate: "Solus? He also should be destroyed!"

The speeches for the defense lasted two days, and though it was clear that the case for the prosecution had collapsed, the defendants and their counsel were very much agitated when the judges retired to the consultation-room. We stood in groups, discussing the probable verdict. Peters, the head of the Cheka, approached one of these groups and said:

"What is the use of your excitement—both that of the defense and of the prosecution? It is superfluous. This isn't the way to handle such matters."

When we asked him what he thought our behavior should be, he answered:

"What? Bring a machine-gun. That's all. The result will be the same."

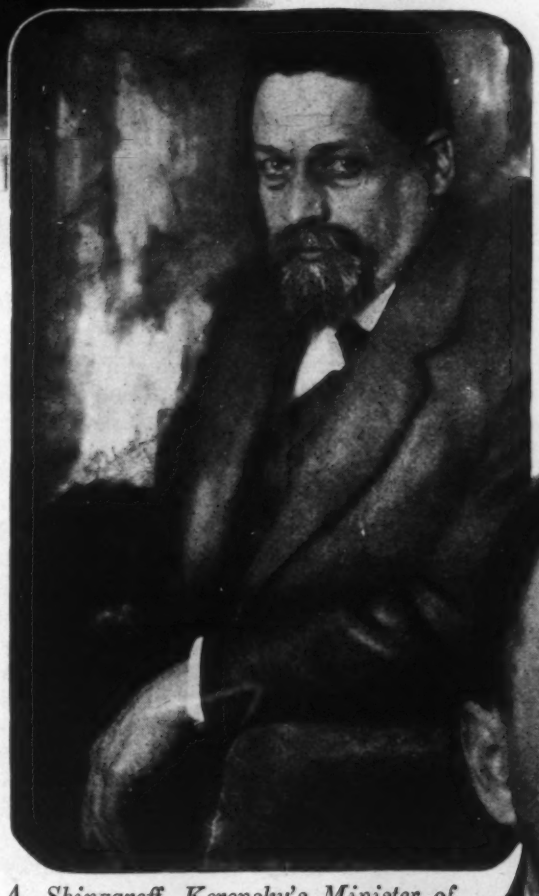
The Judges' Verdict

THE judges were in consultation for a long time. Then, amid the tense suspense of the counsel and relatives of the accused, Karklin read he verdict in his broken Russian.

The British subjects, Lockhart and Riley, were found guilty of high treason and were sentenced to death by shooting, in the event of their return to Russia, or in the event of England becoming a socialist republic. The American citizen Kolomatyano and the former Russian Colonel Friede, found guilty, were also sentenced to death by shooting.

Major-General Zagryazhsky, Colonel Golitzin, Potemkin, Friede's sister, and a number of others were sentenced to five years' compulsory labor; the three Czechs were sentenced to imprisonment in the concentration camp until the end of civil war in Russia; the British subject Hoyt, Madame Morance, the actress Otten, and the retired general were acquitted.

The sentence was comparatively mild, in view of the fact that Krilenko demanded the "destruction" of all the accused. The death sentence pronounced on Lock-



A. Shingareff, Kerensky's Minister of Finance; executed by the Bolsheviki

Adolph Joffe, best known of Soviet diplomats; now ambassador to China

Nikolin, secretary of the Peasants' Council

hart and Riley, who were not in Russia, was amazing for its stupidity. We were not afraid that Kolomatyano would be shot; for we knew that the Bolsheviki were cruel only to those who had no powerful defenders. And we were right.

Friede was a Russian citizen; nobody could intercede in his behalf; so he was executed. The former military judge Zagryazhsky was sentenced by the Tribunal to five years' compulsory work. The defense was pleased with this sentence. Krilenko then energetically insisted upon the "destruction" of Zagryazhsky, because he had been a judge under the Tsar, and a land-owner. We began to fear for his fate.

An Appeal to Gorky

AFTER the speeches for the defense, his sister-in-law, the widow of a famous Russian oculist, went to Petrograd to secure Maxim Gorky's protection in the event of an adverse verdict. At ten o'clock in the morning the woman was in Gorky's waiting-room—the proletarian writer received her at two o'clock in the afternoon. The woman was seventy years old, well known as a Russian writer.

Mildly apologizing for having kept her waiting so long, and learning that she had come to ask him to intercede in behalf of her brother-in-law, if he were sentenced to death, Gorky showed her a Petrograd newspaper containing the report of the trial and stating that Zagryazhsky was sentenced to five years' compulsory labor. The old woman's mission was ended, and she went home.

In February Gorky came to Moscow. I went with the old woman to see him and asked him to use his influence to secure a pardon for Zagryazhsky. I told Gorky about the Lockhart case, about the rôle of Zagryazhsky in that case. My account of the trial apparently made an impression on Gorky. He asked me to give him the facts in writing.

Then he turned to me and asked: "Tell me, can Yashka Sverdlov do anything in this matter?"

"Yashka Sverdlov," I answered, "is the president of the Russian Republic, and his signature is sufficient to release Zagryazhsky from prison."

"Well, then, I will tell him to-day to liquidate this case," announced Gorky.

Bidding him good-by, I asked Gorky why the Bolsheviki manifested such senseless and unnecessary cruelty. Gorky thought for a while, then answered:

"These scoundrels want to prove their loyalty by their cruelty."

Thus did Gorky characterize his associates.

I do not know whether Gorky forgot to speak to Yashka Sverdlov about this case, or whether Yashka Sverdlov refused to obey his order: Zagryazhsky was not released from prison.

Krilenko was infuriated. Instead of twenty death sentences there were only two, and one of these was problematical. Then he made every effort to have at least one of the accused destroyed. No entreaties, no pleadings, were of any avail. The bloody hand of the general prosecutor wanted more blood. I was informed that Friede was taken from the Kremlin in an automobile, to be shot in the Petrovsky Park. After the execution his body was to be brought back to the city.

Whether the executioners wanted to save benzine, or whether they did not care to waste their time—the fact is that Friede was killed on the Kremlin Bridge.

The members of the French Mission were also charged with "high treason." But when the case was about to come up for trial, Clemenceau's powerful voice demanded the safe return of the entire mission to France. The Bolsheviki were frightened and allowed the mission to return home. But as it was again necessary to show the world that not only England, but also France, was injuring the Soviet government and interfering with the establishment of the communist paradise in Russia, seven Russians were dragged into the case and charged with aiding the French Mission in acts of "high treason." The guilt of these seven Russian citizens consisted in the fact that they had been acquainted with members of the French Mission.

Galkin presided. Smiling gently, this degenerate turned to the accused with a request to tell the whole truth frankly, adding that that "would considerably mitigate their fate." The accused gave their testimony, admitting that they were acquainted with members of the French Mission. When the testimony was completed, the Tribunal declared:

"In view of the fact that the case is perfectly clear after the testimony of the accused, the Tribunal refuses to listen to the summing up by either the prosecution or the defense, and will retire for the purpose of making its decision."

The counsel for the defense and some of the relatives of the accused heaved a sigh of relief. They felt that, since the judges refused to allow the counsel for the defense to speak, the verdict would be in favor of the accused. They recalled the words of the presiding judge and calmly awaited the verdict.

About ten minutes later Galkin returned and shouted: "All the accused are found guilty of high treason and are to be shot in twenty-four hours."

They were shot that night.

The Case of the General Naval Staff

IN one of the raids that the Bolsheviki were making almost daily throughout Russia, a sealed letter was found in the house of the sailor Ivanov. It was addressed to some one in Sweden. When the envelope was opened, they found a letter in code, which was finally deciphered. Some unknown person wrote of work done in connection with sending volunteers to the anti-Bolshevist northern front.

At the hearing Ivanov testified that he had received the letter from a Finn, a retired officer, Okkerlund. Okkerlund testified that a certain Lieutenant Vasiliev had given him the letter to have it forwarded to Sweden. During the investigation it became known that Lieutenant Vasiliev had committed suicide. Although the authorities did not believe this and continued looking for Vasiliev, they could find no trace of him, so they kept Okkerlund and Ivanov under arrest.

At the same time the Cheka raided the General Marine Headquarters, and found there certain papers which, in the opinion of the prosecutor, strongly compromised the general staff and proved its connection with the counter-revolution. Every person employed at the Marine Headquarters, high officials and low, was arrested. The case of Okkerlund and Ivanov was linked with that of the General Staff, although there was not the slightest connection, and thus was created the celebrated case against the General Marine Staff, which was tried before the Supreme Tribunal.

Among the officers of the General Staff was a certain Abramovitch, who held the post of director of the Naval Counter-Intelligence Department. At this time the General Marine Staff and the Naval Counter-Intelligence Department were located in Moscow. It was Abramovitch's duty to gather all kinds of information concerning political activities in the Soviet republic, to prepare reports, and to submit them to the Commissary of the General Staff, a sailor of the Baltic Fleet.

Abramovitch instinctively hated the Bolsheviki, particularly his superior officer, the People's Commissary of the Navy, Trotzky. One day Abramovitch received from his agents information that at one of the fronts a certain Red regiment refused to undertake an offensive.

Trotzky went and tried to "persuade" the troops. The Red Guards declared that they would undertake the offensive if Trotzky himself would lead them. Trotzky agreed, and the attack was scheduled for six o'clock the next morning. But in the morning it was discovered that Trotzky had disappeared.

Since the whereabouts of Trotzky were unknown for several days, the agents of the Counter-Intelligence Department reported this incident to their chief Abramovitch. The latter prepared a report and submitted it to the Commissary of the General Marine Headquarters. The commissary examined the report, wrote on it, "To be taken into consideration," and there the matter ended. But this report fell into the hands of the Cheka, and a case of "high treason" was created. Out of the hundreds of reports that Abramovitch submitted, and that contained information of value to the communists, the

Mme. Shishkina-Yavein, well known Russian social worker

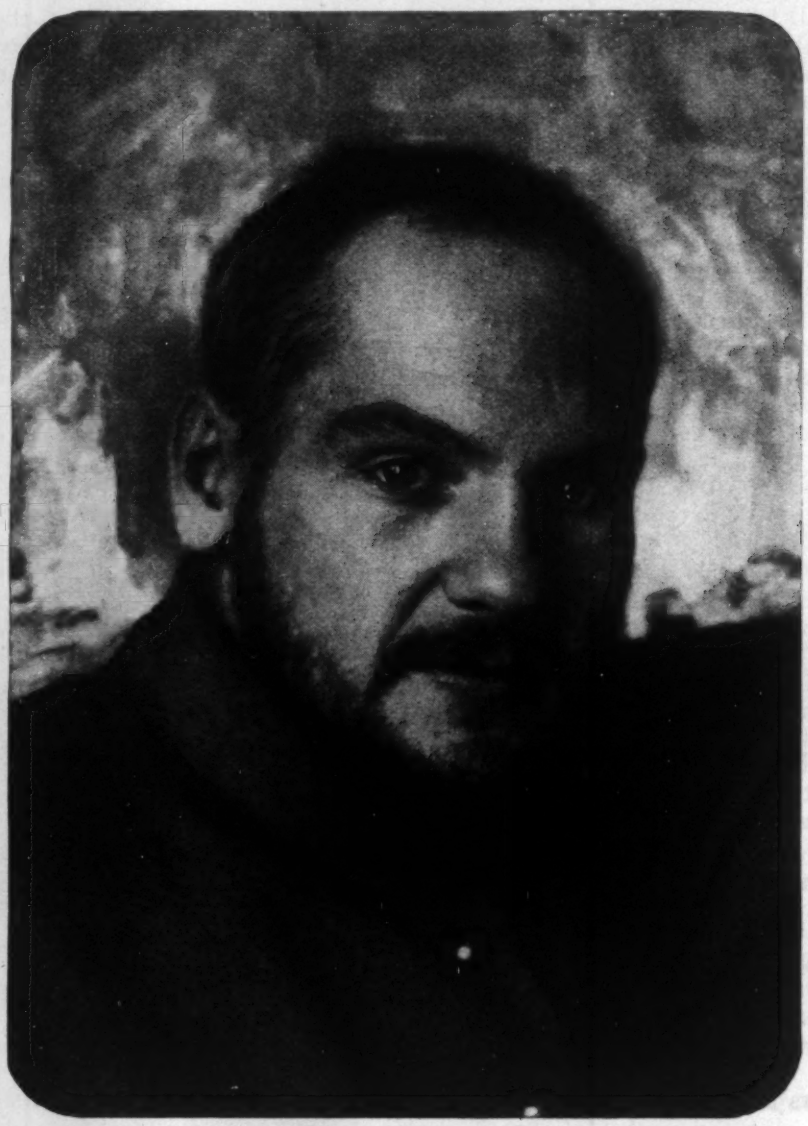
prosecutor selected this report and based his charges upon it.

When the case was opened, the presiding judge, Galkin, asked the counsel for the defense to state to the Tribunal how much they were getting for defending their clients. The question was offensive, but the answer had to be made, because a conflict between the counsel and the judges would have aggravated their case. Among the counsel for the defense was P. P. Lidov. When he was asked this question, he said that he received no remuneration, because the man he was defending was poor, but he was promised that his expenses would be paid if the accused should be released and should earn any money in the future. Galkin expressed his doubts as to this arrangement.

Then Lidov, enraged by the conduct of this judge, exclaimed:

"How much did you pay your lawyer when you were on trial during the Tsar's régime and when you were about to be sentenced to death?"

Galkin maintained silence. He knew that he had been defended free of charge.



Krilenko, the Chief Prosecutor for the Cheka, or Secret Police, in the Socialist-Revolutionist trials

At the very opening of the trial it was felt that Okkerlund and Abramovitch were doomed. I had no fear regarding Okkerlund. Several days before the trial his wife showed me a paper, signed by the People's Commissary for Foreign Affairs Tchicherin, which was virtually an agreement with the Finnish government, in which the latter promised, if Okkerlund was sentenced to death, that it would have him exchanged for four communists then in Finnish prisons. Besides, the Finnish government was prepared to sell the Russian Communist Republic 252,000 pounds of news-print paper. I knew that Steklov needed this paper badly for his long and impossible articles, and I was not worrying about Okkerlund.

But Abramovitch's position was quite hopeless. He was a Russian citizen. He had had the rank of state's councilor at one time, and that was sufficient to seal his fate. At the trial Krilenko declared that Abramovitch had furnished the information gathered by the Counter-Intelligence Department to the Allies. And although the question arose why Abramovitch submitted all his reports, including the one that figured in the case, to his superior officer, to the communist commissary, still everything looked most gloomy for Abramovitch.

Our fears were realized. Okkerlund and Abramovitch were sentenced to death by shooting, the other accused were sentenced to compulsory labor and to imprisonment in concentration camps. The communist commissary who appeared as a witness was reprimanded by the Tribunal.

After the reading of the verdict, it appeared the Tribunal had forgotten about the sailor Ivanov. Krilenko immediately called attention to this omission. Then Galkin admitted that he had really forgotten to consider the case of Ivanov, and the judges retired for consultation.

The relatives of Ivanov felt hopeful. Since the Tribunal had forgotten to consider his case, he could hardly be regarded as one of the central figures, and therefore could not get the supreme penalty. But the counsel for the defense recalled Galkin's manner in the case of the French Mission.

In less than a minute — just long enough to write a few words—Galkin returned to the court-room and read:

"Ivanov is found guilty of high treason and is to be shot."

Abramovitch, Okkerlund, and Ivanov were shot on the following day. No pleadings on the part of their relatives proved of avail.

I was informed later that, in reprisal for the execution of Okkerlund, the Finnish government put to death four Russian communists.

The Moscow Revolutionary Tribunal

THUS were things staged in the Supreme Tribunal—provocation, betrayal, mockery, and constant bloodshed.

The Moscow Revolutionary Tribunal did not at first bring out any death sentences; but it became infected by the example of its elder bloody brother and soon introduced red terror into its system.

Things went wrong with the Moscow Revolutionary Tribunal from the very outset. The first presiding judge, Moiseyenko, proved to be a professional crook, who had been deprived of his rights under the Tsar for dishonesty.

The second presiding judge, Berman, a shallow-brained, violent man, turned the Tribunal into a dram-shop. He was the first to introduce the order that people should wear their caps in the court-room, and the judges as well as the public all chewed sunflower seeds.

Berman showed his cruelty at the trial of an eighteen-year-old cadet, charged with having refused to tear off his shoulder-straps while he lay wounded in a hospital. At the trial the youth explained that he had sworn allegiance to the Provisional Government, and that in tearing off his shoulder-straps he saw a violation of his oath. Berman sentenced him to eighteen years at hard labor—a year of hard labor for each year of his life.

When Berman left Russia (it is understood that he carried away with him a considerable sum of "good" money), his assistant Dyakonov was appointed presiding judge. He was the first to introduce the death sentence. Dyakonov was replaced by Peters, the hangman. Then the new era in the life of the Moscow Tribunal set in. Blood began to flow like a river.

An orgy of death started. Peters introduced the methods of the Cheka in the Moscow Tribunal. People were condemned to death every day. In most cases these people were not even permitted to be represented by counsel. People were shot for all sorts of offenses. A certain B. was sentenced to death for spending funds that belonged to other private individuals. A woman was sentenced to death by shooting for selling a food-card. Fortunately, it was discovered that she was about to become a mother, and the death sentence was commuted to compulsory labor for life. Vikstein was shot because, in the opinion of the prosecutor, he had intended to bribe him. The Tribunal was competing with the Cheka. Peters was triumphant.

After the fall of Warsaw, the brothers Maryan and Yosif Lutoslawski settled in Moscow. Both belonged to the National Democratic Party. The brothers did not participate in any political activities in Moscow. The Lutoslawskis were attacked in the Bolshevist newspapers almost daily. One day their home was raided and certain suspicious papers were found there. Serious accusations were made against them. They were arrested and awaiting trial. I was their counsel.

While they were in prison an attempt was made on Lenin's life. It was then that the bloody oppressions began. I feared for the fate of my clients. I went to the Polish minister in Moscow, Lednitzki, and told him of my fears. Lednitzki showed me an official document signed by the Commissary for Foreign Affairs, addressed to the Polish Republic, in which Tchicherin assured him that no Polish citizens would be shot by the Soviet authorities without trial.

On September 5 a conference took place in my home regarding the Ludoslawskis with representatives of Polish societies. One of the people brought an evening newspaper, from which we learned that more than eighty "bourgeois and counter-revolutionists" were shot that day in the Petrovsky Park in the presence of many people. Among those who were shot were former members of the Tsar's cabinet: Schleglovitov, Khvostov, Maklakov, Protopopov; former director of the Secret Police Department Belyetzky; the arch-priest Vostorgov; and the Polish citizens, the Princess Lubomirski, and others. The Poles present said that there was no Princess Lubomirski in Moscow. I realized that it was a reporter's error and that he was undoubtedly referring to the Lutoslawskis. Late that evening I received a note from the wife of Yosif Lutoslawski, who informed me that the brothers had been removed from the Kremlin that morning, and she did not know their whereabouts. I spent a restless night. Next morning I went to see Krilenko.

Krilenko occupied the magnificent residence of Prince Gagarin on George Street, opposite the office where his wife, Razmirovitch, was in charge of the investigation department. The house was furnished in very good taste—that had been done by its former occupant.

I asked Krilenko:

"Where are the Lutoslawskis?"

He answered calmly: "They were shot yesterday."

Methods of the Cheka

THIS is the way in which the Lutoslawskis, former members of the Tsar's cabinet, and other Russians were shot. On September 5, in the morning, an automobile came to the house where the Lutoslawskis were imprisoned, and the Cheka representative declared that the High Commission wanted the prisoners to go to Lubyanka for cross-examination. The Lutoslawskis, Schleglovitov, Khvostov, and Belyetzky were removed in the automobile. Many prisoners were brought to Lubyanka from various places. There they were informed that they would be shot that day.

This news produced a dreadful scene. Some of the people sobbed, others cried hysterically. More than eighty were doomed to death before trial. Among them was the arch-priest Vostorgov, charged with speculation. Vostorgov had many sins on his conscience. His entire life had been filled with denunciations; he had incited people and nationalities against one another. Altogether he led a life unbecoming a preacher of the ideas of Christ. But the charge made against him by the Bolsheviki was concocted by the Cheka. This man manifested remarkable calm before his death. He asked everybody to make confession; and many people did so.

In one group were huddled together the former powerful ministers of the Tsar, speculators, officers, and peaceful citizens seized by the Bolsheviki. And this man who was to die soon had a word of consolation for each and every one. Another priest, Makary Vnevushin, also sentenced to be shot, had offered to betray to the Cheka all the secrets of the highest Russian clergy, on condition that his life would be spared. The Cheka accepted his offer; and the official Bolsheviki newspapers were filled with filth and denunciations of Russian clergy.

Thus did these two priests act differently—the two men who had led an equally disgraceful life in the past.

The execution took place in Petrovsky Park. It was a public affair. The Cheka representatives called out the names of those who were to be shot. A few minutes before he was shot Belyetzky attempted to run away, but the guns of the Chinese guards drove him back into the circle of death. After the shooting all the bodies were robbed.

The Sky Sheriff

The Pioneer Spirit Lives Again in the Texas Airplane Patrol

By Thomson Burtis

Illustrations by B. J. Rosenmeyer

THE blazing sun of a Texas afternoon turned air and drab brown earth to gold. Not a breath stirred the huge white stocking that served as a wind-indicator on the airdrome of the McMullen Flight of the Air Service border patrol.

Seven men were standing in a line south of the airdrome. Six of them were tanned young chaps with the look of the open in their steady eyes with tiny sun-crinkles at the corners. The other man wore a flowing gray mustache, a sombrero that dwarfed the others' Stetsons, and ornately embossed cowboy boots. He was known from one end of the Rio Grande to the other as Sheriff Bill Trowbridge.

A low drone came to the ears of the group, and far in the distance they glimpsed the tiny form of a ship, diving with motor on for the airdrome. Hickman looked up at the plane.

"Probably Tex MacDowell and Sleepy Spears."

"Who's Spears?" asked Trowbridge.

"New man from the Air Service Mechanics' School at Donovan Field," explained Perkins. "He's the sleepiest-looking guy in the world. Yesterday Tex and Sleepy announced they were going to fly to Laredo, if I'd let 'em, and go over to the 'Bee' hangout in Nuevo Laredo, and either win a fortune or else get entirely broke."

Captain Perkins's face was serious.

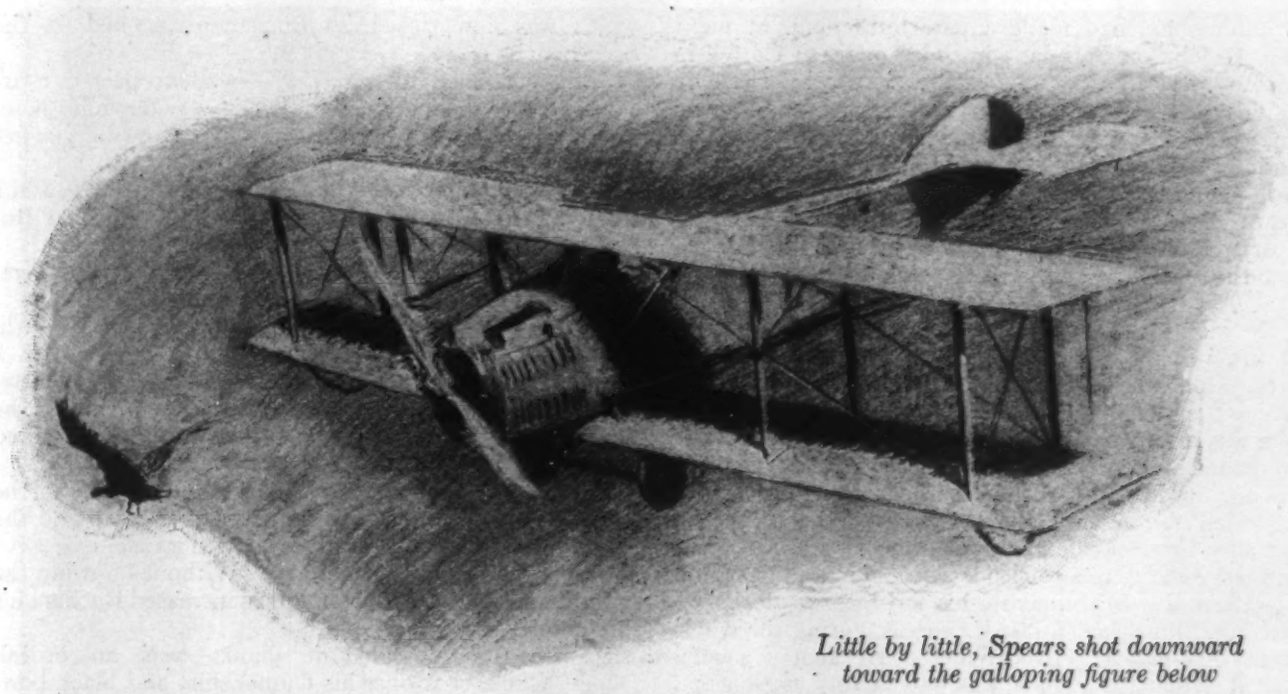
Sheriff Trowbridge glanced at him sharply. Apparently there was somewhat of puzzlement, disapproval, in the new commanding officer's words.

Trowbridge was grinning widely. "Did yuh ever have any previous experience handlin' wildcats?"

Captain Perkins shook his head. "Live and learn, I guess," said he.

The ship circled northward, banked around toward the field, and the roaring motor ceased. Then the De Haviland dropped over the low fence that formed the northern boundary of the field. Waiting mechanics in front of a hangar seized the wings and helped bring the ship into the line.

Sure enough, there was a mounted man crossing a tiny clearing, two or three miles to the westward



Little by little, Spears shot downward toward the galloping figure below

The two flyers climbed out of the cock-pits.

"See that short fellow walking as if every step would be his last?" said Jennings. "That's Sleepy."

Trowbridge smote his thigh.

"I get yuh now," he stated. "Isn't Sleepy the hombre that had a run-in with some would-be bad men up in Barnes City a few months ago?"

"He's the one," said Pop Cravath, wiping the sweat from his bald spot with a voluminous khaki handkerchief.

Spears' drooping eyelids were raised to look at the little group. A slow smile stretched the already wide mouth..

"Meet Sheriff Trowbridge, Sleepy," said Perkins.

"Delighted. I've heard several mouthfuls about you, Sheriff," said Sleepy.

"Did you break the 'Bee'?" inquired Trowbridge solemnly.

"They took advantage of us," sighed Sleepy. "They fed us Benedictine and Mescal. The last I remember was shooting two hundred at the crap-table and then bursting into ribald grief when two sixes turned up. We woke up in the alley alongside the Laredo House this morning."

Captain Perkins's lean, square-jawed face was crossed with varying expressions of merriment, wonder, and disapproval. Apparently the Captain was completely puzzled—unable to understand the facets in his flyers' characters.

"I've got to meet the four-ten from San Antone," said the Sheriff, suddenly. "My old friend George Bilney is comin' in. Say, I'm going to bring George out here this evenin', mebbe. He's station agent and storekeeper up here at Willett. He's only in town to the back train at ten, but he's got a daughter you boys ought to meet. She's the Queen of Sheba, and likewise the Lily of the Valley."

"That sure is interesting. You show us a way to meet her, Sheriff, and we'll show ourselves grateful," said Sleepy.

THAT evening Sleepy Spears drove a dusty roadster down the main street of McMullen. He saw the train come in and saw the sheriff meet Pappy George Bilney, a little wisp of a white-bearded man.

Sleepy then drew up to the curb in front of a drug store with a flourish and shut off the motor. As he turned to climb out, his gaze fell on the face of a tall, thin, stooping fellow with drooping brown mustachios. As if by some hypnotic influence, the stranger's close-set eyes rose to meet the flyer's gaze, then dropped. The man walked on.

"That's that foreman from Barnes City!" murmured Sleepy. "Must 'ave just got out of jail, if old man Shaler did what he said he was going to do after this bird's scheme to tar and feather poor old Correll. I wonder what he might be doing here?"

A LIKE mental query regarding Spears was arousing fear in the mind of the "bird"—Cal Buchanan, as he called himself. For Cal Buchanan, being a coyote by nature instead of a wolf, had within the last few hours formulated a wolf's plan to resuscitate his fallen fortunes, and when a coyote essays a wolf's rôle he is likely to shy at a shadow.

As he lounged along the lively street, his small eyes roved constantly, seeing nothing but mental images. Girls and women whose clothes would not have been out of place on the leading thoroughfares of the largest cities; trimly dressed men along with others in cowboy boots and flannel shirts; here a store window that might have been transplanted from Manhattan next to a display of ornate saddles and lariats; a five-thousand-dollar limousine passing a hitching-rack where drooping cow-ponies awaited their owners—all were vague to him as he remained immersed in his plans.

Sleepy Spears had been farthest from his thoughts until the square, sunburnt countenance had appeared with all the effect of a sudden and unwelcome vision.

His thoughts turned back to his experience with Spears six months before. While drunk, he had visited the Barnes City fair, where Spears and Al Johnson, from Donovan Field, were giving flying exhibitions. Then had come that row with Correll, Spears's mechanic, and the dream of tar-and-feathering Correll with the help of three confederates.

In a remote cabin the plan was working well, and the four men were just ready to strip Correll, when a human tornado in the form of Spears had burst in the door. From that time on, events were rather vague in Buchanan's mind. Later he had learned that Spears, learning of the plot too late to overtake the hazing party

by automobile, had made a parachute jump at night from Al Johnson's airplane in order to reach Correll in time.

Was there any possibility that Spears, recognizing him, could interfere with the scheme that he had in mind? Nervous as a cat, he finally arose, leaving his food, paid his check, and walked out. Spears or no Spears, his mind was made up. There did not seem to be any reason to believe that the flyer could possibly get on to the scheme he had in mind. And he was desperate.

SIX months in the Barnes City jail had been his sentence for the attempted tar-and-feather soirée. At the expiration of his term, three days before, he had been left under no misapprehension as to whether his room was preferable to his company in Barnes City. He had drifted aimlessly toward the border, with vague plans of going into Mexico. A hundred dollars was his capital, and to his craven heart the future loomed dark—until that spry little old man, Bilney, who had boarded the train at Willett, made friends with him, and gave him an opportunity to recuperate his fortunes.

George Bilney had prattled proudly during the whole seventy-five-mile trip from Willett. He kept a general store at Willett, though it was only a tiny station and his nearest customers lived six miles away. His main source of profit, however, was his ranch business. Six ranches, ranging from six to fifty thousand acres, did all their business with him, because of the convenience of having him do the buying, and because he kept a large and assorted stock from which a hurry call for anything from tools to feed or worm-salve could always be filled. Warehouses full of feed, tools, wire, lumber, provisions, and all the other supplies necessary for the modern ranch testified to the volume of his business. As a matter of fact, his store and its other buildings actually formed the so-called town of Willett.

His daughter, home for her college vacation, his dead wife, his boyhood in New England—the little storekeeper had told it all to the sympathetic Buchanan, and among all the details one other thing, which had set that coyote's heart to thumping as he heard it. For it appeared that most of the customers of the store paid their bills on the last day of the month—"It takes quick turnovers for cash to run my business," Bilney had said. And the money was not sent to McMullen until the next morning, on the one daily train that ran south.

Bilney had said that he was returning on the ten o'clock train that evening. Buchanan could slip into a berth, ride to the next station north of Willett, which was twenty-five miles, hire a horse, and ride back in the evening of the next day. Bilney had given him a cordial invitation to drop in for a meal at any time.

It would be absurdly simple. If the money was in a safe, he could force the old man to open it; then bind up him and his daughter, cut the telephone wires, perhaps leave a note on the front of the store saying that the owner would not be back until next day, to give him twelve hours' respite. In that time, by hard riding on the excellent saddle-horse that Bilney had bought for his daughter, Buchanan could make the border. Then for an easy life in Mexico.

BILNEY, on the next evening, was reading the San Antonio *Express* by the light of a big white-shaded kerosene lamp, while Cissy, the huge negro woman who was his housekeeper, prepared supper. On the other side of the table a tall girl with a mass of black hair and a sweet face, was fondling a bull-terrier puppy.

Buchanan paused outside the window and took in the scene. The old man lived in the rear of his store, which was now closed, so Buchanan knocked on the back door.

Bilney opened it, and for a moment peered near-sightedly through his glasses, set half-way down his nose.

"Well, well, come right in, my boy. How did you get up here so quick?" he said.

"I got me a job at the Blackburne ranch to-day, and I just thought I'd drop in t' say howdy," returned Buchanan, entering hesitantly.

"Glad to see you. Company's scarce around here. Meet my daughter Judith—Cal Buchanan, Judith."

Judith's voice had the musical slowness of the South. Bilney set out cigars. Buchanan, ill at ease and in a nervous tremor, refused both and talked infrequently. He found it hard to meet the tranquil eyes of the girl; he devoted most of his attention to her father, who talked enough for all three.

The little sitting-room was cozy and homelike in the soft light of the lamp. The flat tints of the wall and the selection of prints and furniture showed a taste that gave subtle individuality to the room. Without knowing the exact reason for it, his surroundings increased Buchanan's discomfort.

Supper—Judith called it dinner—was an ordeal. Bilney wore a coat over his flannel shirt and black bow-tie, and Judith's white frock contrasted with Buchanan's dirty vest and flannel shirt, open at the scrawny neck. A snowy table-cloth, simple silverware—all were foreign to his usual surroundings. Finally Judith succeeded in drawing some halting conversation from him on the subject of horses. She was a typical Texas girl in her love of riding. Occasionally he felt her large eyes resting on him, and felt the goose-flesh start on his body. Somehow or other, she seemed a bigger obstacle to him than her spry little father. The negress added to the complications somewhat, but not too greatly. He strove to steady himself by thinking of what the successful culmination of his enterprise would mean to him.

The meal over, he sat in the sitting-room hour after hour, unable to launch his offensive. When Bilney insisted on his spending the night with them, he accepted like a drowning man grasping at a plank. He forgot the value of time as he convinced himself that with the household asleep he would have greater chances for success.

AT ten-thirty Buchanan huskily announced his desire for sleep. His host showed him his room, which opened off the sitting-room, as did his own room and Judith's. The store was reached through a passage from the living-room, which skirted the store office and opened directly into the passageway between two counters. His last mental picture was that of Judith kissing her father good night.

Without undressing, he threw himself across the spotless white spread and stared at the ceiling. Through the open window came the drone of myriad insects, and the almost inaudible scratch of hundreds of them up and down the screen. The slight gulf breeze ruffled the mesquit trees outside, and occasionally the yelp of a coyote came to his ears.

How long he had waited he did not know; but when he finally removed his boots and stole out into the dark living-room, lamp in hand, it seemed as if an eternity had passed. He meant to reconnoiter a bit. With all the yellow heart of him he hoped that he might get the money and go without the necessity of binding Bilney and the two women, or of compelling the old man to tell him where the money was.

With a hand that shook so that the chimney rattled, he set the lamp down on the battered table in the office.

He met the girl as she burst through the doorway; her anguished eyes blazed into his and for a moment she seemed petrified with terror

He drew a pair of cutters from his shirt and quickly snipped the telephone wires. The snap of a board beneath his feet nearly caused him to drop the tool.

This accomplished, his small eyes darted around swiftly. The table, a closed roll-top desk with a battered swivel-chair, and a heap of old pasteboard boxes and circulars in a corner of the tiny room represented the only furnishings. Apparently there was no safe.

He tiptoed to the window and pulled the wrinkled green shade to the bottom. He tried the top of the desk, and it rolled up obediently. Within was a small metal box, locked with a hasp and a small padlock.

He gasped with relief. His first impulse was to grab the strong-box and run. With an effort he resisted the temptation. He must make sure that the money was there.

He wiped his moist palms on his overalls, and vainly tried to control the tremors that shook him. He took out the heavy cutters, with the idea of using them as a lever in an attempt to break the box. He was just starting to insert them below the hasp when padding footsteps came to his ears.

An exclamation that was like a sob burst from his ashen lips as he turned, his fingers gripped around the instrument in his hands. Dim against the blackness of the open door, because of the lamp between, he saw the scraggly white hair and peering eyes of Bilney. A trembling revolver flashed close to the door-jamb.

Blindly, unthinkingly, Buchanan leaped forward and swung. He was in an ecstasy of terror. The report of the wild shot echoed like thunder an instant before his weapon sank in the skull of the trembling old man. He dropped, limply horrible. The revolver crashed to the floor.

"Daddy!"

Swiftly flying footsteps up the passage came to his

ears like the approach of some avenging fate. He met the girl as she burst through the doorway. His hand closed over her mouth. Her anguished eyes blazed into his.

He was conscious, through his trance of fear and horror, of screams rising eerily through the night. He took his hand from her mouth long enough to rip out her silken sleeve, stuff it into her mouth, and bind it there with his bandana.

She came to herself then, and fought like a wildcat as he tried to bind her hands and feet. It was half a minute before he succeeded.

He did not wait to bind her feet, but hurried back toward those screams, careless of the blackness of the passageway. He ran into the table in the dining-room, and blundered toward the kitchen. The screams rose in a crescendo of utter terror as he approached.

Moonlight filtered through the windows of the tiny bedroom, and by its dim illumination he could see the whites of staring eyes in the corner behind the bed. He jerked the gibbering old negro to her feet and his fist crashed to her jaw. He ripped and tore at the bed-sheets like a wild man, finally securing strips that answered for a gag and strands to secure arms and legs.

He ran back to the office, to fall over the prone body of the old man. He rolled away from it as if from some living menace. He scrambled to his feet, his breath coming in labored gasps, and turned toward Judith, whom he had flung in the chair before the desk. She was limp, her face still set in lines that seemed frozen in agony. He finished his task of binding her.

With the cash-box in his arms, Buchanan fled. It was the work of a moment to enter the small corral, fling the saddle that hung in the shed on the back of Judith's saddle-horse, and mount.

The whispering mesquit was the voice of phantom pursuers, the solitude terrible.

He galloped to the little shack depot, and let himself in by smashing a window. The moon-rays through a window gave enough light to enable him to smash the telegraph instruments and the telephone.

Then, without food or water, he set off at a wild gallop southward. His convulsed face was twisted backward over his shoulder as if he expected the blurred buildings behind him to give forth some avenger to follow him through the shadows reaching for him from every side.

CAPTAIN PERKINS was sprawled in the swinging hammock on the porch of the recreation building, puffing deliberately at a short pipe. It was a little after ten o'clock in the evening. Presently the sheriff happened along.

The lean-faced, square-jawed commanding officer was wrestling with some of the problems that his new detail had brought him. Transferred from the engineers a few months before, he had found that flyers bore little resemblance to the correct young West Pointers he had known in the infantry and the engineers. And his first detail as a commanding officer, he admitted frankly to himself, had him guessing.

"I ain't been around the border cavalry since Washington crossed the Delaware for nothin'," the Sheriff advised him. "Cap'n, in my judgment, you got to figger this here Air Service as different from any other. Course, I may be jest a foolish old-timer which ought to o' passed out quiet and decent a matter o' ten years ago, but this here bunch o' yours, and the other boys from down Laredo and Marfa way that I run into, have kinda sneaked under my hide. By and large, the idee o' these planes spannin' the border from California to the Gulf o' Mexico, risin' out o' little cleared spots in the Big Bend and out there in Arizona, and these boys flyin' 'em over them El Paso mountains and the deserts and this God-forsaken strip of mesquit, riskin' their lives every minute they're in the air—it's kind o' doggone romantic to even an old sand-rat like me.

"And rememberin' the times when fellers like Sam Edwards, which is now fat and a mayor and washes his neck regular, was r'arin' youngsters ridin' down main streets drunk and shootin', and rememberin' what true-blue buddies and real hombres they was, makes me judge your boys in the same class.

"And listen, son: the old days in this country meant that a man had to have guts or go under. Because they was men ridin' the range and maintainin' their necks as good as new by their own gun-play, the same red blood which showed in them things was responsible for what's known now as the old 'wild West' stuff.

"I reckon your boys are pioneers, Cap'n. To my notion, any man that picks this here flyin' as a profession ain't ever goin' to get no kick out of a ten-cent-limit poker game. Where would yore Air Service be if the men in it was playin' things safe?"

He raised his voice at the last words, for the brooding silence of the night was shattered by the rolling explosions of a motor.

SPEARS'S battered roadster shot down the road, its huge headlights probing the darkness. It swooped around the sharp corner with breath-taking speed, stopped with startling celerity, and died into silence. The flyer strolled toward the porch, peering briefly at the two occupants thereof.

"Hello," he greeted them briefly, as he sank on the steps. "I want to inquire about the ringleader of that Barnes City tar-and-feather party I saw get off the train yesterday afternoon. Tall, hungry-looking guy with a long mustache."

"Name o' Buchanan?" asked Trowbridge interestedly.

"I don't remember his name, but it wasn't Buchanan then—at least, not in his home town. He must have just got out of the lock-up."

"I met the individual referred to yesterday—Pappy George Bilney introduced him to me. They 'peared to have struck up considerable of a friendship on the way down," the Sheriff said slowly. "I ain't seen this feller around the town to-day, neither. Prob'ly George told him all his secrets, too, on the way down. He never has learnt that there's bad men runnin' around the border. I've often thought of what a good chance fer a robbery George's emporium was, 'way off by itself thataway. By Godfrey, to-day's the first o' the month, too. I believe I'll mosey up to see George and Judy t'morrer." The Sheriff turned to Captain Perkins. "Cap'n, how about one o' the boys flyin' me up to Willett t'morrer? I shore am anxious to git up that way."

The commanding officer readily assented.

"Thanks, Cap'n," returned Trowbridge. "Sleepy, I ain't noticed you rushin' forward to offer yore services as chauffeur—"

"Oh, I'll be tickled pink," yawned Sleepy.

HELMET and goggles in hand, Sleepy, the next morning, made his way to the line, where a huge figure interestedly watched the efforts of the mechanics.

"Mornin'!" came the jovial hail of Trowbridge.

Sleepy nodded. The big twelve-cylinder Liberty increased its roar as the sergeant shoved the throttle wide open. The men, holding each wing and the tail, buckled to their work as the whirring propeller pulled the wheels against the blocks with seemingly irresistible force.

Slowly the drum of the mighty cylinders tapered off as the mechanics drew back the throttle. Spears adjusted helmet and goggles, and then helped in the Sheriff, who looked like an old eagle.

One of the mechanics saw to it that the belt was safely snapped around him while Sleepy took a look at his instruments from beneath drooping eyelids. The air-pressure was two and a half and the oil-pressure a safe thirty. Quick trials of each switch proved that both sets of plugs were working perfectly. Temperature 70 Centigrade, voltmeter charging, gasoline pet-cocks switched on the main tank, horizontal stabilizer at neutral —the maze of wheels and instruments and pet-cocks and pumps that filled the cock-pit made a connected story which his drowsy eyes read effortlessly.

He glanced back at the Sheriff, who filled the rear cock-pit to overflowing. The Sheriff waved a puffy arm to signify his readiness to depart.

At Sleepy's nod, the mechanics pulled the blocks from the wheels, and then swarmed at the edge of the left wing, holding it back while Sleepy turned the De Haviland around with full gun and left rudder on as far as it would go. Without stopping for a moment, he neutralized his rudder, shoved the stick forward, and in a moment was scudding across the field with accelerating speed. The pilot sat carelessly, his right arm draped restfully on the padded cowling that rimmed the cock-pit.

WITHOUT any reason at all, he gave the ship right rudder, and it swerved to the right; then left rudder, and a quick left turn was the result. In a moment the ground sank below them; then Sleepy banked carelessly, his lower wing barely three feet above the ground. Then a left bank, combined with a mild zoom, and the thirty-four-hundred-pound ship lifted over the hangars on the western edge of the field in a climbing turn, seeming literally to graze the sides, so close was it.

The pilot looked back with a slow grin, to see Sheriff Trowbridge holding to the cowling as if the force of his grip might make some difference.

"He flies too casual-like," was Trowbridge's judgment, before he lost himself in the joy of the rushing air. The flat, misty earth was now five hundred feet below them as they circled the airdrome.

Sleepy pulled back the throttle until the tachometer showed fifteen hundred revolutions a minute, and wheeled the stabilizer forward a trifle until the ship rode level. By means of the stabilizer a ship can be made nose or tail heavy by changing the angle of the two flat surfaces on the tail.

A quick glance at the many little glass-covered gages before him showed that everything was all right. The ship rode the smooth, cool morning air buoyantly, and by the time it had made one circle of the field had reached a thousand feet. Sleepy threw it into a vertical bank, and in a moment the railroad was in sight, leading northward through the mesquit.

He hunched down farther in the seat, until the great motor ahead of him shut off all forward vision. His right arm rested limply on the cowling, and his feet were propped comfortably on the rudder-bar. The car-shattering roar of the Liberty was as soothing as a lullaby to his accustomed ears. He did not vouchsafe a glance at the receding ground below. He settled down for the forty-minute trip as if in an automobile.

Sheriff Trowbridge was in the seventh heaven. The billowing mesquit, fading into dim nothingness twenty miles away, the rush of the air, the speed with which familiar landmarks were picked up and left behind, all represented the greatest thrill the veteran had ever experienced in his variegated career.

The southeast wind blowing from the Gulf of Mexico was slightly stronger than usual, and in thirty-five minutes the Sheriff glimpsed the clearing that represented Willett. The sun had burned away the ground-mist, and each tiny tree and weather-stained railroad-tie stood out plainly in the clear golden air. He shook the stick in the back seat—the usual signal from cock-pit to cock-pit. Sleepy, who had been sitting as motionless as an image, did not immediately take cognizance of the signal. Not until the Sheriff had actually caused the ship to wabble with the force of his hand on the stick did the pilot turn his heavy-lidded eyes backward. Trowbridge unthinkingly threw out an arm to point. The combined force of the propeller blast and a hundred and twenty miles an hour of speed knocked it backward with painful suddenness; but Sleepy understood.

The tiny station and the store warehouses and corral, with the barely discernible road leading past the store and to the station, labeled their destination plainly. The clearing skirted the road on the south side, and appeared to be about four hundred yards long and a hundred yards wide.

Sleepy cut the motor to thirteen hundred and fifty revolutions, and as he nosed down, the speedometer jumped to a hundred and thirty-five miles an hour. In a shallow spiral he circled the field, dropping down to twenty-five hundred. Then he nosed upward and banked smoothly to the left, jamming on full right rudder as the big ship tilted. It shot downward on the tip of the left wing in a wicked side-slip. Trowbridge grabbed his goggles to keep them from blowing sideways, and strove to get his breath and conquer that sinking sensation in his stomach. In a moment the nose dropped, and in a smooth wing-turn the ship zoomed upward again and banked to the right. Another side-slip to the right, and they were down to fifteen hundred feet.

With a somewhat strained smile twisting his lips, the Sheriff watched Sleepy handle his ship. The flyer's eyes rested steadily on the field below, and he seemed to fly instinctively. Alternately to the right and left, the roaring ship dropped downward. At five hundred feet Sleepy gave it full gun and flashed across the field for a last look. It appeared to be a close-cut hayfield, with no particular obstacle except a shallow ditch cutting diagonally across the northeast corner.

THE ship swept out of the slip barely a foot above the ground, and sped across the ground with quickly decreasing speed. For a split-second it seemed to hover, and at the instant Sleepy jerked the stick back. Came the crunch of the tail skid and the rumble of the wheels on the ground in a perfect three-point landing. Most people do not know that alongside a perfect landing most of the thrilling acrobatic flying they "oh" and "ah" is child's play.

The big plane stopped rolling a hundred yards short of the end of the field, and Sleepy promptly turned off the gas pet-cock, to allow the motor to run itself out of gas. By this method damaging backfire in the expensive, fragile motor would be impossible. In a moment the Liberty sputtered and died, and the seven-foot propeller came to rest. He clicked off the switches and released the air-pressure.

"You use these things right careless-like," came the Sheriff's voice, vague because ear-drums were still humming from the roar of the motor.

The pilot unstrapped himself, climbed out, and leaned restfully against the trailing edge of a wing while he set fire to a cigarette and watched the Sheriff release himself from his belt and climb out.

"Funny there ain't nobody out to greet us," remarked

Trowbridge. "Let's mosey over to the emporium." The front door was closed, and there was not a sign of life. They went to the back door, and the Sheriff knocked without result. He tried the door experimentally, and it opened.

"I don't quite get the lay," said Trowbridge, as he led Spears into the sitting-room. "O George! You lazy old counter-jumper, where be yuh?"

A muffled cry came to them from the store. Without a word, Trowbridge lumbered swiftly up the passageway that led to the store, Spears behind him.

"Great God!" breathed the Sheriff, as he reached the office door. Almost before the words were out of his mouth, Sleepy was peering over his shoulder at the gruesome tableau.

The body of Bilney he almost forgot for the moment, as he met the tearless, burning eyes of the girl, eery above the gag-bandage that covered her face. Trowbridge dropped to his knees beside the body of his friend. With a catlike leap, Spears hurdled the body and ripped at the girl's bonds. Her large eyes gave him the creeps—they seemed like the only part of her alive.

"He's still alive," said Trowbridge, with ominous calmness, as he arose. "Judy girl, what happened?"

FOR a moment the girl neither moved nor spoke. Sleepy stood quietly beside her, his narrowed eyes watching the girl unwinkingly, as cold as the glint of sunlight on ice.

Then, in lifeless tones, the girl told the story while Trowbridge gently wiped her father's wound with his bandana. As her story unfolded, her low-pitched voice grew louder. Suddenly the barriers of her artificial repression gave way. With a heart-rending cry, she threw herself on the body of her father. Her hands caressed his thin, blood-stained gray hair, and her lips were pressed to his withered cheek.

"I'm gittin' some water," said Trowbridge slowly, and disappeared.

Without speaking, Sleepy went into the store and caught up a blanket. He returned, and wrapped it round the girl in her torn nightgown. Then he put one arm under her and gently raised her to her feet as the Sheriff returned with a basin of water. Spears led the sobbing girl to a chair.

In silence broken only by the girl's weeping, Trowbridge washed and bound the wound. Then he slowly got to his feet, his mahogany face a mask from which two thin slits flashed wrath that was terrible in its all-consuming force.

"I'd die happy the minute after I'd shot the skunk that did this," he rasped, his face working suddenly.

"If you'll shoot as you never shot before, maybe you can get him," said Spears, the timbre of his voice subtly different. "Listen. This Buchanan would make for the border, wouldn't he?"

"Uh-huh."

"If it wasn't for leaving Miss Judith and her father here alone—"

The Sheriff comprehended the generalities of Spears's plan immediately. He whirled on Judith.

"Where's Cissy, Judy?" he asked.

"I—I don't know. She——"

Trowbridge plunged down the passageway. In a moment he returned, leading the half-dead old negress.

"Listen, Judy; you say you heard Buchanan take your horse?"

The girl nodded, her face hidden in her arms.

"Cissy, you take care o' Mr. Bilney. Judy girl, get yoreself together and ride Buchanan's horse to the nearest telephone. 'Phone the airdrome at McMullen, and tell 'em to send Doc Spurgin up here by ship to 'tend to yore daddy—I believe the doc can save him. Spears and I'll take after this coyote, and mebbe we can find him."

He looked at Spears, and for the first time noticed the change in him. Glowing eyes, body like a coiled spring—he gave an impression of leashed power waiting eagerly to be unbound.

"Let's be about it," he said briefly.

Together, as gently as possible, they lifted Mr. Bilney's unconscious form and carried it to his room.

"Git dressed and start, Judy; we'll see that the horse is ready," said the Sheriff. "We're on our way."

"Oh, I hope you get him!" the girl said passionately. She seemed ablaze as she stood there, a statue of vengeance personified.

THE horse was in the corral, unsaddled. It was the work of a moment for the Sheriff to saddle him. Meanwhile Sleepy made for the ship with long strides.

He climbed into the cock-pit, and without a single lost motion turned on the gas, set the air-pump, and rapidly pumped up the air to three pounds. This done, he adjusted the priming pet-cock and sent three stiff shots of gasoline into the cylinders. As Trowbridge came lumbering across the field, Sleepy was twirling the propeller. The effortless ease with which he overcame the compression of the big motor and the weight of the heavy stick would have been an eye-opener to some of Spears's best friends.

"Ready, son?" bellowed Trowbridge.

"Just about. Here's the scheme. He'll probably stay pretty close to the railroad in order to keep a straight course for the border, won't he?"

The puffing representative of the law nodded.

"Keep a close watch. If we spot him, I'll go low and stall the ship. When it hovers for a minute, shoot. I believe you can hit. It'll be ticklish work, Sheriff. I may not be able to catch the ship again after the stall."

"What do I care?" Trowbridge burst forth.

"I didn't think you would. How can we make sure when we've found our man?" asked Spears.

"I'd know Judy's pony anywhere," declared the old man truculently.

Without another word, Sleepy went back to the cock-pit and snapped on the switches.

"I'll pull you—I'm more used to this cranking than you are."

AS the Sheriff set himself with one hand on the prop, Spears grasped his other wrist with both of his hands. In time to the count, the two men swung backward and forward, without moving the propeller until "Three!"

With all his strength, Spears jerked the Sheriff away from the stick. The huge body actually left the ground under the power of the pilot's pull. The Liberty caught, and Spears leaped for the cock-pit to advance the spark and throttle until there was no danger of the motor dying.

Trowbridge removed his cover-alls, literally tearing them off in his haste. His inseparable companions, the two big six-shooters, came into view, their pearl butts protruding from the swinging holsters. By the time Spears had strapped himself in and had begun to run the motor up in a quick warm-up, his passenger was ready.

When the temperature-gage showed 60 Centigrade, the flyer glanced back. The Sheriff was standing up, peering at the instruments over his shoulder. For a second two pairs of gleaming eyes met in wordless appraisal. To the old man the devil that danced behind the

cold sheen of the pilot's eyes meant many things. In that moment was born an understanding which went deeper than mutual participation in the coming venture—it was a revealment of the fundamentals in the younger man's make-up.

Without a word Spears turned and gave the De Haviland the gun. It skidded around in a close circle, and then with the ever-increasing roar of the Liberty sped across the field on its mission.

AT two thousand feet they had a clear radius of vision of ten miles. The tachometer showed seventeen hundred revolutions a minute as with wide-open motor the ship drove toward the border at a hundred and twenty miles an hour. Ceaselessly two pairs of eyes searched the far-flung desert of mesquit below, striving to spot the figure of a horseman.

Spears figured that, provided Judith's estimate of time was correct, Buchanan would have covered about forty miles. She thought that the crime had been committed about one o'clock. He was flying a few miles west of the railroad, in the belief that his prey would strike a straight course for the border. With all his heart the grim-faced pilot hoped that they might find him. Time after time the tableau in the barren little office arose before his eyes, momentarily blotting out the flat green panorama below. With every fiber of him he craved personal vengeance—the opportunity to wreak punishment on the man who had left a girl bound and gagged to watch over her all but dead father.

Twenty minutes out, both men redoubled the minute care with which they searched the ground, which was like a painted curtain half a mile below. It was Trowbridge who suddenly grasped the stick and rocked the ship back and forth exultantly.

Spears turned and his eyes followed the Sheriff's pointing finger. Sure enough, there was a mounted man crossing a tiny clearing, two or three miles to the westward. Without cutting his motor, Spears nosed down.

Struts vibrated madly, and wires shrilled to the terrific speed of the ship as it darted earthward. Little by little, Spears shot downward in a tight spiral, the pivot point of which was the now galloping figure below. Like some prehistoric monster circling for a kill, the De Haviland roared earthward.

As he reduced the motor revolutions to a thousand, Spears frequently jazzed the throttle to keep the spark-plugs from fouling with oil. In a moment he would need every bit of the Liberty's four hundred and fifty horsepower—and need it without a second's delay on the motor's part.

At two hundred feet, half a mile back of Buchanan, who was now invisible, Spears shoved the throttle wide open. The motor sputtered a moment, and then caught. The ship hurtled across the mesquit like a drab brown comet. The sensation of speed so close to the ground was tremendous. In a few seconds they flashed across a wildly galloping horse carrying a man whose upturned face was a smudge of white.

Spears, hunched down behind the wind shield, turned his head and glanced inquiringly at his passenger. Trowbridge nodded violently.

Spears banked so suddenly that it threw the Sheriff against the side of his cock-pit. The De Haviland swept around to the left, mushing slightly because of its terrific speed. Sleepy kept it nosed down until it was scraping the tops of the mesquit trees as he straightened out once more.

A HUNDRED yards back of the fleeing Buchanan, he cut the gun. The ship swept on with decreasing speed. A few yards behind the man on the ground, its speed was seventy-five miles an hour. Trowbridge, fighting the wind-blast, was standing up, both guns in his hands.

Then Sleepy took his chance. He nosed up, banking to the right at the same time. For a second the airplane hovered, right wing down, above its prey. Each of Trowbridge's guns spoke twice. Like a flash, Sleepy rammed the throttle full on, glimpsing the fall of the horse below out of the corner of his eyes.

The fouled plugs did not catch immediately, and the

Trowbridge's right arm was wounded. With infinite pains, he crawled out, his revolver in his left hand

infinitesimal delay was fatal. The ship, being so low and having lost flying speed, could not stay in the air any longer, and there was not altitude enough to pull out. In that split-second Sleepy had an opportunity, however, to do what he had planned all along if he did not win his gamble—for he had never planned that the grizzled old-timer in the back seat should take his full share of the flying chances.

Banked as it was, full top rudder would have dashed the ship into the ground on its side, and the Sheriff would have borne the brunt of the crash. Instead, Sleepy shoved the stick forward as far as it would go. With his arm thrown in front of his face, he rammed the ship into the ground. Wings sheered off on trees, and then came a stupendous crash that marked the cessation of consciousness for the pilot.

Trowbridge, stunned as his head was dashed against the front cowling of the cock-pit, found himself lying on his side in the middle of a twisted mass that represented the broken fuselage. He struggled weakly, and then sank back with a groan. Apparently his collar-bone was broken, and his right arm for some reason would not function.

HE fumbled at the belt dazedly, and succeeded in freeing himself. Bit by bit, he crawled out of the débris, looking around for Spears. As he dragged himself out, the spat of a revolver sounded, and the whine of a bullet past his head made him duck so suddenly that he nearly fainted with the pain.

He peered toward the place where the shot had apparently come from, shielded from sight by the wreckage. Fifty yards away was the carcass of the dead horse, and even as he looked a man's head lifted itself above the body. Trowbridge snaked his way the few inches to the remains of the cock-pit, and was rewarded with a shot that drilled through the débris just beside him. He found one of his guns, jammed between two twisted longerons. As his groping hand grasped it, a searing pain in his left leg seemed to come simultaneously with the crack of another shot.

It was a moment before his will proved superior to the physical weakness that all but overpowered him. Then he started to crawl, with infinite pains, the foot necessary to reach a point of vantage. Through the twisted wreckage he peered with bloodshot eyes, his six-shooter in his left hand.

In two minutes he was rewarded. Once again Buchanan's head protruded slightly from his barricade. Trowbridge sighted, this time, his gun resting on a piece of shattered ash. With all the remnants of his strength, he forced himself to be careful. When the gun spoke, Buchanan's head dropped limply on the horse.

It took the Sheriff two hours to bind the flesh wound in his leg and release Spears. The pilot was lying half under the motor, which had been jammed part way through the fuselage, leaving barely a foot of clearance between itself and the back of the pilot's seat. One of Spears's legs was caught under it, and an unnaturally bent arm told its own story. Trowbridge did not succeed in bringing him back to consciousness before he himself tumbled over in the blazing heat of the Texas sun. Above, three vultures hovered curiously.

AT ten-thirty in the morning, when no word had come of the ship's safe arrival at Willett, every plane at McMullen, except the two on patrol, was ordered out on the search. Jimmy Jennings found the wreck. From that time on, a ship was constantly hovering over the spot to guide the ground party. It was ten o'clock at night when Tex McDowell's De Haviland, equipped with wing-lights, brought the rescue expedition to the crash. The men were brought back to McMullen on a special engine and caboose furnished by the little jerkwater railroad.

Spears came to briefly at the start of the trip, and did not wake up again until the next afternoon, when he found himself in the McMullen hospital, with Sheriff Trowbridge—none of whose bones had been broken—sitting beside his bed, and Captain Perkins standing at the foot. In a moment Major Searles, the flight surgeon, came in with the hospital physician.

"Welcome back," grinned the Sheriff.

"Glad to be here," returned Sleepy weakly. "Doc. what's ailing me?"

"Three broken ribs, a broken leg, and compound fracture of the right arm," replied the hospital man briskly. "We can fix you up as good as new."

"Outside of that, I'm all right, eh?" yawned the pilot. "Did you get Buchanan, Sheriff?"

"In two parts," stated the Sheriff. "Polished off the job after we landed. Bilney is comin' along O.K. He and Judith are over to my house. She says she's aimin' to be an assistant nurse for you soon's her daddy gets better."

Sleepy's square face lightened with a slow smile.

"What's a few broken arms and legs compared to that prospect?" he queried gently. His eyelids dropped farther, and in a moment he was asleep again. The four men tiptoed out. Trowbridge stopped at the door and looked back on the tousled hair and tranquil face of the flyer.

"I think I'll get to understand a lot of things better down here if the border continues like this," said the commanding officer.

The Sheriff closed the door gently.

"Well," he drawled, "it is a fine place to git a valuation on real hombres."

A Sea Change

By Dorothy Peace

HEAVY with unshed tears—weary with pain,
At last life brought me to the sea again,
Where beauty spoke above my grief's demands.
I heard the singing surf—watched sea-birds fly;
I saw a pine-tree etched against the sky,
And crushed the bay-leaves in my tired hands.

Loveliness filled my spirit like a cup:
A sense of healing and of peace welled up
Which but the sea to the sea-lover brings.
I did not hope; I did not even pray;
But as upon that sun-warmed rock I lay
Joy stirred within me with a lift of wings.

Bender walked nonchalantly into Headquarters and asked the way to the Adjutant's office

A New Series of Military Secret Service Narratives

Bender—Master Rogue

Known to the A. E. F. as the Man Who Sold the Paris Subway

By Lieutenant X

Late Operations Officer, Division of Criminal Investigation, Provost-Marshal-General's Department, A. E. F.

Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

MASTER ROGUE is a fitting title for Victor J. Bender, without question the outstanding crook of the A. E. F., the most successful example of an opportunist who worked alone to achieve his desired results.

This man's ingenuity and nerve carried him over many a trying situation, and his quickness to seize an opportunity and turn it to profit provided him with an enormous amount of money.

Shortly after the St. Mihiel drive, billeted in a rest area and finding himself ordered back into the advance section under fire, it was not difficult, in the confusion of passing troops, to detach himself from his own company, and tag on to another engineer unit that was coming out.

This, in turn, Bender soon left, working his way back through the smaller villages.

Bender was about twenty-eight years old, a clean-looking and attractive chap with a friendly way for both men and women. He lived by his wits, at Red Cross canteens and welfare huts, where the first man up in the morning was usually the best dressed; Bender managed

Note.—The author vouches for the basic facts of this story and has shown the editor army credentials that prove his unquestionable integrity.

to acquire a first lieutenant's uniform, the ribbons of the Belgian and French War Crosses, and passes that more adequately explained his travels than the dog-tag with which he had started out.

Paris was Bender's objective. The last lap of his journey was on a freight train, and he woke up one morning in the freight-yard of St. Cloud. He stretched himself and, looking out through the door of his 40/8 Pullman,* saw in the distance the Eiffel Tower, and softly breathed to himself the doughboy's saying: "So this is Paris!" He left the freight-yard, rustled his breakfast at the home of a kindly peasant, and wended his way into the city.

By picking pockets and musette bags in Red Cross and "Y" huts, Bender had appropriated sufficient money to get along: but, with the pleasures of the city beckoning, he shrewdly determined to make himself a personage, and shortly blossomed out as a Captain of Engineers. He supplied himself with fake papers of identification suited to his new rank, and then set out to see the town. Growing tired of walking, and seeing an American official Cadillac car standing at the curb in front of the Hotel Continental, he appropriated it to his own use.

In Versailles he deposited a small amount of money in the local bank, and received a check-book. Thus fortified, he returned to Paris. At this time any American officer armed with a check-book on a French bank had credit wherever he chose to present his check. There were many fake officers, there was a gang of deserters operating in Paris, fitting up American soldiers who had gone A. W. O. L. or overstayed their leave, who could provide not only uniforms but unassailable credentials because they had some underground approach to Headquarters and official seals. But, because the warmest feeling existed between the French and the Americans, and because an officer was considered a person of integrity, thousands of spurious checks were cashed on sight.

Making French Connections

BENDER was shrewd enough not to quarter himself in any of the prominent hotels. He hunted up a lodging with a private family in a quiet residential section. With an excellent story of being on duty in Paris, coupled with an exemplary manner and liberality with his money, he was soon strongly intrenched in the good graces of the neighborhood.

His first exploit was to become acquainted with a young Frenchwoman of good family. She grew attached to him, so much so that it was not long before she confided to him that her family were considering him eligible as a son-in-law. Bender made an earnest plea for his sweetheart's favor, and accompanied her to her country villa at St. Germain, where he was received as an honored guest. Later, he visited the family at Deauville, enjoying the bathing and social life among his sweetheart's friends, and constantly giving out bad checks. But there was some inquisitiveness on the part of the local police as to his credentials, and Bender decided to strike back to Paris, where he felt he would be comparatively secure.

Stopping for dinner with his sweetheart and two other members of her family in a small village near Rouen, he had a controversy with an American major who took him to task for being delinquent in military courtesy. This episode so aroused his anger that upon his arrival in Paris he decided to fortify himself so that no mere major would be able to reprimand him. He therefore visited his tailor and promoted himself, returning to his lodgings with the spread eagle of an American colonel on his shoulders.

In the spring of 1919 France was full of American salvage—everything from large quantities of barracks, wagons, automobiles, and army mules to cots, blankets, and groceries. This latter variety was to be found in innumerable small towns and villages where American troops had been quartered, originally requisitioned in ten-day units by the supply officers, and abandoned as soon as the troops moved out, which was sometimes only twenty-four or forty-eight hours later. French cafés, shops, and individuals were glad to get hold of these supplies, and crooks and opportunists like Bender turned a penny now and again in unauthorized sales. Through its Salvage Corps, the American Army was selling the non-portable material to the French government at very reasonable figures.

A recent inquiry in the French Chamber of Deputies tried to prove the fact that a large amount of this salvage was stolen or wasted, that some of it was resold by the Americans after it had been turned over to the French. As a matter of fact, due largely to the lack of manpower properly to guard or care for this material, much of it was allowed to depreciate and rot by the French authorities themselves, a notable case being the camion "park" near Brest, where hundreds of heavy trucks in excellent condition were exposed to the elements for a long period until

* So the American doughboy designated the "forty men or eight horses" box-cars used for transporting troops in France.

Representing himself as a Headquarters officer, Bender offered to sell a French syndicate hospital supplies

they rusted and rotted into disuse. Much American salvage belonging to the French was undoubtedly stolen, some by American miscreants and some by French thieves, but obviously none of it was ever resold by authorized United States Army agents.

Now, Bender had been reading the Paris editions of the American papers, and knew of the disposal of salvaged war material under way. Moreover, he made numerous inquiries on the boulevards concerning these official transactions, and called undesirable attention to himself thereby. He had already been brought in to the Rue St. Anne by the Military Police on the grounds of not producing adequate papers, but was allowed to go.

One of the men in my department casually mentioned seeing this colonel in numerous places for several weeks, and remarked on his apparent lack of employment. I instructed him to look over the colonel's credentials the next time he ran across him.

A Secret Service Office

WITHIN forty-eight hours this meeting came to pass. My sergeant stopped the colonel and very courteously requested to see his credentials. Bender was shrewd enough to present them with a smile, and asked if all colonels were subject to this annoyance. The sergeant was a tried man, and he knew that a mistake on his part might be serious; but he was not satisfied with the colonel's credentials, and he invited him to see me at my office.

Bender, having already been there, knew that the Hotel St. Anne was the Headquarters of the Military Police, and also of the Division of Criminal Investigation; but he also knew that refusal on his part to visit Headquarters would create suspicion. He, therefore, quickly told the sergeant he would be glad to accompany him and to have his papers verified so that in the future he would not be annoyed. The sergeant heaved a sigh of relief when he brought the colonel in and introduced him to me.

My office in the Rue St. Anne was like every other office I have had. One outstanding thing I learned from many years spent in dealing with crooks was never to be alone with them; and in the Rue St. Anne I was never alone with a prisoner, appearances sometimes to the contrary. To the left of my desk was a bookcase, very correct as far as shelves and books were concerned, but without a back. One of my men was always seated behind the opening, in a position to see the person I was interviewing. On the opposite wall were three pictures with false backs—openings into another room. When I sat at my desk, there was always one man listening in from behind those openings—three if I wanted them. There were four dictographs in the room, two in the base-board, one in the wall, and one in the electric-light globe overhead, all controlled by buttons beneath the carpet under my feet. At night—and much of my work was done at night—I had a lamp with a strong reflector, which I usually turned on the face of my prisoner, leaving me in shadow—all common, indispensable tricks of the trade! And of course I was always armed, and protected by watchful subordinates.

My sergeant brought in Bender, and I received him with all courtesy, expressing my regret that it was necessary to look over the papers of an officer of such high rank: he would appreciate, however, that I was rigidly bound by orders! I then politely requested his identification card and travel orders.

He handed them over in a nonchalant manner well in keeping with his assumed rank. I scrutinized them carefully. He had apparently a perfect identification card and a *bona fide* order placing him on duty in the city of Paris. Everything seemed regular, and a quick check-up in my office—the man behind the bookcase had access to our current "gallery of rogues"—failed to find any one who could connect him in any way with men wanted by our department. I courteously apologized for the inconvenience, and ushered him out, not, however, without detailing two of my men by signal to shadow him and endeavor to locate his place of abode. This was the usual proceeding with a person whom we suspected, while letting him go because of lack of proof.

Bender was evidently enjoying the sensation of matching wits with me, but realized he must protect himself with papers that would be unquestionable. Leaving my office, he went by taxicab to a prominent café, where he telephoned for his car. It arrived, driven by a sergeant from the Motor Transport Corps, and one of the two men shadowing him dropped off the surveillance at this point to check up the chauffeur and the number. All was apparently quite regular: he was soon successful in locating the detachment of the Motor Transport Corps which had assigned the sergeant for detached service with Colonel Bender—and the sergeant worked on this assignment to the end, never questioning that he was working for a genuine Colonel of Engineers. The fact that he seemed to have no business caused no comment; Paris was full of detached officers at the time.

In the meantime, the other man kept up the surveillance. Bender entered his car, and was driven to the Headquarters of the American Army in the District of Paris at No. 7 Rue Tilsitt. The car rolled into the line of

traffic and stopped at the main entrance to the building. Military police on duty snapped to attention as Colonel Bender entered. Inside the door an orderly stood at attention, and Bender handed him his cap and riding-crop, at the same time asking the way to the Adjutant's office.

Following directions, he opened a door, and found himself in the office of the Adjutant. Bender stepped in, said "Good morning!" and passed right on through a door that led into the General Offices. Here luck fell with him —that door might have led somewhere else, but it didn't. And the Adjutant thought nothing strange of Bender's passage through the room. New officers came on duty at Headquarters daily. He did not give it a second thought.

Getting Official Supplies

AS Bender stepped into the General Offices he quickly took in the arrangement: clerks and orderlies were busy in all parts of the room and only junior officers were in sight. He stepped up to a field clerk, said he had run short of official correspondence paper, and asked if he might have a small supply. It was forthcoming immediately, and when he had received it he asked if he might see the official seal, since he understood that some detail of the lettering had recently been changed. The obliging clerk invited him to the desk where orders were authenticated. Those who were waiting at the desk stepped back, and, with an apology for his interruption, Colonel Bender made impressions on several sheets of paper, laughingly examined each sheet as he stamped it, and said he guessed it had not been changed, as he had supposed. He placed the paper in an envelope politely handed him by the clerk, thanked him, strolled out of the office, received his cap and riding-crop from the orderly, left the building, entered his car, and, taking a snappy salute from the military police, was driven away. It may incidentally be mentioned that a grisled Regular Army sergeant (later interviewed on the subject of this visit of Bender's to No. 7 Rue Tilsitt) testified that "he was as fine a looking colonel as I've ever seen." Bender's personality stood him in good stead.

Bender immediately took the impression of the seal to a French stationer and had a duplicate made. Thereafter, on a rented typewriter and on stationery with the regulation water-mark, he could write out travel orders, seal and stamp them, and be ready to meet all comers. The fact that the signature would be illegible would mean nothing—all official signatures were illegible!

As he left the stationer's the man on his trail was caught in a traffic jam and lost him, and so reported back to Headquarters.

Bender's next venture was an automobile trip that carried him into the areas that were being evacuated by American troops: his funds were getting low and he wished to replenish them. As he neared Toul he came across a field hospital, apparently evacuated, and suddenly remembered the articles he had read and the information he had gathered regarding the disposition of salvage. Seeing some ambulances moving in the hospital yard, he boldly drove in, called an ambulance driver to him, and from this driver learned that the hospital was virtually evacuated, that a Major of the Medical Corps was in charge, and that he had two junior medical officers and a small detachment who were waiting for some of the heavier surgical paraphernalia to be disposed of. For an opportunist with the requisite nerve nothing could be more alluring.

Bender quickly drove into Toul and boldly up to the Mairie, presenting himself as the officer from General Headquarters who was disposing of salvage. He was quickly placed in touch with a syndicate of French civilians who wanted to buy hospital equipment. Taking three of them in his car back to the hospital, he called for the commanding officer—the Major in the Medical Corps above mentioned—and explained to him that he had three French friends outside with whom he would like to see the hospital. The doctor, paying his respects to the eagles on Bender's shoulders, quickly called a subordinate and instructed him to take the Colonel and his friends through the buildings. While the little tour was in progress Bender and his friends asked numerous questions, which were readily answered by the junior medical officer, Bender acting as interpreter.

The tour completed, the French expressed their willingness to buy the barracks and paraphernalia as it stood. They returned to town without again seeing the medical officer in charge. When the papers were carefully made out, sworn to before a commissaire, and duly signed, Bender received an advance payment of several thousand francs to bind the sale. He was sumptuously wined and dined by his French victims, and then politely bade them adieu and, once more in funds, continued gaily on his way!

He toured for several days, visiting the battle-line he had never seen, and finally headed back for Paris. Just outside of Ravigny, he was obliged to stop while his chauffeur repaired a blow-out; so he decided to stretch his legs and satisfy his curiosity regarding the contents of a train standing on the siding. He walked over to the railroad, counted twenty-one cars in the train, and noted that they contained salvaged American ammunition. Here again he saw a chance to turn a penny! The satisfied thrill of pride in his ability to turn a big trick, and the plentiful supply of money with which he had been rewarded for the one so recently pulled off, prompted him to hit again.

As on the previous occasion, he went to the French authorities in a near-by city and, using the same tactics, successfully negotiated the sale of the ammunition. In this case he even had the audacity to go to the nearest American railroad transportation officer, a captain, and, requisitioning a locomotive and crew, had the cars hauled to the French syndicate plant, where he received payment, as he had in the former instance.

After this episode Bender went back to Paris, flushed with his success and plentifully supplied with money. He began to enjoy the pleasures of the city. Very much in love with his French sweetheart, he gave large parties for her and bought her magnificent presents. Wherever he went he was saluted with all the military respect due the eagles on his shoulders. Life was very pleasant.

He Sells the Subway

JUST about this time there was a strike on the Paris subway systems, which threatened to be a prolonged inconvenience to the city. A rumor was soon circulated that the American Army authorities, as an accommodation to the French government, were going to take over the operation of the subway during the strike. Whether Bender himself was responsible for the rumor was never known; but, with the boldness that comes with repeated success, he was beginning to imagine himself invincible. Through influential friends of his French sweetheart, he met several French bankers, and, posing as an official intermediary, he unfolded to them the contemplated confidential plans to be used by the American Army for the operation of the subways. These plans provided for the formation of a French "Metro" syndicate to supply the finances for the operating expenses, and for the selection of a fiscal officer of the syndicate who would be designated to handle all receipts and disbursements for

wages and supplies. He intimated that a prolonged strike was not expected; that the American Army was only a cloak to fool the strikers; and that he had been given *carte blanche* by the French government, and did not desire to profit by doing the French this favor. He expected, he said, that the financiers who supplied the working capital would be reimbursed by receiving all the profits accruing during the period of American operation.

It required only a little persuasion on the part of Bender to convince these gentlemen that they had an opportunity to make some easy money, and only a little more persuasion to secure for himself a large amount of ready cash, in return for his personal influence in naming their syndicate as the fiscal agents to handle the deal. Bender confessed later that he had given one of the French bankers, as a receipt for his graft, a document written in long-hand, wherein he, Bender, pledged himself, as an American Colonel of Engineers, to secure for this syndicate the operation of the Paris subway system. The banker, in return, swore to tear this document into small bits on the day when the official contract should be in his hands. It is probable that he eventually tore it into small bits in an effort to save his face. In the course of time, rumors of how a bogus American officer had sold the Paris subway to a group of French bankers leaked out and were a cause of much chagrin to the gentlemen involved.

However, at this juncture of Bender's activities, details of his different exploits, as well as his bad checks, began to drift into the office of the Division of Criminal Investigation, with the result that several operatives were sent out to look for him. The fact that bad checks were so slow in coming in may need an explanation: The French are thrifty, and exchange was mounting; American checks in the hands of French civilians were put away until it was deemed that a good profit had been made, so sometimes there were no funds when they were presented.

Sergeant —— of my department had been on the case several days, when, strolling up the Rue Royale one morning, he saw Colonel Bender walking toward him. Sergeant —— was fairly sure of his man, though his military training made him hesitate when it came to arresting a Colonel of the United States Army. However, he had explicit orders to bring in Bender, and, good soldier that he was, he went about executing his mission.

The Colonel returned the sergeant's salute and listened haughtily while the sergeant explained the circumstances. Lieutenant ——, at Headquarters in the Rue St. Anne, requested the Colonel to present himself at the office of the Division of Criminal Investigation, for a formal visé of his papers. He regretted to cause the Colonel any inconvenience, but rigid orders had been issued demanding a visé of all American officers' papers. The Colonel was at first inclined to be indignant; but, seeing that he could not shake the sergeant's tenacity and remembering the easy outcome of his previous visit, he consented to accompany the sergeant to the Headquarters in question.

I received him with the respect due his rank, and explained my regret for the necessity of looking over his papers. Apparently he had made up his mind to make the best of it; he was affable and produced his orders. Everything seemed to be in perfect order—*bona fide* stationery and a *bona fide* authentication. I was faced with a difficult situation. By all complaints, reports, and descriptions, the man before me was a crook; yet I had no definite proof to substantiate this belief. I knew that numerous orders had been faked, and I was reasonably certain that the man before me was guilty; but I also knew that if I made a mistake and accused a Colonel in the Regular Army unjustly, I would be in danger of court martial and other military indignities. Yet something about this man made me sure I was right.

Evidently sure of his position, Bender was in no haste to depart. Readily accepting the cigar I offered him, he took a chair and good-naturedly started a rambling conversation which I took pains to keep interesting. Meanwhile I had pressed a button on my desk, calling two stenographers to their positions at the receiving end of a dictograph.

Now, the cigar I had given Bender was rather a heavy one, and, being unaccustomed to strong tobacco, he presently began to feel the effects of it. His stomach rebelled, and, quick to take advantage of the psychological effect of his shaken morale, I began to shoot questions at him pretty fast—so fast and varied that his answers were rather muddled. The notes from the stenographers at the dictograph, already checked for peculiarities, had been relayed in to my desk at regular intervals, and I was able to note discrepancies in his answers to questions that I repeated in various forms. At the bottom of one of these slips was a note to the effect that a quick check-up of general alarms gave a description of Sergeant M—, —th Engineers, wanted for desertion, and that the description given tallied with that of the man I had on the grill.

I decided to have a show-down. We knew about Bender's sweetheart, and I now brought her into the conversation and dwelt sneeringly upon the subject to arouse his anger. I was successful to the point where he began to forget his rôle of colonel and to talk back to me

The Army Secret Service

From the Notes and Personal Experiences of Lieutenant X, Late Operations Officer, Division of Criminal Investigation, Provost-Marshal-General's Department, A. E. F., France

ALMOST as soon as the guns stopped firing in France, November 11, 1918, the iron discipline of war broke. Thousands of our own and the Allied armies deserted the lines and filtered back into the villages and cities, many seeking relief from the strain of war, many others cowards and criminals who had been held fast by stern war discipline.

Nearly every town and city soon had its quota of the latter types, armed with weapons of the fray. The notorious Apache appeared and welcomed them, cunningly hid them in the underworld, and suggested their banding together to embark on careers of criminal activity.

A new army Secret Service, the Division of Criminal Investigation, was formed to deal with the actual criminal element now showing its head. Lieutenant-Colonel Edwin O. Saunders, director of the new unit, gathered around him a number of officers who had been criminologists or Secret Service executives. France was divided into seven strategic sections, and into each area Colonel Saunders sent two subordinates and a number of hand-picked men.

The Division of Criminal Investigation went immediately into action. Some of the outstanding cases of its operations have been written for McClure's Magazine by Lieutenant X.

in the language of a roughneck. So I went for him. Leaning across my desk, I said:

"It's funny, Colonel, but I have on my desk here stenographic records of our conversation for the past hour and a half, and they give you a doughboy setting. I note in them that I have regaled you with a number of doughboy stories, and that you have been coming right back at me with the same line of talk. Now, Colonel, I know all about your trip to the Rue Tilsitt and how you secured your paper, and I have already had the French police arrest the man who made the copy of the official seal for you!"

Before I could go further he stood up and laughed. He told me that my accusations were rather amusing and that he would overlook them. As for his liking for doughboy stories, he had been an instructor in a training camp back in the States, and, being a regular fellow, he had associated to some extent with the enlisted men there. He added that he was a graduate of West Point of the class of 19—.

I expressed my surprise at this information, and asked the name of the camp to which he had been assigned, his division, and the ship he had come over on; also the outfit he had served with in the line. He reeled all this information off without any hesitation. I jotted the data down, signaled for one of my subordinate officers, and told him to look up the information and report. As a matter of fact, it would have taken ten days to get the absolutely correct information from the Central Records Office at Bourges; but I had given my officer one of our prearranged signals, and he was back in a few minutes reporting that no one of the name of Bender had graduated from the Military Academy in the class of 19—, and that the records did not show the name of Bender in the camp, ship, or division stated on the memorandum. Inviting my assistant to remain for the balance of the interrogation, I put this up to Bender. He became highly excited, but still had a lot of fight in him, and attributed my failure to check him up to some mistake in Army printing. Then, threatening me with all the weapons of military vengeance, he started to leave.

The Show-Down

MY assistant blocked his passage to the door as I stepped around the desk and took hold of his shoulders with a firm grip on the eagles.

"All right, Sergeant M——!" I said to him, with an unpleasant emphasis on the *sergeant*. "The Secret Service knows your every move, and I've been playing with you just to see how deep you would dig yourself in. I've got you now, and I want you to come clean; for if you don't, there's trouble ahead for you."

As a matter of fact, we didn't know his every move, and there was a good deal we wanted to get. He blustered a moment, and I followed up my advantage by insinuating that his sweetheart had been working for the French Secret Service in liaison with me and had kept me in touch with his escapades. He let out a yell of rage on hearing this, made many dire threats, and then slowly collapsed. At last he sank into a chair and admitted his real identity.

It took only a few minutes to strip him of his regalia as a Colonel in the Army, and to supply him with that befitting his grade. After a further interrogation that led him to confess to many of the crimes he had committed, he was photographed, his Bertillon record taken, and he was sent to the Prison Petit de la Roquette (dubbed the "Bastille" by the A. E. F. because of its propinquity to the old Place de la Bastille) to await trial.

Unhappily for the Division of Criminal Investigation, a whole new chapter opens with Bender's admission to prison. He didn't stay there, and of course he never used twice the same methods of escape. That, in all, the Division of Criminal Investigation had to apprehend him seven times before he could be returned to the United States would not seem a flattering reflection of that department of the A. E. F. whose business it was to keep prisoners. The extenuating circumstances that must be kept in mind are that the war was over, personnel was constantly being shifted because troops were going home, and every one was more interested in getting home than in anything else.

Bender's Escapes from Prison

AS soon as the doors of the "Bastille" closed on him, Bender regained his sangfroid, and set about playing the part of an abused soldier. His first effort—laying the ground to send a message to his sweetheart—was to gain the sympathy of the welfare workers, and this he did with a piece of maudlin verse.

At the end of three weeks in the Bastille, Bender was assigned to kitchen police duty. He had established the reputation of an exemplary prisoner, he was a singularly clean-looking man, and he was willing to work—a rare combination. And, finding the path of a prisoner comparatively pleasant in the kitchen, finding that he was not locked up after supper, as were other prisoners,—prisoners on K. P. were often kept on in the kitchen to prepare the next morning's breakfast,—finding, in short, that he had more liberty there than elsewhere, he quickly worked himself into the good graces of the cooks, got on terms of first names with them, and generally made himself indispensable. Incidentally he was learning the routine and keeping his eyes open.

The cooks, ranking as sergeants and receiving sergeants' pay, had a good deal of privilege—frequent passes to town, which gave them the opportunity of doing errands at the commissary for themselves and for others of the prison guard. Notices of passes were posted on the preceding evening after retreat in the prison yard, and on more than one occasion Bender was sent out to look at the bulletin-board and see if one of the cooks was up for a pass for the next day. In the morning he saw the cook come down to the kitchen, dressed in his clean clothes for leave, saw him go out to the guard office and collect his pass, put it in his blouse pocket, and, taking off blouse and cap, hang them on a nail and get into his overalls till breakfast was over. After that he put on his clean clothes once more and went off to town, usually stocked with commissions to execute at the commissary.

And then, one morning, Bender heard that the guard was to be changed, that these cooks were going off to Brest and the United States, and that a new batch were coming in; the old ones were to stay on three days to break in the new staff. That morning Bender went on the sick list.

Prisoners in the Bastille had to pass daily medical inspection. Two doctors, one from the Provost-Marshal-General's Department or G. H. Q., and a prison doctor, sat at a small table in the prison yard. The men filed past them, halted at a distance of ten feet,—such is the length of a cootie's jump,—and from that distance, one at a time, they were interrogated and superficially examined. The well ones passed on and the obviously sick were taken out of line and despatched to the prison hospital. Bender's turn came.

"I'm not really sick, doctor," he announced, "not sick enough to go to the hospital or to stop work. All I need is a little medicine!"

This was as ingratiating as it was unusual. The man's

prison record was looked up and found to be perfect. "Ah, yes," thought the doctors; "he is on K. P., he gets good food and plenty of it, and he likes it." The result of the inspection for Bender was that he got the medicine he asked for, for ten consecutive mornings.

The guard was changed, and on the last morning that the old cooks were to be there, one of them came down before breakfast, dressed for town. He had been posted for a pass, and he sent Bender out to get it for him. Bender stopped to put on his denim blouse and his cap, and then went to the guard office.

"I've come for the cook's pass," he said, and got it immediately.

Back in the kitchen, the cook told him to put it in the pocket of his blouse, which was hanging on a nail. Bender went about getting the cook's breakfast, buttered a couple of slices of toast, poured out a cup of coffee, filled it up with a generous allowance of condensed milk and sugar, and at the last minute emptied into it all the medicine he had been hoarding for ten days.

Fifteen minutes later the cook was in convulsions, and the men in the kitchen scattered, looking for the prison doctor. Some one said that he had seen him go through the yard on his way to one of the cell blocs, and the cook, doubled up in agony, went after him. Bender was left to his own devices. He removed his denim work-clothes, took down the cook's clean blouse, put it on, put on his cap, straightened his shoulders, and walked out. Stopping at the guard office, he said:

"All right! I'm off to the commissary. Anybody want anything?"

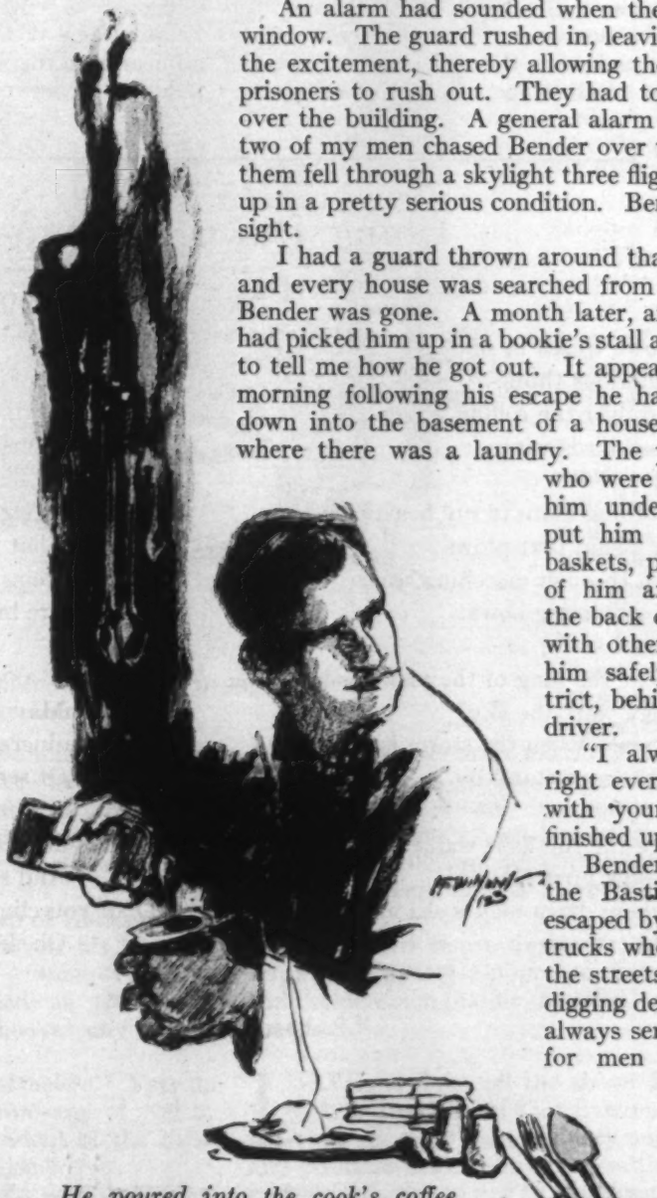
"Who are you?" asked the guard officer, one of the new detail.

"I'm the cook," Bender told him; and the sergeant of the guard, who had recently given him the pass, said: "That's right; he just came in to get his pass."

On his way out Bender passed three sentries at three separate gates. From one of them he collected ten francs, and from another twenty, for supplies from the commissary. These sentries were later tried, but exonerated; Bender had a perfectly good pass.

He was gone seven weeks that time, and we traced him at last through his sweetheart. At that time we had working as her gardener a French Secret Service employee, and another hawking vegetables at her door, talking with the maids; but we got nothing. Then she suddenly dropped out of St. Germain, and for a while we lost her. But I had my men on the lookout, and one of them picked her up quite accidentally in Paris when he was out on another assignment. He followed her to Tours, telephoned for reinforcements, and Bender was nabbed when he came to see her.

Bender was again confined in the Bastille, and again escaped, this time from the prison yard when he was out with the sanitary detachment. Seizing a moment when no one was looking, he jumped to the top of the wall, and walked out on the supports that carried the telephone wires around the walls. He must have been plainly visible to one of the sentries, but the man was dumb and testified he never saw him. Bender dropped forty feet and made a clean get-away.



He poured into the cook's coffee the medicine he had been hoarding for ten days

But he was without funds, and in this instance neither cautious nor wise. He went back to his sweetheart, and in five days we had him again. This time he managed to escape from the fourth floor of the Hotel St. Anne, the same building that, downstairs, housed the Military Police and the Division of Criminal Investigation. On the top floor we had two rooms for the brig, one presumably for officers and the other for enlisted men, though the guard usually left the door open between and they were free to circulate around. On this occasion Bender and another prisoner, equally famous in the annals of the Department of Criminal Investigation, and equally resourceful, chose the hour when the sergeant of the guard was downstairs at his supper and only five men were left on duty in the hall to climb out on a narrow ledge that ran under the window—this was four flights up from the street—and along it to the roof of the next building. At this point they scattered, one in one direction, the other in the opposite.

An alarm had sounded when they broke out of the window. The guard rushed in, leaving the door open in the excitement, thereby allowing the remaining twenty prisoners to rush out. They had to be rounded up all over the building. A general alarm was turned in, and two of my men chased Bender over the roofs, till one of them fell through a skylight three flights, and was picked up in a pretty serious condition. Bender dropped out of sight.

I had a guard thrown around that block for a week, and every house was searched from attic to cellar; but Bender was gone. A month later, after one of my men had picked him up in a bookie's stall at Auteuil, he agreed to tell me how he got out. It appears that early in the morning following his escape he had worked his way down into the basement of a house in the next street where there was a laundry. The young French girls who were working there took him under their protection, put him in one of the big baskets, piled clothes on top of him and lifted him into the back of the wagon, along with other baskets, and sent him safely out of the district, behind an unsuspecting driver.

"I always get along all right everywhere else, except with your department!" he finished up.

Bender was sent back to the Bastille, and twice he escaped by jumping off prison trucks when sent out through the streets of Paris on grave-digging detail—prisoners were always sent to dig the graves for men who had died in hospital. It was an easy enough matter to take advantage of a block in the traffic and the moment when the guard's head

was turned to drop off and get lost in the crowd. A good many did it, first and last, and Bender did it twice.

His last escape in France was from the prison hospital, and in gruesome circumstances. He had worked his way in on some feigned illness, and once there, being a good prisoner on this present count,—every one was too busy to look up previous records, and, besides, as I have said, personnel was changing often,—he, with others, was allowed the freedom of the hospital yards in which to sun himself on pleasant days. The yards were large. At one end was the morgue, and here the ambulances backed up to take away their freight.

One afternoon Bender, sauntering around with his hands in his pockets, stood watching the proceedings. A full ambulance started forward, and, in turning out for an incoming car, tilted up on a little curb. One of the bodies started to shift. Some one called out, and the ambulance stopped. A good deal of readjustment was found necessary, and Bender, standing near, was requested to "give a hand here!" But the episode was holding up the traffic in and out of the hospital yard, and the sentry at the gate requested them to move out into the street. It was an emergency, and some one had to help: probably the driver never noticed that Bender was a prisoner.

At the driver's request, Bender stood on the step at the back of the ambulance and kept a hand on things while they drove out and down the street half a block to a space where they could stop. Here the necessary readjustment of the bodies was made, and then the ambulance driver, already late, thanked this most obliging young man, got in, put his foot on the gas, and drove away.

Bender, left standing in the street, looked around. The sentry who had seen him drive out had forgotten he was a prisoner, and had shut the gate. The episode was closed, the street was empty, and Bender was once more a free man.

Considering the difficulties that the Division of Criminal Investigation had met with in holding Bender, it was somewhat gratifying to them that even Castle William on Governor's Island in New York Harbor could not hold him. He was finally returned to the United States and confined at Castle William, to await trial on some of the additional charges pending against him as a result of his various escapes in France. One cold day in February, 1920, while out of the prison on a working party, he managed to escape. He swam to a tow of barges that was passing and made a clean get-away. But he evidently lost his unning after this, for he went back to his old home in Philadelphia, where it was reported that he attempted a hold-up, and was arrested by Patrolman Fred Clark of the Sixth Precinct, who had been a private in Bender's original company. He is now, we have been informed, serving a ten-year sentence in the Eastern Penitentiary at Philadelphia. The army will wait for him, and at the completion of his present term he will land in Leavenworth.

Going Down in Ships

By Harry Kemp

GOING down to sea in ships
Is a glorious thing,
Where up and over the rolling waves
The sea-birds wing;

Oh, there's nothing more to my heart's desire
Than a ship that plows
Head-on down through marching seas,
With streaming bows:

Would you hear the song of the viewless winds
As they walk the sky?
Come down to sea when the storm is on
And the men stand by.

Would you see the sun as it walked abroad
On God's First Day?
Then come where dawn makes sea and sky
A gold causeway.

Oh, it's bend the sails on the criss-cross yards,
For the day dies far
And up a windless space of dusk
Climbs the evening star. . . .

Now there's gulf on foaming gulf of stars
That lean so clear
That it seems the bastions of heaven
Are bright and near.

And that, any moment, the topmost sky
May froth and swim
With an incredible bivouac
Of seraphim. . . .

O wide-flung dawn, O mighty day
And set of sun! . . .
O all you climbing stars of God,
Oh, lead me on! . . .

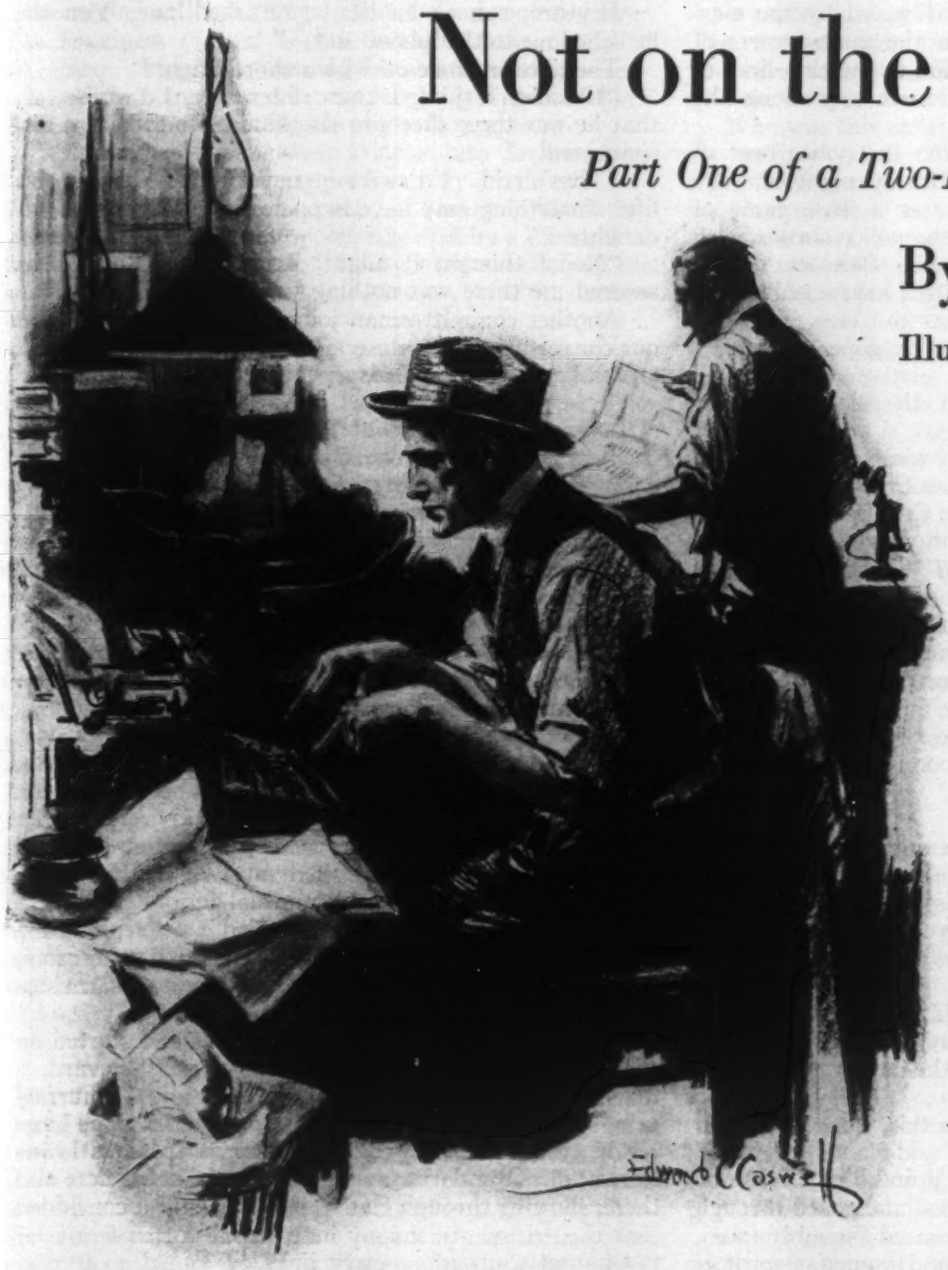
Manning, Police Reporter for the "Times," Begins an Exciting Chase in—

Not on the Blotter

Part One of a Two-Part Novel

By James Fellom

Illustrations by E. C. Caswell



I saw that I would have to embody something in my article about Lawrence Hadderman

THERE are certain repellent peculiarities about Lawrence Hadderman that, were he to be tried for murder, would help to condemn him on the same evidence, mind you, that the same jury would consider insufficient to convict ninety-nine other men charged with the same crime!

I don't like to say that about a chap of Hadderman's standing. When a man has lived most of his life in a community, become its leading citizen,—foremost banker, clubman, politician,—and is regarded as the living exponent of moral rectitude, it ill behooves any one to damn him with faint praise, even—

Such is my firm conviction, nevertheless. Yet, as a matter of fact, I am no different from any of you in usually referring to our esteemed president of the First National Bank in terms of highest praise.

All this is, in substance, what I said one September night, while City Editor Jesse Coles, "Barnacles" Thurston, our water-front man, Clint Linnick, head of the copy-desk, and I,—then, as now, police reporter,—all of the Progressville *Morning Times*, sat around a corner table at Java Jake's, eating our midnight ham and eggs. The subject of Lawrence Hadderman had come up as the result of a first-page story, to appear next morning, rumoring the banker's candidacy for United States Senator in the next August primaries.

"Bilious, Manning, or just making conversation? laughed Coles.

"There's more to Manning's statement than you think," was the thoughtful reply of the copy-desk man. "There *is* an indefinable something about Hadderman that rather goes against the grain. I can't say whether it's a subtle expression or a mannerism; but I've noticed it. I wouldn't put it as strong as Manning does, though."

"I'm basing my contentions on sentient evidence. You know that vague feeling of distrust and dislike you get for some people at sight—" I began. But Coles interrupted.

"Say, you two make me tired!" he said. "I happen to have more than a passing acquaintance with the old boy, myself. I can't see any dual-personality stuff about him, no more than in an open-face watch. Manning has been dogging the bulls around so long, he's developed the viewpoint that every man is a crook until he forks over an alibi."

He winked impressively at me. "Hadderman, my sensational young ambulance-chaser, is the big frog in the Progressville puddle, and don't you ever lose sight of that fact."

I HAVE set down all the above simply to impress you with a strong belief that Lawrence Hadderman was a personage of more than ordinary note—one of high social and political distinction and wealth, whose name held a ranking superior to any in Progressville; a man, however, that I have no hesitation in saying I held a secret aversion for, and wholly against my will.

It was a blustering February night of the following year. A stiff wind was blowing, whipping the steady curtain of rain this way and that, so that even the wide canvas awnings accommodatingly lowered by the merchant patrol before the stores on the main streets of Progressville offered scant protection to the thin lines of pedestrians gingerly Indian-filing their way along the slippery sidewalks.

There was never much doing on the police beat of Progressville at any time; on a stormy night like the present one, it was dead. So, after a little game of "freeze-out" in the back room of the police station with the officer on special duty and Len Babcock of the *Courier-News*, the rival morning paper, I shrugged myself into my rain-coat and reported back to Coles.

"Not a wheel turning—the burg's gone to bed," I announced.

Coles frowned aggressively at the clock. It was quarter to eight.

"Hop over to the Laurel Club while you're resting, and give me a few hundred words on their racket. Hadderman is scheduled to effuse. It's Crow's detail, but he can't make it. I'll slip the extra on your check."

I didn't like this business of "pinch-hitting" for assignment reporters—no regular beat man does. And I saw that I would have to embody something in my article about Lawrence Hadderman. But the despised assignment that Coles wished on me pried open the way to the most baffling mystery that might have been recorded on the blotter of the Progressville Police Department—but wasn't; for it was my good fortune to be able to report it in solved.

THE Laurel Club owned an imposing two-story building, Mission in architecture, with a great lawn before it. It enjoyed the distinction of being the ultra-select organization of the city. Lawrence Hadderman was not only an active member but a dominant influence in it.

I found some fifty cars parked in front, lights pouring from every window of the structure, and a twelve-piece orchestra in full swing. I entered the large vestibule and nodded to several committeemen.

"Who can give me the dope on this, Long?" I asked one of them.

"Clem Leythrope. Wait and I'll find him. There he is, now." He hurried off, and I stood and gazed through the spacious entrance into the decorated assembly-room. There was a big gathering of men and women, a spirit of festivity in the air. Leythrope came up presently.

He was a tall, muscular fellow of twenty-eight, handsome, proprietor of a big jewelry firm, and a bachelor—which may have accounted for much of his popularity with the débutantes.

"It isn't often that the Laurel Club has a famous police reporter write up its doings; you ought to feel deeply honored," I laughed.

"We surely are, Manning," he said warmly. "Of course, you know this is our anniversary jinks—short program, followed by a dance and the eats."

I got out copy-paper and a pencil.

"Give me the names; I'll pat 'em all on the back. How long before Mr. Hadderman speaks?"

"Hadderman canceled his talk. It rather crimps my program. He 'phoned five minutes ago, saying it would be impossible for him to attend, even. Miss Hadderman is here, though—she came early to help with the table decorations. I can't make him out," he added thoughtfully. "It was virtually at his own request that I billed him to speak. He's interested in this city-beautiful movement, you know, and wanted to spread some last-minute propaganda in behalf of the tax measure that comes up at the special election Tuesday—"

"Perhaps he's sick?"

Leythrope shook his head. "I asked him. You see, he called me to the 'phone and—"

The jeweler broke off with a short laugh.

"If I didn't think I knew differently, I'd say—well, that he was three sheets in the wind. He talked so disconnectedly."

"That's odd. I'd swear he never took a drink in his life. Something may have happened— Did you tell his daughter?"

"No; I thought it might disturb her. Besides, he assured me there was nothing wrong. It's peculiar."

Another committeeman joining us just then brought our conversation to a close. Jotting down a few notes, I struck back for the office.

IT was raining hard now. The trees that lined the pavements hissed and creaked in the wind; the street lights cast long oozing paths of liquid fire on the swimming black concrete. A fine night for a gruesome murder, I thought.

I'll admit that, as a police reporter, I have developed an inordinate taste for the sensational. The notion grew on me that there was an ominous significance back of Hadderman's decision, at the last moment, not to attend the anniversary jinks of the Laurel Club. In the first place, I knew the banker never drank intoxicating liquors. Yet, Leythrope had said he talked disconnectedly, was hardly understandable over the telephone! On top of this conviction came another: the canceling of an engagement to speak on his pet subject was decidedly not like the president of the First National. Before I had gone a block, I was positive there must be a grave underlying cause responsible for his unusual action.

Could it be that Hadderman had *not* telephoned—that he was the victim of plotters, being held for ransom, that some one else had rung up Leythrope to disarm suspicion, gain time?

Ten minutes later I swung off the car and started up the serpentine drive known as Newport Boulevard, a few blocks from the Hadderman mansion. As I hurried along, bucking the wind and rain, I noted that the large residences in the lofty dignity of their spacious lawns loomed dismally dark, save for dim night-lights here and there, showing through glass-paneled doors. I concluded that the aristocratic colony had turned out *en masse* for the Laurel Club anniversary jinks.

I reached the Hadderman home finally, and halted at the entrance to the driveway to look at it. It stood in utter gloom—without the welcoming hall light, even—a great square white structure, Colonial in design, with massive pillars fronting a spacious portico. It stood about forty yards back from the boulevard, in grounds that covered the major portion of the block. Lawrence Hadderman was a widower and occupied this stately residence with his only unmarried daughter, Irene.

For some moments I remained gazing fixedly at the mansion. I was rather stumped. Should I ring the bell and say that the *Times* had heard that Mr. Hadderman was sick? I thought that over for a few seconds. A sort of reaction had set in, and I was beginning to condemn my hunt for the sensational. It occurred to me that this was Saturday—the servants' night off. That would account for the absence of a light in the hall. And perhaps, after all, Hadderman had not been feeling well, and had retired early. On a stormy night like the present, a telephone was an uncertain medium of communication—a defective line would explain his unintelligible words.

I was about to start back to the car-line when from

the direction of the mansion came the sound of a door closing. Now, there is nothing particularly significant in such a sound, with a wild wind sweeping around corners and tugging at loose things. But I was convinced from the heaviness of that sound that the front door had slammed. That slam, coming from a darkened house—a banker's home—on a lonely, eery night, would have held a suspicious meaning for any police reporter.

I listened, hesitating; then I darted into the shrubbery that flanked the driveway and rapidly made my way forward, straining eyes and ears as I went. Within ten paces of the building I stopped, screened by a bush. The front door was closed, and I let my gaze travel along the portico. It lighted on an open window, its white curtain whipping in the wind.

That was enough. An open window meant burglary, if nothing worse. Drawing my revolver, I mounted the porch—pausing to look for familiar signs on the floor beneath the window-ledge. I found them—a number of faint muddy tracks. It was the old story. Burglars had jimmied the sash, clambered into the house, ransacked it, and departed by the front door. I stooped and touched the muddy imprints. They were damp, but not fresh wet, showing that a little time had elapsed since their owner, or owners, had made them. This discovery puzzled me. It was scarcely five minutes before I had heard the front door slam. I glanced warily about.

One look at that storm-tossed sea of shrubbery in the garden and the sheets of driving rain was sufficient to discourage any idea of pursuit. At least, I could raise an alarm and summon the police, I thought. I hurried to the door and rang the bell. I rang it half a dozen times, hurriedly, and tapped with the butt of my revolver on the thick oak frame. But nobody responded. Mystified, I tried the knob. It turned and the door swung open—the night-latch was off!

And even as I made this startling discovery I made another—the pungent smell of gunpowder coming from within the house! I could hear my heart pounding furiously. Getting my flash-light out of my pocket, I turned its rays into the hall and stepped in.

I entered the great living-room and switched on the lights. Nothing had been disturbed. And the same orderly appearance prevailed in the reception-room across the hall, back parlors, library, and dining-room, as I shortly found out. But the acrid stench of burned powder hung heavy in the air. I was hurrying from the library toward the kitchen—intent on searching the lower floor before going upstairs—when a closed door leading off the former room caught my attention. I turned and threw it open, and the powder smoke gusted into my face. Flashing my light through the fumes, I recognized the apartment as an elaborate little den, shelves of books lining the walls, a flat-top desk, and a number of luxurious Morris chairs seeming to fill the place. I reached for the electric-light button, and found what I knew I would find—a man crumpled up on the floor by one of the chairs, his head in a pool of blood. It wouldn't have taken a doctor to tell that he was dead.

A POLICE reporter is hardened to the gruesome, but this stark thing lying in the ghostly quiet and loneliness of that palatial mansion made my flesh crawl.

No, it was not Lawrence Hadderman. My first glance told me that. This man was about thirty, and when I rolled the body over and peered into the face, I saw a blond stranger, dressed in a mandarin lounging-robe, and with Oriental silk-brocaded slippers on his feet. He had been shot just above the left eye. The body was still warm.

I glanced around the floor. A maroon-colored volume lay where it had fallen on the rug by the desk. I slid one of the Morris chairs aside and picked up a half-consumed cigarette; the end that had been held between the smoker's lips was still damp. There were no evidences of a struggle. The case was simple: the stranger, Hadderman's guest, had been seated reading by the desk lamp, when the assassin entered and shot him down without warning.

Who was this man? Obviously a guest, judging from his negligée attire. Why had he been killed, and by whom? Where was Hadderman? Why had the police not been notified?

These and many other questions clamored for answer, until I remembered the open window of the living-room and the muddy tracks on the portico floor. And the sickening thought went racing through my brain that the murderer—burglar or enemy—had despatched the rest of the household. I still held my revolver, and I turned now with the intention of searching the rest of the house, when a telephone on the desk recalled me to one of the rigid rules of the *Morning Times*—reporting in, if unavoidably detained. I took up the receiver.

"Hello—Manning speaking!" I announced, as Coles came on the wire.

"Hello—hello! *Times* editorial rooms," he called back crisply.

"Say, Jesse! This is Manning," raising my voice, for the hum and crackling in my ear told me the telephone was out of order. "I can't make it in for a while. Big stuff, old boy. I'm afraid to talk it, for fear of listeners-in slipping it to the *Courier-News* rag. Get me?"

"Who is this? I can't hear what you say. Hit your 'phone."

I OBEYED, vigorously banging the instrument on the desk in the usual fashion. I was leaning over, facing the open door leading into the dark library. Suddenly, before I could speak again, a man stepped swiftly to the threshold, a revolver in his hand leveled straight at my head.

It was Lawrence Hadderman. I hardly knew him. His habitually placid countenance was distorted, gray, murderous. The irises of his eyes were a mild amber, but just now they glowed a fiery yellow, catlike in their cunning cruelty. Even at that critical moment, I noted that he wore a shabby black overcoat and an old slouch hat. Both were dripping wet; the rubbers on his feet were plastered with mud.

"Hang up!" he commanded in a voice that was unrecognizable. "Hang up, do you hear!" he repeated.

I was in a desperate predicament, and I knew it. This man was murder-mad, and I was at his mercy! Coles did not know where I was, had not recognized my call. I could hear his staccato hellos snapping out of the receiver. If he hung up— There was one forlorn hope, a dangerous chance, and I took it, trusting entirely to the possibility that my manipulation of the telephone might in some way have cleared the line. In less time than it requires to tell it, I started to obey the banker's command, furtively tilting the transmitter farther back as I did so, and—staring at him wide-eyed—directed a loud, dramatic cry toward the instrument:

"Good God! You wouldn't shoot me down in cold blood, would you?"

Mustering into my face all the evidences of a man in mortal fear, I hung up. The ruse worked. Both my action and its significance completely escaped him.

"What are you doing here—in my house?" he asked thickly.

He stood three paces away from me, his revolver—a nickel-plated .38-caliber affair—never wavering.

"I—I think I can explain satisfactorily, Mr. Hadder-

man," I said, groping for a plausible excuse. "Of course, you know me—Manning of the *Times?*"

"I asked—what are you doing here!" he repeated, ignoring my question.

"Why, I was assigned to get an interview with you on city-beautiful planning. We had been looking forward to running your talk before the Laurel Club, but found that you had withdrawn from the program. I received no answer to my ring—then I noticed the front window open, and, believing that burglars had broken in, I thought I'd investigate. I think anybody would have done the same thing, in the circumstances."

It was the best I could do. He gave no indication that he had heard me, even. He eyed me in silence for some seconds, with a look that fairly made my blood run cold, there was so much of hatred and viciousness in it.

"And what do you intend to do now? Write up what you have seen?"

The mockery in his voice was too ominous to be misunderstood.

"Please consider, Mr. Hadderman, that I'm the innocent victim of circumstances," I began placatingly. "It must be obvious to you that I entered your home strictly out of a sense of—well, duty. What I have seen is the unfortunate result—"

"This thing is not going into the papers; do you understand?" he broke out, in sudden ferocity. "You're a police reporter. I know you and your cursed predilection for—for news. I heard what you said over the 'phone—big stuff, you called it. You're never going to write it, Manning! Do you hear that?"

I did not answer him. It would have been madness to have given him even the remotest impression of my determination that if I got out of that house before press-time—two o'clock—this tragedy would be blazoned across the eight first-page columns of the next day's *Morning Times*.

A tense silence fell. He was glaring balefully at me, and, you may believe me, it required no stretch of my imagination to picture with what fiendish treachery and ruthlessness this man had murdered his guest in the quiet security of his home. Was I

Hadderman's habitually placid face was distorted, his eyes catlike in their cunning cruelty. "Hang up!" he commanded in a voice that was unrecognizable. "Hang up! Do you hear?" The man was murder-mad, and I knew it

dealing with a maniac? His next words, however, dispelled that idea.

"You're in a decidedly bad fix, Manning—did you know that?" he asked, slowly now, icily. "You have forced your way into my house. I find you with a revolver and flashlight, standing in a smoke-filled room, a man shot dead lying on the floor at your feet—my guest. What is the logical conclusion? Who killed my guest?"

"Why—why, that's ridiculous! Utterly absurd!" I gasped. "You can't shoulder this crime on me. I never saw this man before in my life. You know yourself, Hadderman—"

"I know only what I have seen, Manning. It is to be presumed that a person caught red-handed will lie to save himself." His yellow eyes flaming maliciously on me, he came over to my side and picked up my revolver and flash-light from the desk where I had placed them to telephone. A glance at the weapon showed him the cylinder was full. "If I shot this pistol off once out of the window on a night like this, it would attract no attention, but if I rang up your friends, the police, and turned you over to them, along with this gun having one empty shell and all the eloquent proofs of having been discharged very recently, and told my story of how I heard a shot and rushed downstairs from my room, and surprised you here—"

He broke off, studying me hawklike, marking the effect of his words.

This time I was unable to answer him. I knew the damnable potency of circumstantial evidence too well not to believe that he might—by means of a few modifications and additions—actually shift the guilt of the murder on me.

I had unwittingly stepped into a trap. Would a jury credit my story after Coles testified he had not detailed me to interview Hadderman—that he knew of no reason why I should have gone to Hadderman's?

As I floundered, at my wits' end, Hadderman spoke again, clinching his hypothetical case against me:

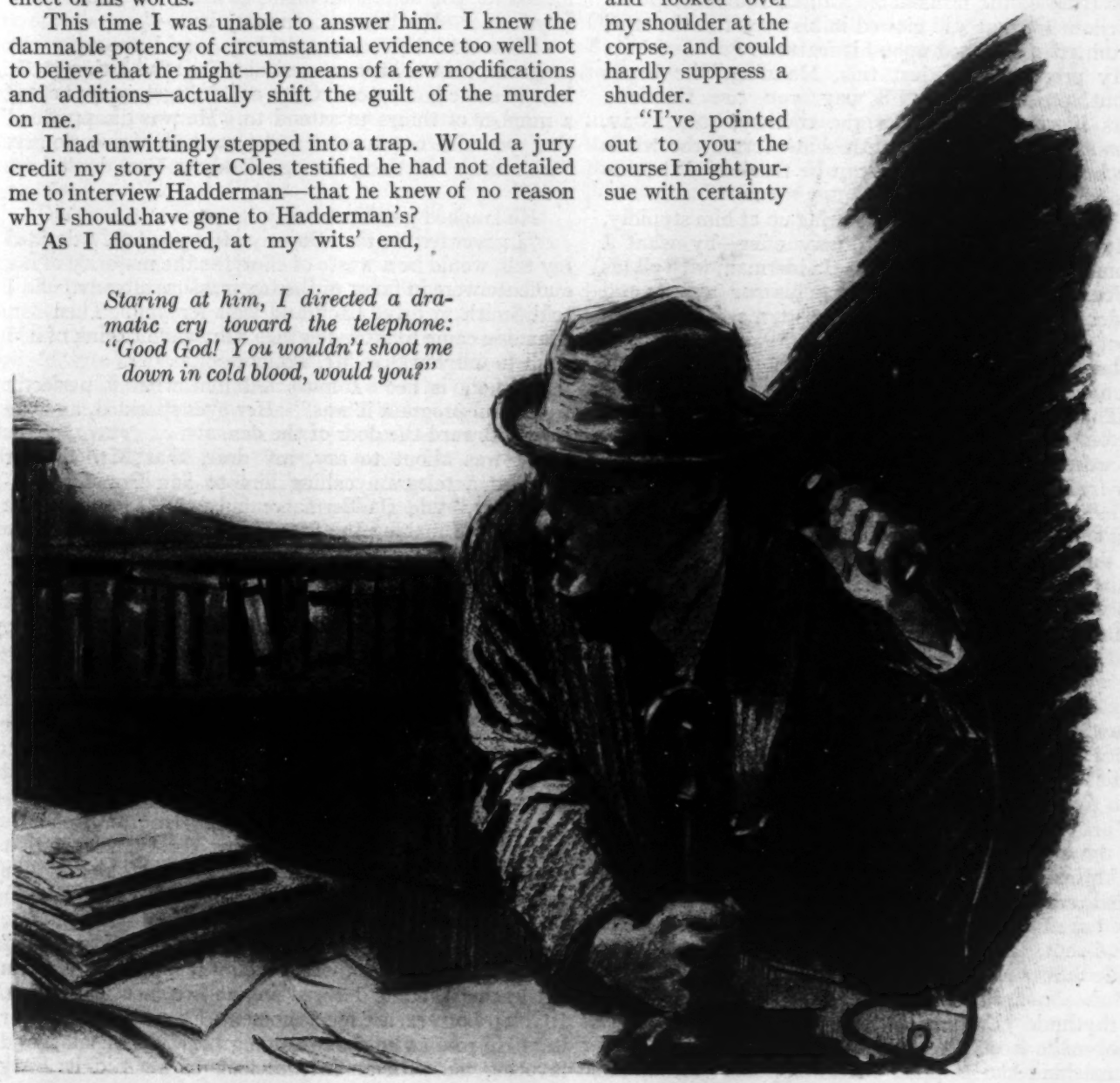
"As the matter stands, Manning, it is simply the word of a police reporter against that of Lawrence Hadderman—a night prowler caught with the goods in the mansion of Progressville's foremost banker and politician, if you will. Do you think the *Times* would take up your defense against my charges—against the word of a man of my high moral standing and influence? This man was my guest—remember that. If I'm any judge of public sentiment in this city—"

"But the motive?" I burst out. "What reason would I have in murdering a man I never saw in my life?"

"What matters the motive if by all the signs—the testimony of Lawrence Hadderman—you are guilty of the deed?" His fiery eyes never left my face. "And I'd spend money, Manning, make no mistake about that. I'd get you railroaded to the penitentiary as sure as you're born—and you know it!"

There was another painful silence. I was pretty badly confused by now. And, to make my plight worse, it dawned on me that if Coles had heard my tragic cry, traced the number through the night operator, and notified the police, their appearance on the scene would compel Hadderman, for his own safety, to demand my arrest. I turned and looked over my shoulder at the corpse, and could hardly suppress a shudder.

"I've pointed out to you the course I might pursue with certainty



Staring at him, I directed a dramatic cry toward the telephone: "Good God! You wouldn't shoot me down in cold blood, would you?"

and security," said Hadderman at last, his voice hoarse, but less menacing. "But I don't want to charge you with a crime you didn't commit, Manning, unless I have to—unless you drive me to it." He paused, his penetrating eyes burning into mine. "I said you'd never write this up, and you never will. You will accept my terms or—" He broke off significantly.

"You make it impossible for me to refuse," I replied, relieved at his unexpected overture. "What is your proposition?"

He beckoned me out of the room then, and, switching on the library lights, plunged the little den in darkness, closed and locked the door, and put the key in his pocket—along with my pistol and flash-light.

I SAT down, waiting, watching him. Standing before me, he shed his shabby overcoat and kicked off his rubbers, and I was surprised to find he was in evening clothes. He rolled the cast-offs together with his slouch hat into a bundle, and, opening a door that I concluded gave into a hall running parallel alongside the den toward the rear of the mansion, tossed the garments out of sight. Thrusting his fingers through his bristly iron-gray hair and diligently using his handkerchief to efface the traces of mud, Lawrence Hadderman stood before me, as dignified and imposing as if he had but just stepped off the rostrum of the fashionable Laurel Club—except for the yellow fire that still glowed in his eyes and the cruel determination stamped upon his features.

My proposition is just this, Manning," he began without preliminary. "I'll pay you ten thousand dollars if you'll get out of the country, stay away, and swear to keep your mouth shut—forget the whole dirty business. I know you can be trusted. What do you say?"

I at for a full half-minute, staring up at him stupidly, dumfounded by his extraordinary offer—by what I fathomed beneath it. Lawrence Hadderman, with all his craftiness in turning the situation to his own account and confidence in being able to railroad me into State's prison, feared me—feared publicity! Again, I knew that ten thousand dollars was to this bank president's fortune what a dime was to my weekly pay-check.

"That's a good price for your silence, isn't it?" he went on, and his voice was now confidential and eager. "It's worth that much to me to keep this—this horrible affair from leaking out. Come! Do you accept?"

"I—it's such an unusual offer, so unexpected, that I don't— Of course I'd have to sever my connections with the *Times*—give them notice," I faltered, for I had certain scruples that would not be flung aside in one rash moment.

Hadderman gave a short, nasty laugh.

"Those connections are *already* severed, Manning. You are leaving this house, either as the paid custodian of my secret, bound out of the country, or in the hands of the law. I have made you an offer that any man in your predicament would grab, and thank God for the chance—"

He started in nervous alarm, listening into the night. I also pricked up my ears.

The wind had risen to the velocity of a gale. I could hear the distant crashes of its fury, the lash and screech of it through the trees in the neighborhood. A tin pan banged crazily across the kitchen porch. The rain rattled against the windows with the staccato like patter of bird-shot. Out of the south rose the low mutter of thunder.

But, above all this din, Hadderman had identified the rhythmic chugging of an automobile. Presently I, too, made it out. Could it be the police? But no. The machine had stopped on the opposite side of the mansion, under the porte-cochère, I felt sure. An impatient exclamation broke from the banker. He leaned toward me.

"Not a word about this, Manning," he said between his clenched teeth. "She knows nothing. She must not suspect, do you understand? And make no attempt to leave." To back up his words, he thrust his revolver into his trousers pocket and held his hand on it.

The following moment, a girl appeared out of the darkness of the hall, paused in the entrance, and looked over at us. I knew her for Irene Hadderman, a leader of the local smart set, who had further distinguished herself in the past year or two by her civic and charitable labors.

She was about twenty years of age, and fetchingly pretty, her eyes blue and large, and her thick brown hair an adorable entanglement. Standing in the doorway, she made a striking picture of beauty and life—what a contrast to that grisly, bloody heap lying on the floor of the locked den!

I had risen to my feet, and her father motioned her to approach. I fancied there was a strange note in his voice as he said:

"Irene, I want you to meet Mr. Manning of the *Times*." When she had seated herself, he continued: "You're home uncommonly early, daughter. I had not looked for you before midnight, at least. Where is Clem Leythrope? He didn't accompany you—"

"It's storming so, people began to leave after the program," she said in a musical voice, "so I thought it best to come home, too. Clem couldn't get away; he had a number of things to attend to. He was disappointed that you did not speak." She studied him curiously. "Was there anything wrong, daddy? You don't look well."

He laughed good-naturedly.

"I never felt better. Shortly after you left, I decided my talk would be a waste of effort, as the majority of my audience were in favor of the tax measure already. So I told Smith to drive back and wait for you. Then Mr. Manning came to interview me. Oh, while I think of it, I want to tell you that Mr. Trainor—"

"Where is he? I must tell him what a perfectly wonderful program it was." Her eyes sparkled, and she turned toward the door of the den.

"I was about to say, my dear, that Mr. Trainor received a telegram calling him to San Francisco immediately," said Hadderman calmly. "He left with the intention of making the 8:47 train—in ample time. He expressed his regrets and told me to say good-by for him."

SHE was silent for a space. Gazing at her, I saw what might have been a look of surprise cross her face. She glanced oddly at her father.

"Did he say when he would return? I can't understand—"

"No. I imagine it was very urgent news. Whatever it was, it—well, it seemed to upset him badly."

"Why, I was quite sure—" she began, broke off, and turned to me with a smile. "You'll forgive us for discussing this, won't you, Mr. Manning? One forgets one's manners occasionally and— Why, daddy, what's that peculiar odor? Don't you detect it? It's—it's like gunpowder."

Hadderman sniffed.

"It really is—as if some one had fired off a pistol." He laughed; then, with astounding mendacity: "It's an old leather binding I threw in the fireplace in the den. If you'll both excuse me a moment, I'll go and look after it." He rose as he spoke, adding by way of a hint, and favoring me with an intense look as he said it: "My

daughter, Mr. Manning, can give you some interesting side-lights on city planning." With that, he left us.

"Father has such exalted notions regarding his daughter," smiled Irene. "As a matter of fact, when I talk with newspaper people I feel foolish. You hear so much, see so much, are so familiar with humanity, that I often fancy you're just politely tolerant—bored to death would be better."

WHILE listening to her, I had been covertly observing Hadderman's movements. He walked to the door of the den, noiselessly unlocked it with the key he took from his pocket, entered, and closed it after him.

"Reporters *are* different from ordinary men and women," I replied, wondering what had taken her father back into the presence of the dead man. "They get under the cuticle, as it were, and find that humanity is a notorious masquerader. A newspaper office is the graveyard of ideals."

She gazed thoughtfully across the room.

"Of course, you didn't know Mr. Trainor—father and I were just speaking about him. He's been our guest a little less than a week. Well, you should hear the odd notions he has on idealism."

"A student and thinker, I dare say," I probed delicately.

"Indeed, yes—and an extensive traveler, besides. He spends most of his time in foreign lands. He but recently returned here after three years in the Orient."

I remembered the mandarin lounging-robe and silk-brocaded slippers on the murdered man.

"What a vast amount of interesting data he must have! I think I'll mention him to my editor for an interview. A long-standing friend of the family, I suppose?"

"Dick is one of the family, you might say," she smiled. "Father is his fiscal agent—makes his investments, you know. He's very wealthy—"

She paused, for Hadderman was reëntering the room. Singularly enough, he came in by the door out of which he had thrown his cast-off clothes—and which I believed opened into a passageway leading to the rear of the mansion. There was another entrance to the den, then, which I had overlooked. But I paid little attention to this discovery, in view of what I had learned: that Hadderman handled Dick Trainor's money!

"Well?" said the banker, as he rejoined us, looking first at Irene and then at me. I was struck by the fact that his looks and manner were different. He seemed relieved.

"You didn't give us an opportunity to get started, daddy," laughed the girl. "We were just skirmishing—"

"I'm afraid you've been imposing on Mr. Manning's good nature. He has his duties to perform, and the night is getting well advanced," he interrupted. "If you don't mind, my dear,—I'm sure Mr. Manning will excuse you, —he and I'll take up this matter alone and get it over with."

She smiled cordially as she extended her hand to me. Her father put his arm around her and walked with her to the door, and kissed her on each cheek.

Hadderman stood in the entrance where Irene had left him, listening for some sound to assure himself that she was safe in her room. Presently the distant closing of a door upstairs reached my ears. He swung on his heel then, and came leisurely toward me, his hands in his pockets. Seating himself, he brought out his cigarette-case, opened it, and offered it to me.

"Smoke?"

I took one, and watched him curiously as he held a lighted match for my benefit. He had undergone a complete change. In those confident amber eyes that now looked into mine there was not the faintest expression of the murder-mad man who had threatened my life within the last hour. Briefly, Lawrence Hadderman was his own self again—the quiet, compelling, courteous man of affairs whom Progressville knew and respected.

"Manning," he said easily, "I have altered my plans. The little proposition I made you is off."

I couldn't credit my ears. I stared at him in astonishment. What new trap was he going to spring now?

"Then we're back to where we began, Mr. Hadderman, and all this talk has been for nothing," I summarized.

He smiled rather cynically.

"No, we're not. And I'm about to explain to you why—" The door-bell rang kitchenward, interrupting him. "Now who do you suppose that is—at this hour?" he muttered, half to himself.

I shook my head, though I entertained certain suspicions, the truth of which were directly borne out when the ring was repeated twice, loud and insistently, accompanied by a sharp rapping on the door—the beating of a patrolman's night-stick. The climax of the night was reached!

Hadderman gave me an odd look, then rose to answer the summons. I followed him out, and was standing a few paces behind him when he opened the door. The wind swept in, bringing with it the two plain-clothes men, O'Neill and Dwyer, the "harness" cop Elliott, and Barnacles Thurston, our water-front reporter, their rain-coats dripping.

"Awful sorry to disturb you this way, Mr. Hadderman," apologized O'Neill, with a hard look at me. "We understood that somebody here hollered murder over the 'phone, and—" He paused, sniffing the air like a bird-dog. "There's a gun been fired off, ain't they?"

AT this critical juncture, a tall, somber individual of middle age, whom I suspected was the butler, though he was not garbed in livery, emerged hurriedly out of the darkness of the hall behind us, brushed past me, and came to stiff attention before the banker.

"Pardon, sir! I had not expected— It is so late, sir. I hope everything is all right, sir," he said in hollow tones.

"Perfectly, Cummings," nodded Hadderman, and turned to O'Neill. "Why, yes, officer. We had a thrilling little experience, rather unnerved me at the time. A burglar, I imagine. He clambered in through the front window, and—I had left Mr. Manning telephoning in my den. When I returned, I found the robber standing in the doorway, his revolver pointed at Mr. Manning. I rushed up to my room, armed myself, and came back. But he had heard me, and started to flee. The front door was open, and I just got a glimpse of him going down the steps, and fired from where I stood—the entrance into the library. Nothing is missing—I thought the incident so trifling, I didn't bother about calling your office, though I had my man here search the grounds in the belief that I had wounded the fellow."

"Quite so, sir," substantiated Cummings. "I'm afraid you did not hit him, sir."

"Come with me, gentlemen!" said the banker. He led the way into the living-room to show the visitors the window through which the fictitious burglar had broken in. I was speechless, and for the instant all I could do was to stand and gape after Hadderman. Barnacles' voice recalled me:

"Hair-breadth escape, eh, Lest? Coles couldn't get a line on you and sent me out. Better call him up. What's the matter?"

"Murder!" I burst out, back of my hand. "Hadderman killed a man—shot him. He's stretched out in the

den—off the library, to the right. Tip the cops off to search the house: don't give the reason. I'll explain why later."

"You mean, he croaked the burglar?" whispered Barnacles.

"The burglar story is a myth. He's bulling O'Neill. It's premeditated murder. Here comes Dwyer. Suggest looking over the premises—but don't let Hadderman hear you. He's smooth as— Make it snappy!"

Barnacles stared at me, incredulously wide-eyed.

"Say! Are you—how do you get that way?" he asked, implying that he placed small credence in my allegation. However, he stepped up to the detective, murmured a few words to him, and got a nod of approval.

Hadderman now reappeared from the living-room, chatting and laughing with O'Neill and Elliott.

"You're easy, Lest, I must say," said the former, kidding me. "You let a guy get the drop on you—Why didn't you come the Bill Hart stuff on him?"

"Sometimes we can't do what we'd like to, O'Neill," I replied. Right then I preferred to abide by developments.

Hadderman caught me up. "A very philosophical frame of mind—and a safe one, Mr. Manning."

At Dwyer's request to look around, the banker went forward, preceded by Cummings switching on the lights. Barnacles dropped back to my side.

"Are you giving it to me straight, Lest? I can't believe it! Who's the bird he shot?"

"Search me—I never saw him before. He's dressed in a lounging-robe and slippers. He was sitting in the den, reading. Shot right over the left eye. The old boy trained his gat on me, and I gave Coles the S-O-S. We've got to keep this away from the *Courier-News*, Barnacles, if we have to drug the bulls to do it. This is the property of the *Times*, by virtue of discovery."

He did not reply, but I saw that he was studying me narrowly, as if he had grave doubts as to my mental soundness.

AT last the three police officers, leisurely stalking from one room to the other, reached the closed door of the den. The impassive Cummings turned the knob and pressed the light button. We all crowded into the little room, and I glanced expectantly down at the floor where I had seen the dead man lying, and got the biggest shock of the night.

The corpse was gone! The pool of blood had vanished from the rug—or was this another rug?—and there wasn't a sign to mark where it had been! Nor was the maroon-colored volume in evidence, even.

I tore my eyes away from the floor to look at Hadderman. He was explaining to his audience of three why he believed the police of Progressville were entitled to a raise in pay, interrupting himself just long enough to signal the butler for liquid refreshments. His listeners were hanging on his words, aglow at the prospect of a sip of the Hadderman hospitality. I felt a tug at my sleeve, and found Barnacles slyly motioning me out of the room. We walked into the library together.

"Well? I hope you've had your little joke. What's the big idea?" he said.

I riveted my eyes on him.

"As sure as I'm standing here before you, old man, there was a corpse on the floor of that den at nine o'clock."

He returned my look. "You're positive about that, Lest? To be candid with you—well, it don't seem credible. This man is too wise, too prominent, to do murder—in his own home. Just consider that! It isn't possible you—"

"Imagined it?" I finished for him. "Look here, you know me well enough to believe that when I tell you I saw a corpse in there, I saw it!"

"If it was there—why, there isn't a trace of blood, even—it would show glaringly on that light rug. You'll have a swell time making the cops swallow that stuff. Where is the body—the indications?"

"The body has been removed, Barnacles," I said impressively. "While he was entertaining me in this room with a lot of clever acting, somebody was stealthily removing the evidence—changing rugs. I may look bugs, but I'm not!"

"Very well; for the sake of argument, I'll concede everything, Lest. What are you going to do about it? Walk in there and accuse him? What a razzing that trio would give you! You'd better devote a little calm thought to the matter. Murder doesn't outlaw—you can swear to a warrant any old time, but go slow with a big gun like Hadderman."

There was considerable common sense and tact in what Barnacles said, and I decided to follow his suggestion. I would lay the whole case before Coles, for one thing.

"Let's not wait for the cops," I said. "We'll walk over and catch a car. I'm going to tell you the wildest yarn you ever heard."

As we headed for the hall, Hadderman's cheery voice halted us. He came out of the den and approached us with the air of a cordial host.

"Won't you boys have a little nightcap before you go?—it's miserable weather out," he smiled.

We excused ourselves on the ground that we did not drink—which may or may not have been true. I, for one, was not in the frame of mind to discuss nightcaps with a man who, from everything I could gather, had deliberately killed his guest or been a party to the crime.

"I am very pleased you came—both of you," he went on genially. "The *Morning Times* is an excellent newspaper. As I told Mr. Spencer, the publisher, what particularly commends it is that it never prints unverified news—and, by the way, that's a sure safeguard against libel suits." He had been addressing me, and now he turned to Barnacles. "It must be a rough night on the bay, Mr. Thurston. Any disasters—first-page stories?"

"Nothing except another smuggling plot, and that's an every-day occurrence," said Barnacles.

Chatting jovially, the banker escorted us to the door and bade us good night. As he shook hands with me, he dropped my revolver and flash-light into my rain-coat pocket.

JESSE COLES, city editor of the Progressville *Morning Times*, was a regular fellow—congenial, entertaining, bohemian, notwithstanding his occasional streak of detestable crabbiness "on" the desk. News-broke in the broadest sense of that compound, he was impervious to shock, turning no mental hand-springs over such trite trifles in cosmic evolution as assassinations of crowned heads, earthquakes, riot calls, and Sunday automobile collisions—though it was a matter of common knowledge in the editorial rooms that no rumor was so extravagantly improbable but he considered it worth tracing down.

The point that I wish to make is that Jesse Coles believed nothing impossible, and most of what did occur deserving of no more mention in the *Morning Times* than there are words in the patriotic stenographer's roundelay, "Now is the time for all good men—"

When Barnacles Thurston and I turned into Newspaper Alley, the storm had done its worst and was reluctantly retiring into the northwest. During our trip in from the Hadderman mansion, I had given Barnacles the full details of my experience, and I noticed that I

I watched Hadderman noiselessly unlock the door of the den

succeeded in making an impression on him.

Coles had just about cleared his desk for the night when I walked in. He frowned at me.

"I've got a steel-jacketed alibi," I began, awkwardly enough—for, from a news-getting standpoint, I had squandered away the evening. "If you'll let me do my explaining over a cup of coffee—"

"Knock out that Laurel Club junk," he cut in curtly. "Clem Leythrope just called you up; he wants to get in touch with you."

WHILE I sat at my typewriter and pounded out a pretentious account of the anniversary jinks, Barnacles stood at a table near by, carefully glancing over the *Times* files for two weeks back. As I turned in my copy to Coles and reëntered the local room, the water-front man motioned me over.

"Say, I can't find a Trainor arrival either in society or news, Lest. Funny that a rich globe-trotter being entertained by Hadderman wouldn't get some kind of mention, isn't it?"

"Are you sure? How about hotel arrivals? Perhaps—"

"Look them over yourself. There's a Ralph Bellamy—a bank official—spent last week-end at the Haddermans'. That's the only he-guest credited to them."

"Ralph Bellamy," I repeated, imprinting the name on my mind.

Shortly afterward Coles joined us, and we struck out for our favorite corner table in Java Jake's, a block away. I plunged into my story, related it detail by detail, from the time I talked with Leythrope at the Laurel Club and learned of the banker's last-minute withdrawal from the jinks program, up to the moment that Barnacles and I followed the police into Hadderman's den, and my discovery that the body of the murdered man had been removed.

Our ham and eggs got stone-cold before I finihesd, for I dwelt at length on Hadderman's clever strategy to gain time—his threat to charge me with the shooting of his guest, his obvious purpose being to force me to accept his bribe and leave the country, and his subsequent retraction of the offer when—as I now felt definitely certain—he found that the corpse had been removed.

For some moments Coles nibbled thoughtfully.

"You've got a corker mystery story on your hands, Lest, but it doesn't mean anything—yet. We can't use it in its present form," he said at last. "Besides, I guess you know what you're up against, don't you? How can you swear to a warrant charging Hadderman with murder? You don't know he's guilty. And you wouldn't get anywhere in this burg, accusing its pet candidate for U. S. Senator of deliberately killing his guest. Think that over! Again, suppose you laid the case before the authorities for investigation. Here's Chief of Police Dunn, who owes his job to Hadderman; the District Attorney's office is Hadderman-controlled; Sheriff Noonan's brother is legal adviser of the First National Bank. You're bucking an honest-to-goodness pull, son—and he's the people's fair-haired boy. He's sewed you up. However, I don't believe he's your man."

"No? Say, Jesse, I want to take a flyer at this thing. Let me follow it up and I'll land you a scoop that'll jolt our long-suffering subscribers with fifty-seven varieties of thrills."

"Go ahead," smiled Coles—he always encouraged enthusiasm among the members of his staff.

"To hear this bird talk, you'd think Senator Loggan was crossing his palm to discredit the rival aspirant, eh, Jesse?" chuckled Barnacles. "I'm betting a dollar to a dime the scoop blows up in the making."

"You're on!" I snapped him up. "Now, here's my theory: Dick Trainor is the murdered man's name, unquestionably. It's a cinch that Hadderman lied to his daughter when he told her Trainor had been summoned to San Francisco by telegram. Hadderman handles Trainor's money, the girl said—makes his investments. Trainor returns after an absence of three years in the Orient—unexpectedly—and demands an accounting. Hadderman has been misappropriating his funds.

"What's his easiest way out of a desperate fix? He's in the race for Senator, remember! A shot within walls on a blustering stormy night, when Irene and the servants are gone, the neighborhood attending the Laurel Club racket. The time, place, and opportunity are ideal. Hadderman cancels his city-beautiful effusion—at the last moment, mind you—to do the job, and his butler is in on it! Hadderman is outside, slopping around in the rain, looking to dispose of the body—bury it in the garden, most likely—when I blunder on the scene. And I sit there like a poor fish and swallow his bunk."

WE talked a few minutes longer, until several members of the *Courier-News* staff joined our party. Saying something about having to get up early next morning, I left.

Suddenly I remembered that Coles had told me to get in touch with Clem Leythrope. I hurried over to a taxicab office near at hand and called up his home number. He answered almost immediately.

"I've been waiting for you, Manning. Can you come out?" he asked.

"It's after one, Clem. Won't to-morrow do?"

"This can't wait. I'd appreciate the favor. I'll stand the cab fare."

"It isn't that. All right!"

I hung up. What particularly decided me was that, since Leythrope lived only two blocks from Lawrence Hadderman, I'd stroll over, after my talk with him, and glance around the banker's mansion. Rather a daring step to take at this unearthly hour—it was nearly one o'clock—in a restricted residential section, but you must bear in mind that I was launching on an investigation into a murder mystery, single-handed, against the odds of money and influence, not alone for the news value in it, but that my discoveries might aid me in seeing the ends of justice served. What I needed was incontrovertible evidence—the corpse!

I jumped into a taxicab, gave the driver Leythrope's address, and went speeding away over much the same route I had traveled the first part of the night. The rain had stopped; the wind had subsided. A sliver of moon was rising over the distant range, struggling through an ocean of choppy white clouds. Singularly enough, Leythrope was out on the sidewalk, pacing up and down. I dismissed the cab.

"Good Lord, I'm glad you came, Manning!" said the jeweler, as he led the way up the walk to the house.

"Anything wrong?" I asked, looking at him sharply.

"I don't know, old man. I'm afraid— Wait till we get inside. I was going to call up the police, but the scandal—and there mightn't be anything to it. Then I thought of you—I knew you'd help me out."

We crossed the wide veranda and entered the house—a large bungalow. The living-room stretched across the front of the dwelling.

He led the way to the fireplace, motioned me to a seat, and indicated a silver casket of monogramed cigarettes. I could see by the soft light from the bracket incandescents that his face was pale, working nervously.

"You're badly stirred up, Clem," I said. "Let's have this thing—get it off your mind."

"Of course, it's not necessary for me to say that I don't want it to go any further, Manning. Our best friends often misinterpret our motives, you know."

I nodded.

"Well, here's the incident just as it happened. Judge it for yourself. I reached home rather late—had some matters to attend to at the club. I was just about to turn in when the telephone rang. I answered it. It was a woman's voice. 'Is that you, Clem?' she called, in hoarse, frightened tones. 'Yes,' I replied, and before I could inquire who it was speaking, she cried breathlessly, 'Come quick! Something terrible has happened—' She broke off just there. I heard the telephone instrument crash, as if it had dropped to the floor, and sounds of a scuffle and the voice of a man. They ceased presently, and somebody hung up the receiver."

"And you recognized the woman's voice?"

"That's what I don't know. While most of the women in our set call me 'Clem,' I was dead certain this was Irene Hadderman. In fact, I didn't even stop to question it—I grabbed my hat and ran. But when I got to the Hadderman house I found it dark—not a light burning."

"Did you look around?"

"Some minutes, yes. I made a detour of the premises. See, I was prepared for an emergency!" He pulled open the drawer of a little stand at his elbow, and brought out a .38-caliber revolver, pearl handle, and provided with a silencer. "Anyway, I wasn't taking any chances. But everything was so quiet and as it should have been that I grew doubtful. I came back and tried to find out from the operator who rang up; but I had delayed it too long." He thrust the gun back into the drawer.

While he talked I decided against revealing to him what I had seen in Hadderman's den.

"And you called me instead of the police. It seems to me, Clem, that you've covered the ground as well as I could," I said, with a smile.

"This is more in your line, Manning. Confidentially, I'm—I'm courting Miss Hadderman, and I'm worried—up in the air. Of course, as I just told you, I am in doubt that it was she who called up. But— What do you suggest? The old man is so touchy—I'm like a kid in affairs of this kind, Manning," he finished weakly.

I looked at him and noted his quite obvious apprehension, accentuated by his pallor and nervous eyes. But I placed no special significance on it until some time later.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Clem. I'll scout around there. If I'm not back in half an hour, you'll know I've gone home to bed. How's that?"

"That's mighty decent of you, old chap. Be assured that I'll repay the favor," he said—considerably relieved, I thought.

He accompanied me out to the sidewalk. As I wished him good night, a thought flashed through my mind.

"By the way, do you happen to know a Dick Trainor—been visiting the Haddermans? Recently came from the Orient, I understand."

"Trainor? Never heard of him. There was a Mr. Bellamy—I didn't meet him, but I've seen him. He only visited a few days."

"Describe him. Reporter's curiosity, Clem."

"He's the average business man. Tall, dark complexion, black hair, smooth shaved, wears glasses, about your build, and forty-five or so. Miss Hadderman told me he was—a cashier, if I remember right."

So Bellamy was not the murdered man! Moreover, my theory that Hadderman had killed Dick Trainor as a way to clear himself from some desperate financial predicament stood out in my mind. Strange that Clem Leythrope did not know Trainor! Oddly enough, also, no mention of his visit appeared in the *Times*. Perhaps the banker had so schemed it that Trainor's coming to Progressville could never be traced.

A DROVE of wild thoughts galloped through my brain as I hurried from Leythrope's toward the Hadderman mansion. The jeweler's information was of small moment. It simply went to show that Irene had discovered the corpse after the police left, and had turned to Leythrope for assistance. It seemed no less reasonable to suppose that her father had heard her distracted telephoning, and interfered. Somehow, I could but feel sorry for her. But Leythrope's lack of initiative lowered my estimation of him. He had appealed to me—a police reporter—to play proxy for him. He didn't care to take the chance of being caught prowling around the house at two in the morning. It might not look just right.

Leythrope lived on a cross-street, half a block from Newport Boulevard. I turned into the latter, and shortly reached the Hadderman place a block and a half farther on. This time I did not halt in the driveway. The sliver of moon gave me just the right amount of light for gumshoeing purposes; the wind rustled the shrubbery sufficient to drown any noise I might make. It was a rash thing to do, perhaps, but I intended to find the body of the murdered man if I possibly could. Once that grim object was in the hands of the authorities, my story would carry weight. It would force an investigation, and Cummings, the butler, could be arrested and quizzed. I wasn't sure, but I believed that the fellow had removed the ghastly evidence from the den while Hadderman played fast and loose with me in the library. Cummings, then, under a proper grilling, would break down and confess what he knew—they all did.

I managed stealthily to reach the east side of the house. There was a light in the den. I could just make out its dim reflection through the drawn blinds, doubtless coming from the shaded desk lamp—which accounted for the fact that Leythrope had not seen it, I told myself.

A hedge of flowering plants and trees offered me a concealed approach to the windows of the little room. I went forward cautiously, and paused beneath them, listening. A woman was talking in agitated tones—it was Irene Hadderman. I couldn't catch her words, nor those of her father, who replied excitedly. A feverish discussion was taking place between them, and I glanced about and found where I could draw myself up to a precarious foothold under one of the window-sills. This I promptly did, and pressed my ear against the pane.

"You should have told Mr. Manning the truth," I heard Irene say in despairing tones, after a short pause. "You leave a newspaperman with the impression—Can't you see! Merciful heaven, what a terrible—"

"You don't seem to understand," came Hadderman's subdued, fierce voice. "The situation was desperate, I tell you. Thank God, it's out of here—"

"Oh, I'm just sick—bewildered, terrified over this horrible happening. I don't know what to think! Daddy! Daddy! Please tell me, are you sure—"

"Irene! I'll not warn you again about your cursed insinuations. I am in no mood to-night to— Go back to bed! I'll have Cummings wait up till I return. I'll not be gone more than an hour."

"Dear, listen to me!" she said, half sobbing. "God knows, I'm not accusing you. But can't you see that you—that you are evasive, that you don't seem able to explain satisfactorily? I hear voices, and happen to look out of my window, and see three men—one of them a policeman—leaving the house. And hurrying downstairs to find out the trouble, I hear you and Cummings talking in guarded tones about having taken a dead man out by the back door. Daddy, please don't misinterpret my words! But why were you so furious with me because I wanted to get Clem here to help? And you say the man is a stranger. Who is he—what was he doing in your den? Why don't you speak? Father, where is Dick Trainor? Why don't you notify the police?"

She asked the last two questions in hoarse, tragic tones.

"Hush! Do you want some one to— I told you I didn't know who committed this frightful deed. As God is my judge, Irene! It's a mystery—awful, revolting! But there are certain circumstances that would breed a doubt in people's minds; and my political enemies would make capital of it—hurt my senatorial candidacy, perhaps ruin my campaign. All I know is that when I came downstairs, dressed to go to the Laurel Club, I found the—the man dead. I was horrified. I couldn't leave that awful thing in the house alone. The servants might learn of it, something might happen, and there was the danger of an exposé. Think of the scandal! A man murdered under mysterious circumstances in banker Hadderman's home, while his daughter and the servants were away! Fortunately, Cummings had not gone downtown yet. I saw a light in his room, and I could trust him—Patton recommended him highly. I rang up Leythrope and canceled my talk, and—then that infernal reporter got into the house—"

"You're deceiving me, daddy," broke in the girl wildly. "You're keeping something from me! I can see it in your eyes. You're frightened. You know who—who did it. Tell me! Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do?"

"There's—there's no sense in making a scene, Irene," I heard him reply, rather unsteadily. "I have taken every precaution against the matter becoming known. If Manning is indiscreet enough to talk, he'll regret it. He's the only person we have to fear. I was thinking I'd better see him again—"

"But you didn't answer my question. Where is Dick Trainor? Look at me, daddy! Is Dick—"

JUST at this interesting point of Irene's questioning came a wholly unlooked-for and startling interruption that almost proved the ultimate end of Lester Manning, eavesdropper, and threw the banker and his daughter into a panic. There was a subdued sound in the garden behind me—the "pock" of a silencer on a revolver—and my hat flew off, and the window-pane against which I held my ear splintered into fragments, as a bullet grazed my head and buried itself somewhere inside the den. Irene screamed and a shout broke from Hadderman.

I tumbled off my perch in a hurry, just as a second ill directed message of death tore its way into the boards of the house. Instantly I had located the spot from where the unknown marksman was firing. Some twenty paces away, paralleling the side of the mansion, was a line of hemlocks, evidently planted by Hadderman as a windbreak. Out of this dense growth, at a point directly opposite me, I saw, by the dim light of the moon, a white hand protruding—gripping a glinting revolver.

[*To be concluded*]

How Our Forefathers Settled a Turkish Problem

The Story of Adventurous Americans Who Captured a Moslem City

By Daniel Henderson

Illustrations by Joseph A. Maturo

TURKEY'S sudden and astonishing return to power has not only created a new question for overburdened Europe, but has also given the United States a Near East problem that will not down. American citizens have established themselves in the dominions of Islam; American colleges and missionary enterprises rise amidst resurgent Mohammedanism. If Americans are molested, if American interests are placed in jeopardy, what will the United States say to the imperious Moslem?

With such problems looming up, let us go back to a time when the flickering galaxy of stars in our nation's earliest flag first came in contact with the crescent. Americans were of two opinions then, just as they are now; but some men met the situation with what we in our day call Rooseveltian firmness—Captain William Eaton, for instance, a hero too long forgotten.

When the United States was evolving into a nation—when the navies of Great Britain and France had set themselves to the task of suppressing the young upstart of the western world—the Moslem rulers of Barbary, on the northern coast of Africa, also flung a gage to our government, and let it be known that those adventurous Yankee skippers who were passing their coasts on purpose to share in the rich commerce of the Orient must pay tribute. To exact the tribute, they captured our ships and enslaved hundreds of American sailors. In answer to their challenge, and to free our countrymen from Turkish slavery, a little American force under Captain Eaton landed in the African desert and proceeded upon the thrilling and desperate campaign set forth in these pages.

Before them lay the city of Derne, ruled by the Bashaw of Tripoli

He Was a Dartmouth Man

WILLIAM EATON was born on a farm in Connecticut. Though his parents were poor, he managed to save enough money to begin his studies at Dartmouth College. He was forced to obtain a leave of absence in order that, by teaching school, he might earn enough to pursue his studies. Due to difficulties at home, he was forced to prolong his school-teaching, and it was not until two years later that he was able to return to Dartmouth. With his pack suspended from a staff thrown over his shoulder, young Eaton started on foot for Hanover.

In his pack were a change of linen and a few articles that he expected to sell on his journey. When he reached Northfield his money gave out, and he was in despair. He began, however, to offer his pins, needles, and other notions for sale, and with the proceeds he was able to go on to Dartmouth. Here he was received with great kindness by President Wheelock, and here he pursued his studies, handicapped, however, by sickness and the necessity of teaching school in town. At last, in August, 1790, he received his degree of Bachelor of Arts.

He then resumed teaching, but quitted this work when he was chosen clerk in the House of Delegates of Vermont. In March, 1792, he was appointed captain in the army of the United States, and was assigned to duty at Pittsburgh and later at Cincinnati.

A Yankee at the Court of Tunis

IN 1798 Captain Eaton was appointed consul to Tunis, a position that paved the way for his military activities against Tripoli when the United States went to war against that country. From the day of his arrival, Eaton found himself involved in a net of Oriental intrigue.

Before he went to Tunis, the interests of the United States had been looked after by a French resident, Joseph Etienne Famin. The English consul at Tunis, Major Magre, warned Captain Eaton at their first meeting not to place confidence in Famin, stating that he was a dangerous man who would set traps for his successor. Captain Eaton soon learned that the Frenchman had protested to the Bey against the United States establishing a consul there "to keep the bread out of his mouth."

Eaton found that Famin had never resisted the exorbitant demands made by the Bey upon the treasury of the United States, and suspected him of reaping a profit from the costly gifts sent by the United States to placate the greedy ruler. Famin declared to the Bey that Eaton was nothing but a vice-consul, subject to Consul-General O'Brien at Algiers, and that he had been placed at Tunis to spy upon the court.

At last, when Eaton learned that the Frenchman had told the Bey that "the Americans were a feeble sect of Christians" and that their independence from England "was the gift of France," Captain Eaton horsewhipped him in the marine gate of Tunis, before a crowd of Moslems.

Famin demanded of the Bey that Eaton be punished.

"How dare you lift your hand against a subject of mine?" the Bey demanded of Eaton.

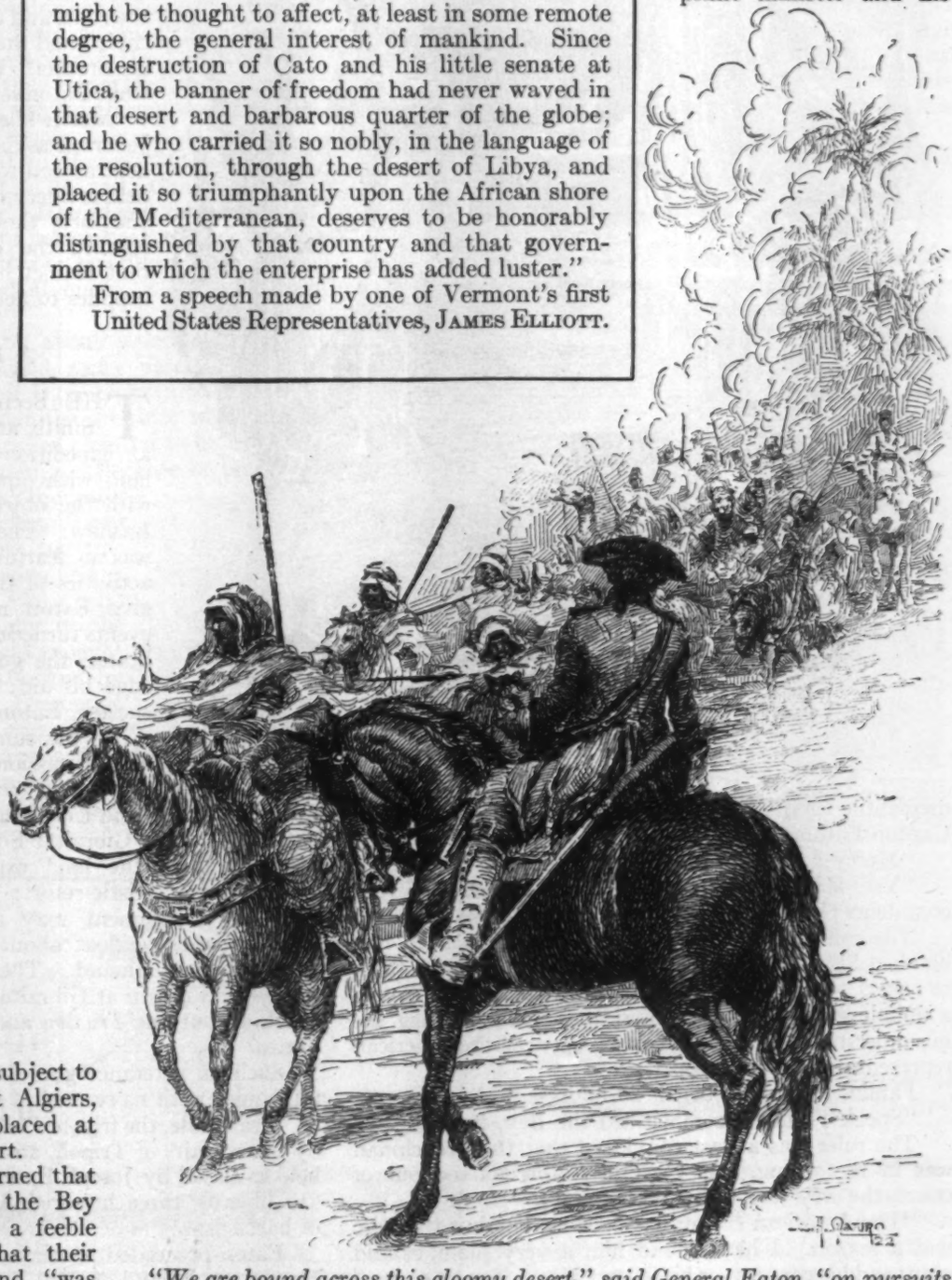
The Captain replied that Famin had sought to betray him, and had tried also to betray the Bey. He brought forth a paper, and prepared to read an exposure of Famin's intrigues.

"Hear him call your prime minister and his

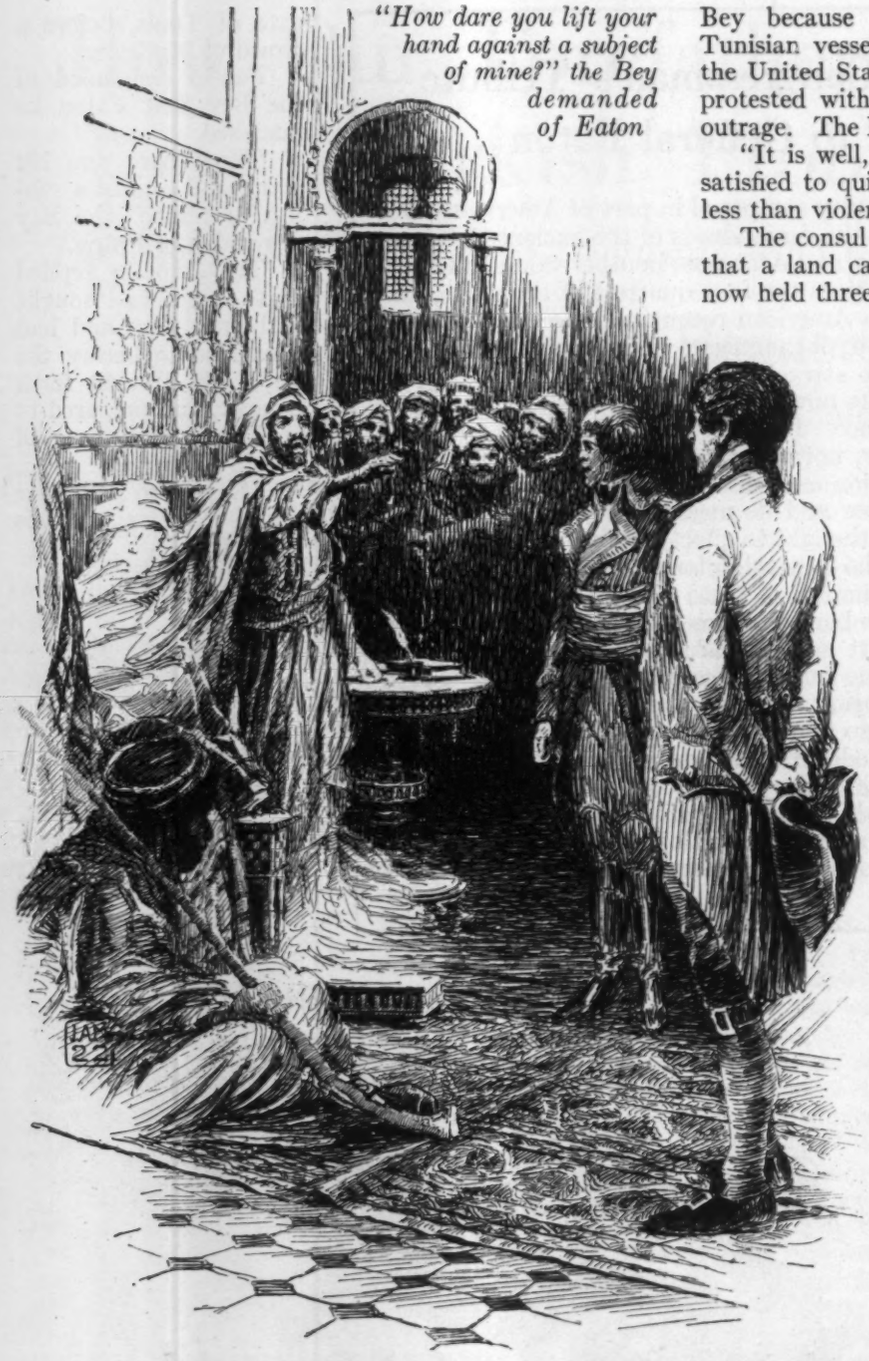
A Congressman's Tribute to General Eaton

"An army composed in part of Americans, but chiefly of the descendants of the ancient Grecians, Egyptians, and Arabians; in other words, an army collected from the four quarters of the globe, and led by an American commander to conquest and glory, is a phenomenon in military history calculated to attract the attention of the world, not only by its novelty, but by its real influence and consequence. It ought to be considered, too, that this army, notwithstanding the singularity of its organization and character, and the smallness of the number and its means, acted in a cause that might be thought to affect, at least in some remote degree, the general interest of mankind. Since the destruction of Cato and his little senate at Utica, the banner of freedom had never waved in that desert and barbarous quarter of the globe; and he who carried it so nobly, in the language of the resolution, through the desert of Libya, and placed it so triumphantly upon the African shore of the Mediterranean, deserves to be honorably distinguished by that country and that government to which the enterprise has added luster."

From a speech made by one of Vermont's first United States Representatives, James Elliott.



"We are bound across this gloomy desert," said General Eaton, "on pursuits vastly different from those that lead fanatics to Mecca; we go to liberate three hundred Americans from the chains of barbarism"



"How dare you lift your hand against a subject of mine?" the Bey demanded of Eaton

mercantile agents a set of *thieves* and *robbers!*" exclaimed Capton Eaton.

"Mercy! Forbearance!" cried Famin.

"Yes, *thieves* and *robbers!* This is the man of your confidence!"

The consul went on to tell the Bey that Famin had blabbed his secrets to a woman, who had repeated them to others, so that all the town knew that he was playing a double game with the Americans, and increasing the misunderstandings that had arisen between the American representative and the court.

Famin, trembling, began an address in Arabic.

"Speak French!" commanded the Bey, frowning.

The ruler was at last convinced that the Frenchman was in the wrong. As Captain Eaton stalked out of court, the Bey said to his officials:

"The American consul has been heated, but truly he had a reason. I have found him a very plain, candid man; and his concern for his fellow citizens is not a crime."

The consul's troubles came to a head in March, 1803. Commodore Morris had been detained in port by the Bey because the American squadron had seized a Tunisian vessel bound for Tripoli, with which country the United States was then at war. Consul Eaton had protested with more than his usual vigor against this outrage. The Bey ordered him to quit the court at once.

"It is well," replied Captain Eaton; "I am not dissatisfied to quit a court where I have experienced little less than violence and indignity."

The consul returned to Washington, where he urged that a land campaign be waged against Tripoli, which now held three hundred American officers and sailors.

The enterprise that Captain Eaton had on foot appears to-day to have been borrowed from a page of an Arabian romance. Hamet, elder brother of the reigning Bashaw of Tripoli, Joseph, had been treacherously driven from his throne by the latter and was now in exile. Captain Eaton, while abroad, had interviewed the exile, and obtained his promise to join the United States in a movement against his brother. Hamet remained at Malta, while Eaton sailed for home to make plans.

Meanwhile, Hamet wrote to President Jefferson asking his support. The President agreed to send him, as a loan, some field artillery, a thousand stands of arms, and forty thousand dollars. Then news reached the United States government that Hamet had been forced by lack of supplies to flee to Egypt.

A Desert March

THE Secretary of the Navy, Mr. Smith, authorized Eaton to organize an expedition that should coöperate on land with our Mediterranean squadron, with the object of overthrowing Joseph Bashaw. The administration, however, was so fearful of conflicting with other activities of the campaign that it would give Eaton no orders in writing. If events turned out favorably for the United States, the government would acknowledge his aid; if the expedition failed of success, Eaton must be the scapegoat.

In the summer of 1804 Eaton sailed on his mission, aboard the frigate *John Adams*, in company with the frigates *Congress*, *Essex*, and *Constellation*. Captain Murray, in command of the Gibraltar Squadron, had expressed his disapproval of the land expedition. Captain Eaton made a characteristic retort:

"The government may as well send out *Quaker meeting-houses* to float about this sea as frigates with Murrays in command. The friendly salutes he may receive and return at Gibraltar mean nothing at Tripoli. Have we but one *Truxton* and one *Sterret* in the United States?"

Such an utterance goes far to show why Eaton was unpopular with navy men.

Meanwhile, the frigate *Philadelphia* had been captured by the corsairs of Tripoli, and her officers and crew were held as slaves by Joseph Bashaw. "We go," said Eaton, "to liberate three hundred Americans from the chains of barbarism."

Eaton proceeded to Alexandria, Egypt, where at last Hamet and a band of loyal Arabs joined him.

On March 6, 1805, they broke camp and began the fifty days' march across the desert. It was a journey

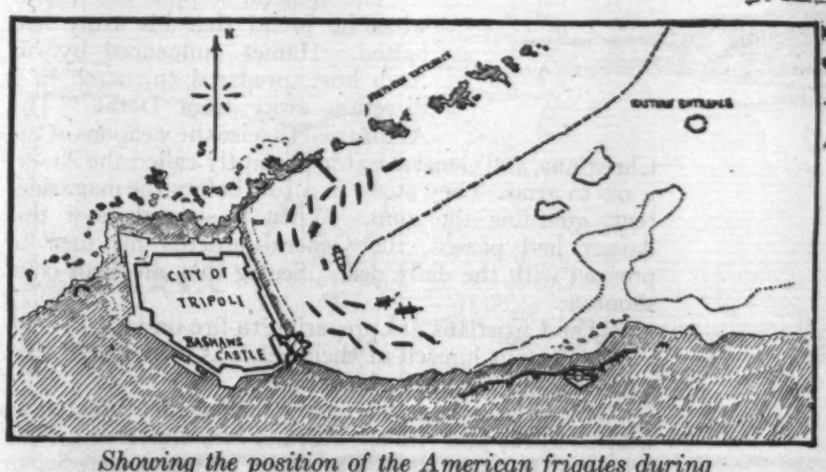
that required all of the grit the Americans could muster to carry on. Hunger and rebellion and the wavering of Hamet himself had to be faced. Arab chiefs continually had to be coaxed and bribed. There were eight Americans in the party besides General Eaton. The rest of the force was composed of a party of twenty-five cannoneers and their three officers; thirty-eight Greek soldiers and their two officers; Hamet's suite of ninety men; and a party of Arab cavalry under the command of the Sheiks il Taiib and Mahamet, including the footmen and camel-drivers. The entire force numbered about four hundred individuals.

The Sheiks Rebel

AFTER one day's march the first trouble occurred. The owners of the camels and horses hired for the expedition demanded pay in advance. General Eaton foresaw that if the money were advanced they would be in a position to desert if they became dissatisfied. He refused to comply with their demands; they became mutinous. To make matters worse, the Sheik il Taiib insinuated to them that if they performed their services without first receiving pay, the Americans would be apt to cheat them out of their wages.

General Eaton appealed to Hamet, but found him irresolute and despondent. At last General Eaton determined on a bold move. He ordered the Christians to take up their arms and to march back to Alexandria, threatening to abandon both the expedition and Hamet unless the march proceeded at once. The march was resumed.

After they had marched about seventy-five miles through low sand valleys and rocky desert plains, a courier arrived from some of Hamet's friends at Derne. He informed the general that the province was arming to assist the cause. The caravan chanced to be near the ruins of a castle of Greek design. Because of the good news the Arabs entertained the travelers with feats of horsemanship. They fired their rifles as they rode, but this sport came close to bringing on a serious disaster. The foot Arabs, who were yet at a distance, bringing up the baggage, heard the firing, and thought the expedition had been attacked by wild Arabs of the desert. Thereupon they attempted to disarm and put to death the Christians who were in their party. One sage Arab advised them to postpone the slaughter until they learned the cause of the firing.



Showing the position of the American frigates during the bombardment of Tripoli

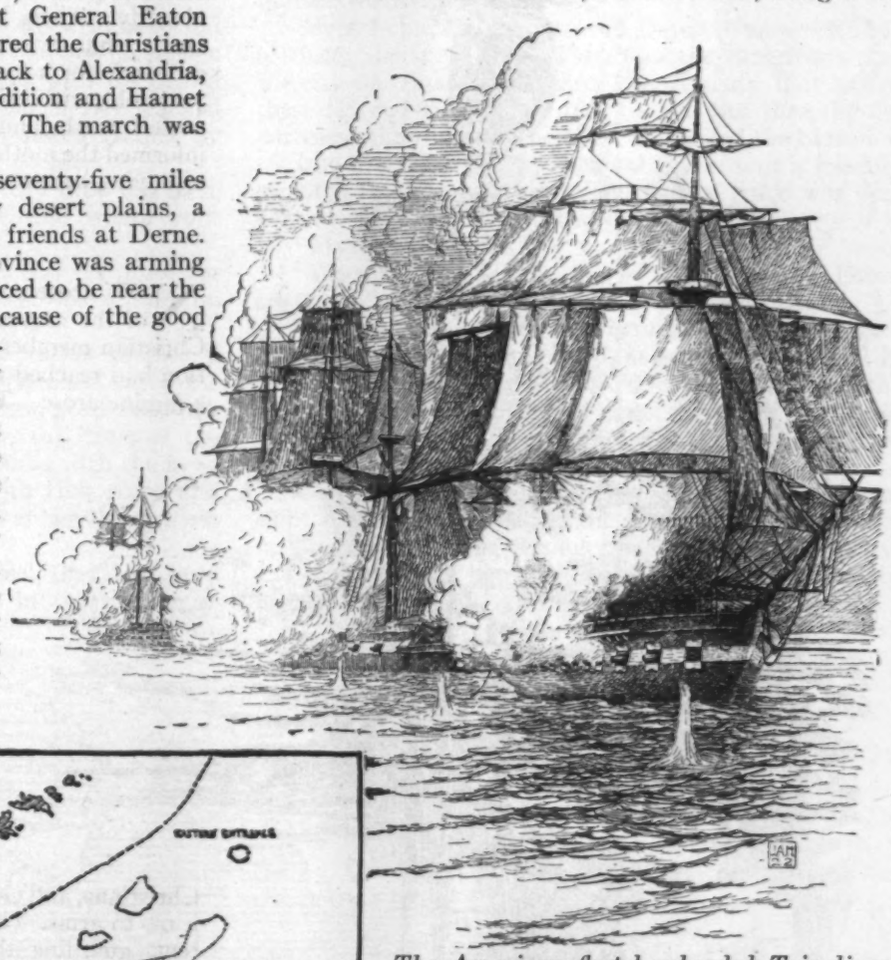
These two incidents, occurring within the short period of three days, caused the Americans to look doubtfully at one another and to keep a strong guard at night.

Soon another rebellion confronted the general. He had then reached an ancient castle in the desert, called by the Arabs Masroscali. Here he found vestiges of old walls, gardens, and mansions, which showed that people of refined tastes had lived there in the dim past. Now a few Arab families lived in tents among the ruins.

Hamet, it was learned, had directed certain of his chiefs to proceed only to this place, and the Arabs had received no part of their promised pay. General Eaton's stock of cash was low, but he managed to borrow one hundred and forty dollars from the Christian officers and men, and he turned over to Hamet six hundred and seventy-three dollars, with which he settled the claims of the chiefs of the caravan. Upon this they agreed to march two days more; but in the night all of the camel-drivers withdrew and turned their camels toward Egypt.

Hamet favored leaving the baggage at the castle and marching on in the hope of hiring other camels; but, as he was now without cash, General Eaton rejected this advice, since it would mean proceeding without provisions and with no money to obtain fresh supplies.

Then that mischief-maker, Sheik il Taiib, along with



The American fleet bombarded Tripoli as General Eaton marched to attack it by land

other sheiks, declared that they would proceed no farther until the Americans had sent a messenger to learn whether American warships were awaiting the party's arrival at Bomba, a sea-coast town on the route to Derne. These chiefs had heard that an army of cavalry and foot-soldiers had been

First to raise the American flag in the Old World

sent from Tripoli to the defense of Derne, and they wanted assurances that our navy was at hand to help them.

"We will delay for no messenger!" General Eaton declared, "and as long as you halt here I will stop your rations." To his companions he said: "If they persist in their course, we will seize the castle, fortify ourselves, and send word to our fleet to send a naval expedition to our relief." Then he added: "We have marched a distance of two hundred miles through an inhospitable waste of world, but we are bound across this gloomy desert on pursuits vastly different from those which lead fanatics to Mecca; we go to liberate the three hundred Americans in Tripoli from the chains of barbarism!"

Next morning it was found that General Eaton's firm stand had had its effect. Fifty camels were assembled by the sheiks and the march was resumed.

The soldiers were the first Christians these wild people had ever seen. They laughed at the uniforms, but showed great respect for the officers. The polished arms filled them with amazement. The gold lace on the General's hat, and his epaulettes, buttons, and spurs fascinated them.

These Arab tribes had never seen bread. The Americans offered them hard biscuit. They broke it with their shepherds' clubs or their hatchets and tasted it gingerly. Then, liking the taste, they begged for more. One woman even offered her daughter to the General in exchange for a sack of it. The girl was about fourteen years old, with bright hazel eyes, black arched eyebrows, perfect teeth, and full red lips. General Eaton sternly informed the mother that Americans were not in the habit of buying human beings.

A Famine Crisis

NOW arose a crisis that indeed threatened the failure of the movement, and even the death of all of the Christian members of the expedition. When the expedition had reached a spot about ninety miles from Bomba, a famine arose. There was only six days' rations of rice, no bread or meat or other rations. General Eaton was anxious to move forward toward Bomba as swiftly as possible. While the General was out of camp, however, Hamet ordered the expedition to halt, and announced that the troops needed a day's rest. The true reason for his act, it was learned, was that he might send a courier to see whether the ships were waiting at Bomba.

The General stopped the rations when he found that his army had halted. Hamet, influenced by his Arab host, prepared to march in a direction away from Derne. The Arabs tried to seize the weapons of the Christians, and General Eaton promptly called the Americans to arms. They stood in a row before the magazine-tent, guarding the guns. When it seemed as if this danger had passed, the General ordered his men to proceed with the daily drill. Seeing this, an Arab chief shouted:

"The Christians are preparing to fire on us!"

Hamet put himself at their head, as if he feared that such was the General's intention.

General Eaton stood firmly facing the threatening host of Turks and Arabs. Around him clustered a little group: O'Bannon, Peck, Farquhar, Leitensdorfer, Selem Aga, and the Greek officers.

Two hundred mounted Turks and Arabs advanced in full charge against them.

"Do not shoot until all hope of peace is gone—then sell your lives dearly!" advised General Eaton.

The charging Arabs swerved and withdrew. Then they came closer, and this time the Americans could see them selecting their targets. It seemed that the Christians could not survive five minutes longer. An Arab snapped a pistol at the breast of one of the marines; providentially, it missed fire. If one bullet had been fired, war to the death would have resulted.

"At the first shot, give them a volley!" General Eaton ordered.

At this critical instant one of Hamet's officers ran out toward the mutineers and cried:

"For God's sake, do not fire! The Christians are our friends!"

Then the General, although a column of muskets were aimed at his breast, approached Hamet and demanded of him how he could support such desperate acts. The Bashaw wavered. A chorus of furious whoops from the Arabs drowned the General's voice. He waved his hand as a signal for attention, and in response some of the more kindly disposed chiefs rode before the Arabs with drawn sabers and ordered the infuriated tribesmen to fall back.

The General reproached Hamet for his weakness, and his chief officer asked the Bashaw if he had lost his senses. The latter, in a fury, struck his officer with his drawn saber. The fracas began again, and had nearly reached its former heat when General Eaton seized Hamet by the arm and drew him away from his people.

"Can it be," the General exclaimed, "that you have forgotten who your true friends are and where your interests lie?"

Hamet melted. He called the General his protector and friend, lamented that he had lost his temper so easily, and ordered the Arabs to disperse.

General Eaton agreed to issue a ration of rice if Hamet's promised march would be resumed early the next morning. This pledge was made and peace restored.

While facing another insurrection, this time of the cannoneers, a courier arrived from Bomba with the news that the American ships were off both that place and Derne. This ended the mutiny, and so at last the caravan came to Bomba.

There it was found that the vessel that had been seen had departed, and the fat was in the fire again, with the Arabs abusing the Americans as impostors and infidels.

The resourcefulness of General Eaton was equal to the occasion. He withdrew with the Christians to a high hill near by, and kept a huge fire burning on its crest all night. Next morning, as the Turks and Arabs were scattering, and as the end of the expedition seemed to be in sight, they saw from the top of the hill a sail. It was the United States ship *Argus*, with Captain Hull in command. The next day the sloop *Hornet* arrived, laden with provisions.

The refreshed army marched on to Derne.

The Capture of Derne

TWO days after leaving Bomba, General Eaton encamped on a height that overlooked Derne, and reconnoitered. He learned that the Governor of the place had decided to defend the city. He also found that the army Joseph Bashaw had sent from Tripoli was making a forced march to Derne, and might arrive before the return of the vessels, which had been blown out to sea in a gale. This information alarmed the Turks and Arabs. Hamet seemed to be ready for flight. The Sheik il Taiib, who had promised to prove himself a valiant man at Derne, quitted the camp.

Several chiefs came out from Derne to assure Hamet of their fidelity to him. They told the Americans that the city was divided into three departments; that two of these favored Hamet and one Joseph; but that the department that favored the latter controlled the batteries.

Under a flag of truce, General Eaton sent a friendly message to the Governor. The flag of truce was sent back to the General with this brief answer:

"My head or yours!"

"We shall see whose head it will be!" General Eaton cried.

The next morning the American warships *Argus*, *Hornet*, and *Nautilus* appeared, and on a signal stood in toward the city. The General immediately began the assault. The fleet sent a few guns ashore for service in the land movement, and then the three vessels opened fire on the city's batteries.

The Governor of Derne had mounted a battery of eight nine-pounders along the waterfront, had thrown up breastworks along the unprotected parts of the city, and had mounted howitzers on the terrace of his palace and on the roofs of certain buildings.

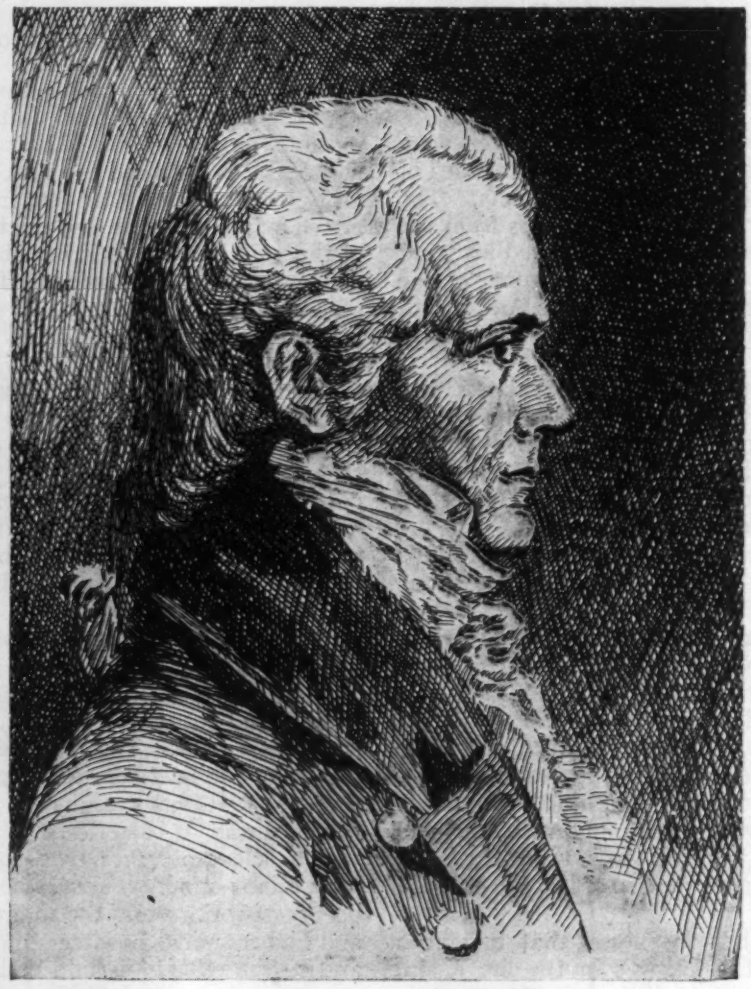
The American expedition marched along the coast from Alexandria to Derne, and prepared to press on to Tripoli

General Eaton, in a detachment actively commanded by Lieutenant O'Bannon, consisting of six American marines, twenty-four cannoneers, twenty-six Greeks, and a few Arabs, attacked the temporary parapets that had been thrown up in the southeast section of the town. Hamet Bashaw attacked and captured an old castle on the southwest, and drew up his cavalry on this site. The enemy's musketry was so warm that our troops were thrown into confusion. To counteract this, the General ordered a change. The infidels waged a guerrilla warfare, dashing out of their coverts, and then in retreat firing from behind every palm tree and partition-wall along their way.

The battery had at last been silenced by the fire of the ship's batteries. On went the Americans, passing through a shower of bullets from the walls of the houses; they reached the battery, wrested it from its defenders, and planted the American flag on the wall. Then they turned the guns on the enemy and drove them back into the houses, where they could fire at us only from behind walls.

The Americans had been in possession of Derne about a week when the army sent from Tripoli arrived and encamped on the ground they had occupied. Meanwhile, General Eaton had fortified the place as strongly as possible.

The Tripolitans advanced toward the city in order of battle; but when General Eaton marshaled his forces to meet them, they halted, conferred, and then retired. Word came to General Eaton that Hassien Bey, commander of the enemy's forces, had offered six thousand dollars for his head, and double that sum if he were brought in a prisoner. For the heads of ordinary Christians thirty dollars had been offered.



General William Eaton, hero on land in our early battles against Moslem tyrants

There came to the camp a Bedouin holy man who had once been befriended by the General. He whispered that two women, one in the General's camp and one in Derne, had been employed by Hassien Bey to poison him. In payment for this service, they had already received presents of diamond rings. The holy man cautioned the General not to accept any presents of pastry, preserves, or fruit.

At last the forces of Hassien Bey gave battle. He was assisted by Muhamed, Bey of Bengazi, Muhamed, Bey of Derne, and Imhamed, Bey of Ogna. Under them were one thousand mounted Arabs and two thousand Arabs on foot. On the night before, Muhamed had escaped from his sanctuary into Hassien Bey's camp, and had told him that the number of Americans on shore were far less than the Tripolitan chief had supposed; therefore the attack was made.

About nine o'clock in the morning they appeared, under five standards, and attacked a detachment of about one hundred of Hamet Bashaw's cavalry, who had been stationed a mile from town. The cavalry fought bravely, but was forced to retreat. The *Argus* and *Nautilus* trained their guns on the enemy, and the Americans in town bombarded them with the battery and field pieces; but by taking advantage of walls they penetrated the town quite up to the palace that sheltered Hamet Bashaw. Here they were met by a hot rifle fire from Hamet's supporters; but they held their ground stubbornly, determined to capture Hamet.

The General was wondering whether, with the small force in charge of the battery, he dare risk a sortie to defend Hamet, when fortunately a shot from one of our nine-pounders killed two mounted foemen near the palace.

Instantly they sounded a retreat and fled from all quarters. Hamet's cavalry pursued them. In their flight they came again within range of the ships' guns, and these poured into their ranks a galling fire.

Hamet had his turn at open fighting a few days later, and acquitted himself nobly. The enemy appeared in great numbers on the heights overlooking the town, seeking a way to descend that would not expose them to the fire of the Americans' guns. They found a pass, and started to descend to the plain below. Here Hamet's cavalry met them, and as reinforcements joined each side, the battle increased in size until there were five thousand men engaged. The fighting lasted four hours, during which Hamet held his ground like a true general. It was a battle fought in the Barbary style, for the field of conflict was beyond the range of the Americans' batteries. The victory belonged to Hamet. The enemy lost fifty men killed and more than seventy were wounded. Of the forces of Hamet the killed and wounded amounted together to about fifty.

Lieutenant O'Bannon was eager to lead the Americans and Greeks out to hold with bayonets the pass by which the enemy must retreat; but the General decided, very sensibly, that it would be unwise to leave the batteries undefended, since Hamet's forces might suffer a reverse.

The delay on the part of the fleet commander in sending supplies to Derne had begun to worry both the General and Hamet. General Eaton declared that if the

aid and supplies he had hoped for had been awaiting him at Derne, he might now be at Cape Mensurat, and fifteen days later at Tripoli.

A spy now arrived from the enemy's camp and informed the General that a courier had arrived, eleven days from Tripoli, with despatches from the reigning Bashaw, stating that he intended to make peace with the United States, *even if he had to sell his wardrobe* to do so.

To create deeper consternation on the part of the General and Hamet, there came a letter from Commodore Barron which ordered Eaton to withdraw his support from Hamet.

Hamet, when the contents were communicated to him, declared that "thus to abandon him here is not to have coöperated with him, but with his rival!"

The General, in a letter of protest to the Secretary of the Navy, pointed out that when Commodore Barron agreed to coöperate with Hamet, there was no talk of the latter being used as a means of making peace with the reigning Bashaw: that nothing was talked of but chastisement. The example of Commodore Preble, he stated, had fired the squadron that relieved him with an ambition to punish Joseph Bashaw, and it was in the same spirit that he, General Eaton, was sent on his mission to bring Hamet to the rear of the enemy.

Success was in sight, Eaton wrote, when the administration decided that "a flag of truce, instead of our squadron, should be displayed in the enemy's view."

Meanwhile, Colonel Lear had sailed from Malta to Tripoli, on the *Essex*. The white flag hoisted by Lear was answered by the hoisting of a similar flag on the Bashaw's castle. The terms agreed upon were that the United States was to pay him sixty thousand dollars for the ransom of the American captives remaining after an exchange of prisoners, man for man, had been made; that the American forces should withdraw from Derne, persuading Hamet to go with them; and that in the course of time Joseph was to restore to Hamet his wife and children. The articles were signed on board the *Constitution*. A salute of twenty-one guns was then fired by the Bashaw's battery and answered by the *Constitution*. The people of the city crowded to the wharves to celebrate the making of peace. The released American officers and sailors ran to the wharves to leap into the barges that were to take them out of the hated town.

General Eaton's campaign had caused the reigning Bashaw to reduce his demands on the United States, and if the expedition had continued from Derne to Tripoli, there is little doubt that, in his anxiety to save himself, he would have submitted to any terms the United States proposed. There was little cause for wonder that the people of the United States were surprised at the disadvantagous peace and that Lear was publicly blamed by certain congressmen. A fair-minded officer who held a high place in the Mediterranean Squadron is reported to have summed up the matter thus:

"Eaton was running away with the honor of the Tripolitan war. Between an army and navy jealousy is common. What had the navy done long before, after the achievement of Preble? Hence the readiness to snatch the first opportunity for peace."

General Eaton returned to this country, and died in poverty and neglect, brought on largely by reckless living. The resolutions of praise and reward that had been introduced in Congress were opposed by supporters of Lear. Yet what Josiah Quincy, Representative from Massachusetts, said when supporting James Elliott's eloquent speech (quoted on page 67) will be approved by all who now study this desert campaign: that Eaton deserves lasting honor because, "being a private citizen, and called upon by no official station or duty, he had the greatness of mind to plan a scheme by which the dethronement of a usurper, the restoration of a lawful heir, and the release of our captive countrymen was effected."

Coming in the May McClure's

General Grant as an Author

By Robert Underwood Johnson

Out of his own experience, the writer tells how Grant came to write for the Century War Series; of the failure of the firm of Ward & Grant; of the General's candor toward military criticism; of his heroism under trying circumstances; and of many other interesting side lights on Grant's life and character.

New York City's Double Anniversary

An illuminating and absorbing picture of the growth and resources of America's many-sided metropolis.

Another Lieutenant X Story

Lieutenant X continues his astounding revelations of the operations of gangs of crooks in the A. E. F. during the World War. He describes the crimes and capture of the notorious De Sar Gang.

The Killing of Baron Stockmar

By the author of "Bulldog Drummond"

Another thrilling adventure story about Jim Maitland, who makes his appearance in this issue of McClure's Magazine.

Gray Silver

The Man Behind the Agricultural Bloc

By O. M. Kile

Gray Silver on his farm. His work in Washington is based on experience

ON January 6, 1921, every member of the House of Representatives found on his desk the following letter:

It is evident to the farmer that the Muscle Shoals appropriation yesterday was defeated through the influence of large corporations who have a selfish interest in maintaining fertilizer costs.

The American Farm Bureau Federation has a paid-up membership exceeding 1,500,000 active farmers. These farmers expect us to keep them informed on legislative matters.

We regret that the vote yesterday was not one of record. In order that we may do justice both to Representatives in Congress and to our membership, will you kindly notify our Washington Representative—Mr. Gray Silver, 1411 Pennsylvania Avenue—whether you voted for or against this proposition.

American Farm Bureau Federation,
(*Signed*) J. R. Howard, *President.*

That day Congress exploded with a bang!

Who was this man Silver who dared request members of Congress to report to him how they voted? Didn't he know that one purpose of non-record votes was to escape unpleasant inquisitiveness? And the nerve of the man to intimate openly that congressmen's votes had been "influenced"!

"Outrageous! We must have an investigation," they said.

So Mr. Silver and Mr. Howard were haled before an investigating committee forthwith. But the investigators soon learned enough to convince them that they had better drop it at once. And drop it they did.

Then Mr. Silver did a very characteristic thing. He wrote them all another letter, reaffirming everything he had said before and including a brief supporting every statement he had made.

And, as final evidence of the "influence" at work, he submitted an exhibit that occasioned much merriment among those members free to enjoy it. This exhibit consisted of a page of the propaganda issued by the opposing interests condemning the Muscle Shoals project, di played in deadly parallel with the text of a letter written by a mid-Western congressman to one of h's farmer constituents explaining why he voted against the Muscle Shoals proposition. The identical phrasing in the two exhibits left no doubt as to how that particular congressman, at least, was being influenced.

This was the first object-lesson Congress had concerning Gray Silver and his method of doing things. It learned that when he starts anything he usually has the facts and the backing to finish it. People soon learn to take that kind of man seriously.

Looking Over the Ground

BUT Congress had a lot more to learn about Mr. Silver and the organization he represents.

During the early months of 1921 matters in Congress didn't go at all to suit the farmers. The latter were vigorously urging the passage of the packer control bill, the bill regulating cold storage, and the Muscle Shoals bill—measures all of which conflicted with certain assumed rights or privileges of "big business."

Well known legislative tactics used by both parties for years were employed to get these bills into a tangle that would leave them stranded at the end of the session. Any individual congressman was safe enough, personally, if he cared to employ these tactics. After a few months of amending, of amending the amendments, and of jockeying between the two houses, the member himself had to look sharp to know which side of the question he was on when he voted "yea" or "nay." There wasn't one chance in a hundred that any considerable number of his constituents back home would follow these movements closely enough to take him to task if he failed to support the common people.

Mr. Silver and his associates made vigorous representations, but their bills were all sidetracked.

While these skirmishes were going on, Mr. Silver looked the ground over carefully, made an analysis of the situation, and discovered that the farmer was virtually without representation on any matter that involved conflict with the financial and commercial interests.

"I figured it this way," says Mr. Silver. "In the Sixty-sixth Congress there were 428 members in the House. Of these, 234 were Republican and 190 Democratic, including 18 Tammany Democrats from New York City. Of the total number of representatives, 215 represented the predominantly commercial section north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi. But of the majority party, that is, the Republican members, 161 came from the section specified. You can see that the Republican party controlled the House, and was itself controlled by the northeastern, or commercial and

financial section. In addition, the very neat device known as the Steering Committee, made up mostly of men from the large cities of this northeastern section, made this group control of the House complete.

"The Rules Committee, at that time a tool of the Steering Committee, particularly provoked our wrath by its insolent dictatorship. If a bill had the approval of the Steering Committee it could be brought to a vote without delay. Lacking this indorsement, the Rules Committee usually discovered that there was no time available for a vote on the floor—even if it was plain that a majority desired this vote."

It was in these circumstances and on this basis that Mr. Silver and his associates began to lay the foundation for the now famous agricultural bloc.

At the time when the packer control bill was vainly awaiting a vote, the first publicity statement was issued, pointing out that the only way for the farmers to secure badly needed legislation was for the congressmen from agricultural districts to stand together on agricultural measures, regardless of politics. Mr. Silver called upon all such representatives to put the farmers' needs before politics—to forget political lines and remember that they were representatives of their constituents rather than Republicans or Democrats.

"This sounds easy enough now," says Mr. Silver. "Why shouldn't men of common interests get together politically? Who could object?

"But in the spring of 1921 it was about all a man's political life was worth to vote contrary to the dictates of the party leaders. And as for uniting with members of the opposite party to oppose the leaders, that was rank insurgency. Any individual who attempted it soon found the heavy hand of party discipline descending upon him. He was left out of the caucuses. He was left off of committees. His pet bills were held up—bills which, while of little importance outside his home district, meant everything to him. If necessary, his patronage privileges were taken away from him; he might not be allowed even to have a voice in the appointment of postmasters in his district."

Ladd and Dickinson on the Farm Bloc

Senator E. F. Ladd of North Dakota says:

"The agricultural bloc is not a political matter: it is essentially economic. We are simply working together to solve some of the economic problems that beset the farmer and those who depend on the farmer—which in the end means most of us."

Representative L. J. Dickinson of Iowa, leader of the bloc in the House, says:

"The agricultural bloc is no mere association of office-holders for political purposes. We have an economic basis and reason for existence. We must represent our constituents, and these constituents happen to be farmers.

"I have no objection to any other group of congressmen forming a bloc to better represent their constituents. In fact, they have done this—a number of blocs preceded the farm group. But no group must put mere class interest and class advantage above the interests of the general public.

"The common people undoubtedly have a better chance to get a square deal under this plan of counterbalanced group action than by trusting solely to individual desires, or prejudices, or pressure, as in the past."

Gray Silver's Leadership Qualities

UNDER these conditions men enjoying the soft, easy pathway of the "good" congressman, hedged about by party aids and comforts, thought twice before exchanging this for the stony and thorn-bestrewn trail reserved for those who dared flout the leader's mandates.

Right here is where Mr. Silver's qualities of leadership showed up strong. He saw that if enough men could be grouped together to make a stand, the party leaders would not dare to deal out the brand of summary punishment that would surely follow should an individual try any such tactics. There was a strength in numbers that would command respect, and perhaps an attitude of pained surprise, but that would not permit of instant punishment. The teacher whips the small boy, but she argues with the big boy and endeavors to win him back to the ways of regularity.

Silver saw that it was up to him to get that group together into a working unit.

He began in the Senate—first, because the numbers were less, and second, because members of that body are not so closely held under party control as they are in the House. A six-year term gives a feeling of greater security and independence. And then, a senator is more nearly the political boss in his own State, and so is less readily disciplined. Furthermore, the percentage of Democrats was larger in the Senate; consequently fewer Republicans were needed to make a respectable sized group when united with the agriculturally minded Democrats.

After discussing the idea with a few of the more progressive senators, particularly Senators Kenyon of Ohio, Capper of Kansas, and Smith of South Carolina, a meeting was called. This meeting was held in Mr. Silver's office, in April, 1921. In addition to the three senators mentioned, the others in this original band were Ladd of North Dakota, Norris of Nebraska, Caraway of Arkansas, Harreld of Oklahoma, Bursum of New Mexico, Fletcher of Florida, La Follette of Wisconsin, McNary of Oregon, Harris of Georgia, Kendrick of Wyoming, Harrison of Mississippi, Spencer of Missouri, Heflin of Alabama, Stanfield of Oregon, Norbeck of South Dakota, Sheppard of Texas, Jones of Washington, and Watson of Georgia.

Silver had a number of bills to present, and together the group worked out a legislative program that the members agreed to support. With the coöperation of Representative L. J. Dickinson of Iowa, a similar group was organized in the House. This House bloc had regularly constituted committees to study and keep in touch with special kinds of legislation, such as Credits, Transportation, and Marketing. All meetings were open to any one interested.

The Senate bloc worked perfectly from the start. By the middle of May it was grinding out agricultural legislation like clockwork, and by June it was in effective control. It knew what it wanted, and it went ahead and got it.

In rapid succession were passed the packer control

bill, the grain exchange control bill, the Federal aid roads bill, the various farm financing and credits bills, and the bill legalizing coöperative marketing associations.

How the Bloc Was Met

THIS show of organized strength naturally did not please the older leaders in the House and Senate, particularly among the majority party, with whom rested responsibility for the ac s of Congress. So they tried to break it up.

The best gifts within the control of the leaders were held out temptingly to the moving spirits in the agricultural group if they would but cease their activity. Senator Kenyon was offered a Federal judgeship, long known by his colleagues to be his heart's desire. One congressman even introduced a bill providing a fine of five thousand dollars for any member found connected with any bloc. Finally, the strongest possible appeal was made to the bloc leaders—the appeal that they were destroying the party.

This argument gets very close to men who have spent long years in working for party harmony and party loyalty and have accepted party favors.

But Mr. Silver was on the job constantly, and, by good fortune, had just come into possession of a copy of the letter that President Harding had written for use in helping to reëlect Senator Bursum in New Mexico. This letter recounted in considerable detail the agricultural measures the Republican party had passed favoring the farmer, and pointed to this as a reason for asking continued support.

This was just what Mr. Silver was looking for. He called at Senator Kenyon's office, handed him the letter, allowed his all-embracing smile to spread over his face, and remarked: "So long as the President uses the victories of the agricultural bloc as an argument for popular indorsement of the Republican party, I guess you and the other bloc leaders need not worry much about charges of party disloyalty."

Senator Kenyon appreciated the point at once, and continued to stand solid throughout the legislative struggles of the entire summer.

Probably the strongest public test of the bloc's strength came when the leaders of the Senate endeavored to adjourn Congress hurriedly, in the hope that at some later date they might have the situation more nearly in control. They were dismayed to learn that they could not even adjourn until the agricultural blocs, with their controlling votes,—they never had a clear majority in either House,—gave consent, on condition, however, that the pending legislation affecting agriculture be first disposed of.

The most serious difficulty that Mr. Silver encountered came indirectly from his own organization. An effort was made by politicians to drive in a wedge that would split Farm Bureau support. It was hard for good, clean-minded Democratic farmers not familiar with Washington affairs to believe that our representative government could be so perverted. Many felt that Mr. Silver must have made a mistake in his analysis of the situation; so they were ready listeners to the tales of those sent out from Washington to discredit Mr. Silver and his associates.

When one's own congressman comes home, perhaps still smarting under some embarrassment due to the bloc's activities, and reports that one's group or trade representative at Washington is all wrong, it is only natural to give heed.

Just how close these tactics came to success, fortunately, was never revealed to the opposition. At one time it was seriously proposed to close the Washington office of the Farm Bureau. The flurry soon blew over, however, and since that time Mr. Silver and his organization at Washington have steadily grown stronger and stronger. At times there has been a waiting list of considerable size asking admission to the bloc.

And now that the fight has been won, Silver seems to gravitate naturally to the center of things. The farm blocs in both houses look to him constantly for guidance. Government officials, from the highest down, consult him before taking steps that may affect agriculture, or that may need the support of the farm bloc.

The starting and halting of President Harding's ship subsidy bill is scheduled largely with regard to the farmers' attitude on the subject. Mr. Silver is consulted concerning the appointment of a "dirt" farmer on the Federal Reserve Board. When the tariff bill had passed both houses and emerged from conference with potash for fertilizer taxed at thirty dollars a ton, Mr. Silver set his foot down hard and said potash had to go on the free list, as promised. And go on the free list it did, even though the entire tariff bill had to be sent back to conference and its passage held up.

The fearless and ruthless author of "Behind the Mirrors of Washington," speaking with the frankness and candor of anonymity, says:

"The old party bosses are dead. No machine leader will control as many delegates in the next national convention as will Mr. Gray Silver."

He refers to Mr. Silver, of course, as the representative of the farmer group. Again he says:

"Mr. Silver is a lobbyist with the powers of a dictator, or a dictator with the habits of a lobbyist, whichever way you wish to look at it. A former farmer, member of the West Virginia legislature, representative of farm organizations at Washington, he rules the Senate with more power than Mr. Lodge has or Mr. Harding has, but always with the gentle touch of a general-storekeeper spreading the wrinkles out of a yard of satin."

This author, it may be added, thinks the farm bloc a natural and logical outgrowth in Congress, and sees in it and similar blocs representing other interests the only ray of hope for constructive legislation from a decadent Congress. His analysis amounts virtually to a full justification of the bloc.

As official Washington has come to know Mr. Silver better and to understand what it is that he stands for, it has come to like him. He is so approachable—his office door is always open to visitors—and he insists so constantly, even if unconsciously, that he wants nothing for himself, that he is merely doing the job the organized farmers of America set him to do, that none of his followers have the feeling of being led. He believes sincerely that he is benefiting the entire people with each piece of legislation that he and the bloc put through. Even his opponents must admit and admire his skill in tactical strategy.

His Early Training

SILVER learned early how to play life's game of chess. His father died when young Silver was fourteen, and he went to work on a near-by farm in the Shenandoah Valley. Young Silver soon became a good judge of cattle and sheep, and before long was buying for the markets. At twenty-one he was well known in the Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York live-stock markets. Later he developed a plan for handling sheep and became one of the biggest sheepmen in the East. He brought trainloads of young ewes from Wyoming, Montana, and other Western States, rented them out for a year to the highland farmers in the Blue Ridge Moun

Gray Silver early became a good judge of cattle, and the stock on his farm is famous

tains, and then, when they were two-year-olds, sold them at a premium to Dutch breeders in Pennsylvania.

One day, when Mr. Silver had just returned from a Montana trip, one of his neighbors, who had known him all his life, slapped him on the back—they all seem to do that around Martinsburg—and said:

"Gray, we are going to send you down to the State Senate."

Well, they did send Silver to the State Senate, and the only instructions his constituents gave him was to get a dog law passed. This, by the way, was not so easy to do in a State where mining and lumbering predominate. The miner is likely to be much more interested in coon-chasing than he is in sheep-raising.

Some of the legislative strategy that was later to make Mr. Silver famous in his own State, and still later at Washington, cropped out in that very first session; and the dog law was enacted. But, more than this, Silver was made chairman of an investigating committee that ripped the lid off political intrigue, uncovered graft, irregularities, and incompetence, and gave the State institutions such a house-cleaning as they had never had before. The warden at the State penitentiary shot himself rather than face his part in the accounting.

By the time his third session had rolled around, Mr. Silver, by reason of his seniority of service, became president of the Senate and next in line of succession to the governor—there is no lieutenant-governor in that State. As luck would have it, the new Senate was divided equally as to Republicans and Democrats—fifteen to fifteen. It was the first time in the history of the State that this had ever happened. It made an embarrassing situation. To make matters worse, five days before the date for convening at Charleston, Mr. Silver was stricken with pneumonia at his home in Martinsburg, four hundred miles away.

The newspapers reported it as impossible for him to get to Charleston for the opening session. His doctor said it was out of the question. His political opponents at Charleston were openly jubilant at the turn fate had taken. Now they could elect one of their own number president of the Senate and score a decided advantage.

Silver spent many anxious hours before that first Wednesday in January, the day set by law for the Senate to convene. His fever rose rapidly on the fourth day preceding, and yet on the third day. On the Monday before the opening Wednesday the crisis was at hand. His doctor forbade him to move. But on Tuesday afternoon a special car pulled out of Martinsburg for Charleston, bearing a doctor, two nurses, and a very sick man. Next morning at eleven-fifty the sick man was borne on a cot into the Senate chamber and up to the president's desk. When the hour of twelve struck,—the legally specified hour for organization of the Senate,—Senator Silver partially arose from his cot, leaned upon his left elbow, grasping the gavel in his right hand, and rapped for order.

The day was saved. His colleagues, fourteen in number, stood up in their places and cheered their plucky president lustily.

But, strangely enough, there were only fourteen members present besides himself. It required sixteen to organize.

Beating the Politicians

THE story of how Silver got that extra man in is a classic in American legislative annals, but it is too long to be retold here. It involved defying the governor, ordering the arrest of the absent senators, the flight of the latter to Cincinnati, where they stayed as the guests of Charles Taft, their subsequent return to Charleston, and their final acquiescence in all of the important legislation passed in their absence.

Had the details of this story been known to some of the seasoned politicians at Washington last year, they might have been less surprised at the ease with which Silver beat them at their own game of legislative strategy.

Mr. Silver gave up his political connections seven years ago, at the age of forty-four.

"I decided I had better put in my time tending my orchards," he says.

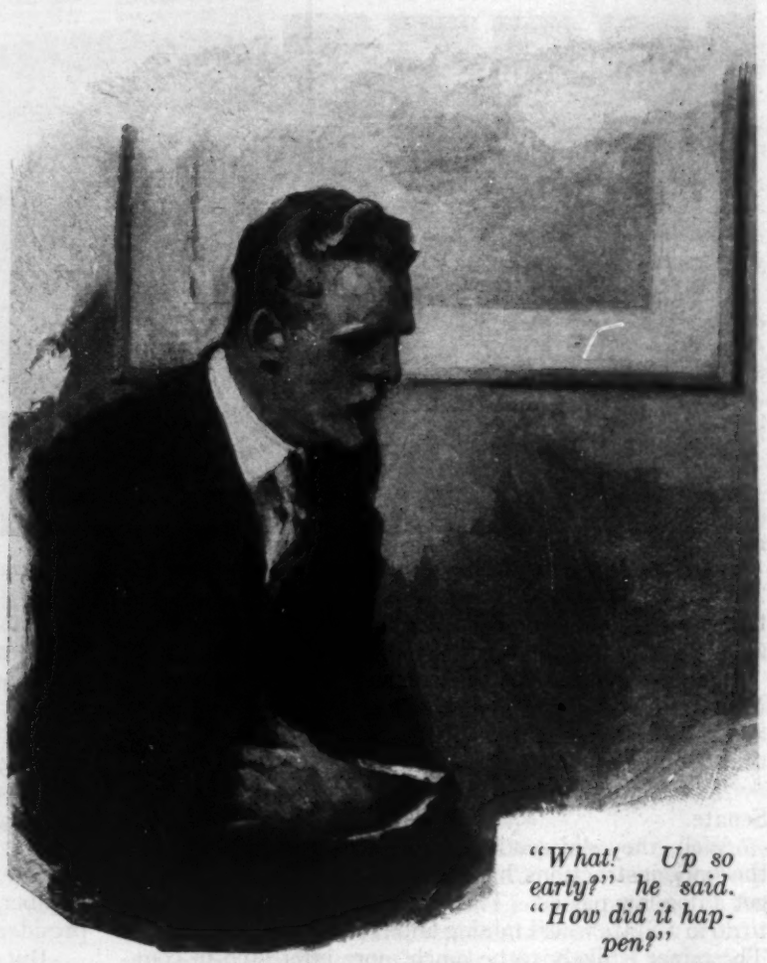
And he has some orchards that would make your eyes open wide and your mouth fairly water—some thirty-two thousand trees, in fact. His alfalfa and live-stock farms in the Shenandoah Valley near the Virginia-West Virginia line produce bountifully. Things have to be unusually critical at Washington to keep Mr. Silver from catching the four-o'clock train for Martinsburg every Friday evening. Sometimes he finds it necessary to come back the next morning; but ordinarily the forty-eight hours spent with his wife and five children and his orchards and the big farm send him back to Washington on Monday morning fresh and keen and ready to wrestle with some of the biggest problems that have come before statesmen within a generation.

Life Was Monotonous for Mrs. Etheridge Until She Sought

The Permanent Wave

By Belle Beatty

Illustrations by W. van Dresser



"What! Up so early?" he said. "How did it happen?"

HENRY ETHERIDGE opened the door of his wife's room very softly, and looked in.

"What!" he said. "Up so early? And had breakfast, too!" he added, glancing at a tray that stood on a table by the window.

His wife sat before the dressing-table, brushing her hair. She looked up indifferently as he came forward into the room and sat down in the chair by the dressing-table.

"How did it happen?" he asked, smiling.

She leaned closer to the mirror, arranging with the greatest care a wave of hair that fell across her forehead.

"I have an appointment for a permanent wave at ten-thirty this morning," she explained, speaking carelessly, as if neither his questions nor her answers were of the least importance.

She had beautiful hair, long and heavy—the color of honey, he had told her once; but that had been long ago.

She gave all her attention to her toilet, finished her hair and began on her face. She spread on a smooth coating of day cream, then carefully patted powder over it and smoothed it off. With a tiny brush she took the powder from eyebrows and lashes, and then, with a little stick of black stuff, darkened the lashes and made a little shadow at the corner of each eye. A soft indefinite spot of rouge bloomed on each cheek, and a lip-stick that was redder than the reddest rose marked her mouth in a delicate bow.

She paid not the slightest attention to the man, who watched her with an amused face. They had been married three years now.

She finished her face and stood up.

"What are you doing at home this time of day?"she asked, and without waiting for an answer walked across the room to her dress closet.

"Waiting for a long-distance call," he answered, "one that I didn't want to have go in over the office wire."

The telephone bell rang shrilly, and he rose and left the room.

She was completely dressed when he came in again, and he gave her a careless glance of admiration. She looked like a child in her plain little black velvet dress, with the honey-colored hair parted on the side and drawn into a soft knot at the back of her head.

"Look here, Pat," he said, "I've got to leave immediately for Cleveland. I hate like the dickens to go, but I've got to; and the worst of it is, once I get there, I'll have to stay till everything is settled. May take three weeks."

SHE put out her lower lip and looked at him thoughtfully, her head on one side.

"Well, then, while you're gone I think I'll go and take that new beauty treatment—the one that Doll told me about. You won't mind?" she asked perfunctorily. "It's quite an elaborate treatment and you have to go and board at the hospital where it is given. Takes ten days at least, and then you stay a few days longer in order to let the skin become acclimated."

He drew his eyebrows together and looked at her.

"Good heavens, Pat!" he said, "don't you ever have a single thought for anything but yourself—and your appearance?"

She turned a surprised face toward him.

"Why, it's you I'm thinking of all the time," she said. "Don't you want me to do you credit?"

He jerked his head impatiently.

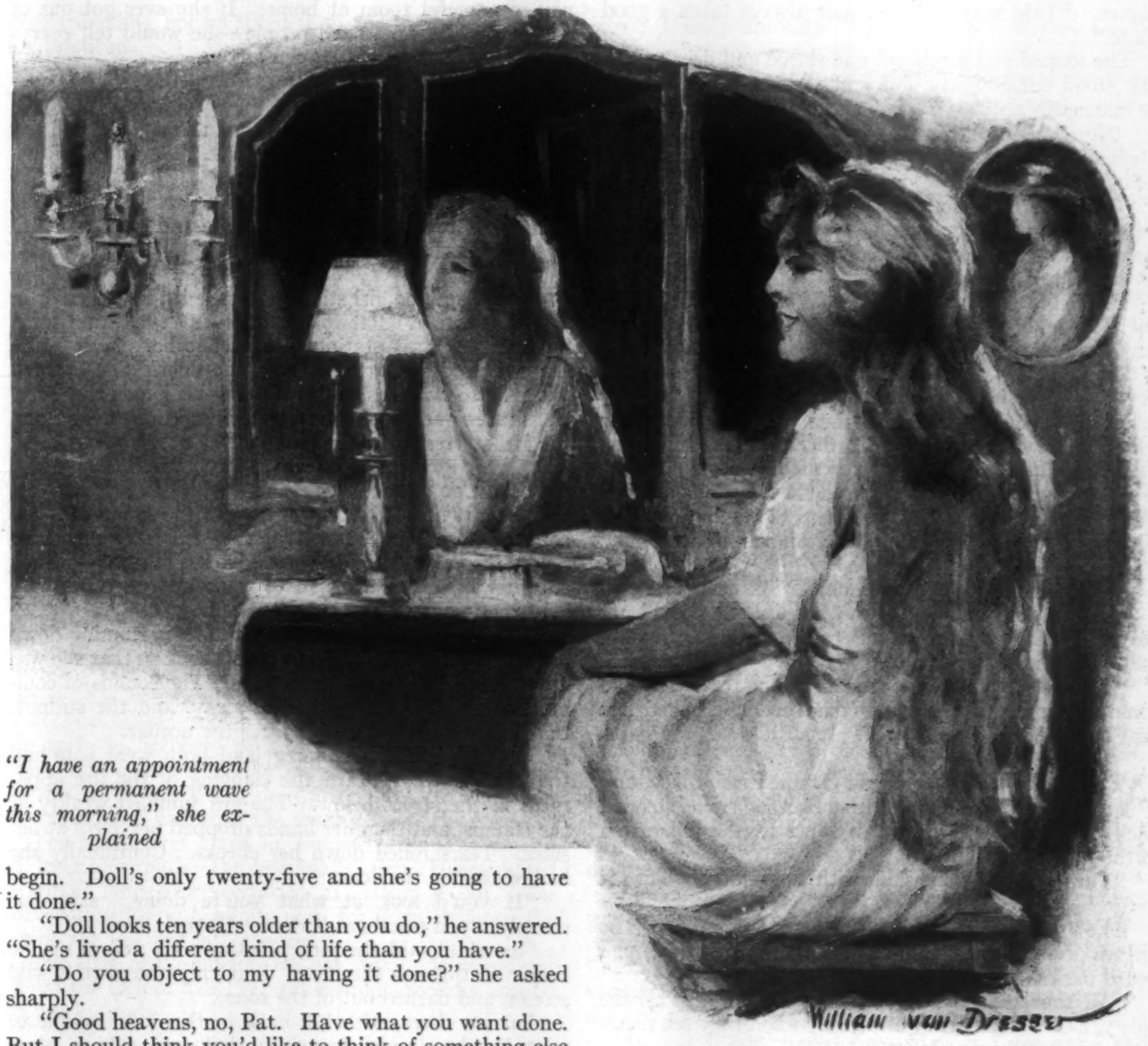
"Of course," he answered, with a grin. "Of course. But, heavens, girl, you don't need to have the skin peeled off your face in order to do me credit!"

"It's not face-peeling," she said. "It's something much newer and better. It leaves people with skin like rose-leaves. They look like children when it's over."

"But you look like a child now," he said.

She smiled tolerantly.

"I'm twenty-eight," she said, "and now is the time to



"I have an appointment for a permanent wave this morning," she explained

begin. Doll's only twenty-five and she's going to have it done."

"Doll looks ten years older than you do," he answered. "She's lived a different kind of life than you have."

"Do you object to my having it done?" she asked sharply.

"Good heavens, no, Pat. Have what you want done. But I should think you'd like to think of something else once in a while. Beauty—beauty all the time. I should think you'd get bored to death!"

She was adjusting her veil, leaning forward close to the mirror and carefully putting in invisible hairpins here and there.

"You don't understand," she said. "A woman wants above all else to be attractive. Most women's husbands *want* them to be attractive."

"Not if being attractive means the loss of something much more important from their lives," he said.

He turned and went out, closing the door very softly behind him.

Mrs. Etheridge stood a moment looking thoughtfully at the closed door. She wondered what he had meant by that last remark.

"No doubt he'd like me to have about six children, and lose my figure, and have my hair come out, and everything," she said to herself. "Time enough—time enough for that!"

And yet, he was right. Something had gone out of their lives—something warm and comforting that had been always with them in the early days of their marriage. She had taken the greatest pains to keep her appearance just as lovely as it had been when they were married, but something was gone.

She thought a good deal about it as she drove down the avenue to the hair-dresser's. And then, with a little shrug, she gave it up. It was only natural that people who had been married for years should grow used to each other. You couldn't expect to keep forever the first rapture of the honeymoon.

She sighed. All the more reason why she should take the greatest care of her appearance.

THE dapper little French hair-dresser came stepping out of the inner room, his toes pointed out. He bowed.

All was ready for madame. If she would just step this way—so. He ushered her through a curtained doorway into a small room where there was a chair reminiscent of the dentist. Over the chair hung a tangle of wires and plugs attached to the electric fixture in the ceiling.

Pat looked at it. She had heard from other people how terrified they had been when they were "waved," and she felt some reluctance to place herself in the chair of torture.

But, as it turned out, she was not directed to sit there. She must first sit in a low chair in the corner and have a shampoo. It was the rule. The shampoo girl, dressed in a long white apron like a doctor's operating-gown, drew out the hairpins and let Pat's heavy hair fall.

"Nice hair," she said, as she drew a lock through her

fingers. "This heavy kind of hair always takes a good wave."

She soaped and scrubbed, and rinsed and dried. The hair stood out now in a fluffy mass, almost too thick to be manageable.

"Now, madame, if you will sit in the waving-chair," she said; and Pat got up and placed herself under the dangling wires.

The little Frenchman, André, came bowing in. He too was wearing a doctor's gown. He took a comb from his pocket, and expertly parted a lock of hair at the front of Pat's head.

He tied the lock close to the head with a string, which he left dangling, and then he wound the hair tightly around a small metal rod and fastened it with the end of the string. It pulled—it pulled hard, and already Pat began to wish she were home.

From a bowl of water he then took a hollow tube which was soaking there with others like it. He fitted the tube deftly over the rod with the hair wound solidly around it, and there was a little click as the tube and rod were locked together with a clamp close to the head. Then he inserted in the end of the tube a plug that hung from one of the overhead wires.

"You want the 'ole 'ead, madame?" he asked. "Yes?"

Pat nodded, and then she bit her lip. She could not move even an eyelash without pain, so tightly was her hair wound around the rod.

"Yes," she said, and winked away the tears that had come to her eyes. She hadn't had her hair pulled like that since she was a little girl! It hurt.

AT last the wavers were all clamped into place, and the little Frenchman, with a satisfied smile, stepped back. Pat gave one horrified glance at the apparition in the mirror.

"Turn it away!" she said, with a shudder. "Turn it away!"

The Frenchman and his assistant smiled widely. The girl tipped the mirror down, so that only the rough board back was visible.

"All the lady," said André, with a shrug, "all the lady are the same. They are 'orrify when they see themself wired to the chandelier."

He gathered up the tubes and rods that were left, and went out. Pat sat perfectly rigid.

Her hair was wired fast to the chandelier. Her entire head bristled with the horrid rods, inclosed in their tubes and clamped together, and from each tube ran a wire that ended in the electric fixture overhead. She could not move an eyebrow without pain.

"How long?" she asked, rolling her eyes sidewise at the girl.

"Twelve minutes," was the calm reply. "Too hot?"

Pat had not thought of being too hot, but she felt that any attention would serve to distract her thoughts from this awful predicament that she had got herself into.

"Yes," she said.

The girl brought an electric fan, placed it on the table, and turned on the current. And then Pat began to be conscious that she *was* growing too hot.

"My head," she said—"isn't my hair beginning to burn?"

"Oh, no, madame," said the girl. "It can't burn. It is only the heat from the tube."

She took up a little tuft of cotton and tucked it under one of the tubes, where it pressed against the scalp.

"Is it nearly time?" asked Pat. She was pale and trembling. She felt a little sick and thought with longing of her peaceful room at home. If she ever got out of this place, she would tell people—she would tell everybody about permanent waving!

"It's only been two minutes," said the girl.

She sat down in a chair in the corner, and there was silence in the little room. And then through the stillness a high, panic-stricken voice rang out.

"Fire! Fire!" it shrieked.

The sound actually seemed to pierce the air. It seemed almost as if the silence broke and shattered into brittle pieces like glass.

THE shampoo girl stiffened as she sat in her chair in the corner. Pat rolled her eyes at her, and for a moment they sat staring into each other's face. The girl got up and started toward the door. She collided with André, who rushed in wringing his hands and emitting little squeaks of terror. He rushed out again, and the girl started after him.

"Don't leave me!" screamed Pat. "Don't leave me! You can't go and leave me like this!"

The girl turned back. There was the sound of much commotion in the outer room. People were rushing madly through. The girl turned back, panting with fear, and tremblingly she began to unclamp the tubes that held the waving-rods on Pat's head.

"Oh, God!" she kept saying, the tears running down her face. "Oh, God!" Her fingers shook so that she was a long time getting one tube loose. The sounds of commotion in the outer room died away, and the stillness that followed was appalling after the uproar.

Both girls were trembling, and both were pale and frightened. They heard the clanging of the fire apparatus in the street below. The girl fumbled weakly at the clamps, and then her hands dropped nerveless at her sides. Tears rolled down her cheeks. Continually she looked toward the door.

"If you'd look at what you're doing," said Pat sharply, "you could get it done. Hurry! Hurry!"

"Smoke!" said the girl, pointing to a veil of smoke that rose through the floor. Suddenly she gave a wild scream and dashed out of the room.

Pat sat there, with her back to the door, unable to turn her head, not knowing what was taking place behind her. Little eddies of smoke drifted into the room. Her heart beat so heavily that it almost suffocated her. She screamed loudly. She screamed again. But no one came.

And now her head was more than uncomfortably hot. The idiot—the fool of a girl—had not even turned off the current! She would be burned to death—if not in one way, in another.

Loud shouts and banging on the lower floors came up to her as she sat there. She screamed again; but no one came.

Her head was burning! Tears gathered in her eyes. If she did not get loose her head would be blistered. And even when it was blistered it would not stop burning. It would keep on as long as the current was turned on, and her flesh would be burned to a crisp.

If she had a pair of scissors she could cut off the hair. But she might as well wish for a gold-mine as for a pair of scissors.

There was a little gold knife in her beaded bag; if she could get that knife and could saw off her hair in time, she might be able at least to get out of the chair. She could not bend her head an inch, but she fumbled around until she found her bag where she had hung it on the arm of her chair.

She felt around in the bag and found the knife, and, holding it up before her eyes, she opened the blade and

with trembling fingers lifted it to the lock of hair over her forehead.

She wished now that they had left the mirror tipped so that she could see what she was doing. It was hard to know how to move the blade, with only the sense of touch to guide her. She sawed away slowly, for the knife was none too sharp. There was a feeling of relief at that particular spot on her head, and, feeling with her other hand, she found a stiff upstanding lock of hair, and above it the tube dangling free just over her head.

That was one—but there were twenty-four more! If only she could get them all sawed off in time, she might be able to get out.

She thought of Henry. Henry had been good to her. She had never appreciated him. If she ever got out of this place, she would make up to him for all her beastliness in the past. It was clear to her, as she sat there, that she had been beastly. But he had never found much fault with her. Perhaps she would die there, and then he would never know that she had felt sorry! People always had thoughts like these just before they died, she had heard.

She sawed away frantically, and two more tubes dangled free. She had to work fast now, for the heat was growing intolerable.

And then she dropped the knife! It fell on the floor beside her—and might as well have fallen out of the window. Her head was burning up! She gasped with horror. She screamed loudly—again and again.

Her brain was working fast and furiously now. She felt again in her bag, and found her gold vanity-box. There was a mirror in the cover of the box, and she thought if she could get the mirror out, she could saw off the locks of hair with the sharp edge of the glass.

The mirror was glued in, but by picking at it with her long fingernails—the fingernails that Henry hated to see so long—she succeeded in getting it out. She worked slowly and carefully now, for if she dropped the mirror she lost her last chance.

The edge of the mirror was not sharp. It would not saw off the lock of hair that was wound so solidly around the waving-rod.

SHE sobbed as she sat in that chair of horror. She must break the mirror to get a sharp edge, and, when she broke it, the pieces would fly away and she would be left helpless. If only she could move her head—but the slightest pull made the pain almost unbearable! She would be obliged to work without seeing what she was doing.

She held the mirror closely in the palm of her right hand, and brought it down with a sharp *whack* on the metal arm of the chair.

She closed her hand tightly over the pieces so that they should not fall to the floor, and laid them carefully in her lap, and fumbled among them for the largest piece.

She had better luck now, for the sharp edge of the glass sawed the hair off easily. The heat was intolerable. She wept aloud as she sat there alone, fighting for life, her foolish weapon a piece of glass from a gold powder-box.

She had lost count of the locks she had sawed off, but running her hand over her scalp she could feel the whole right side of her head covered with stiff bristles, so there could not be more than ten tubes to cut loose.

They sawed through more easily now, for the hair was beginning to burn in the tubes. It sizzled and burned, and she could smell it. Crisped by the heat as it was, it was an easy matter to saw through the locks.

She breathed fast. If only she didn't lose her nerve *now!* If only she didn't faint just when victory was in sight!

The room was growing smoky. Smoke crept up around the baseboard of the floor. Shouts and howls—orders from the firemen—reached her ears.

The last three locks of hair came loose at a touch. The hair was sizzling with a horrible smell. She was free! She bounded out of the chair, leaving her beautiful hair hanging from the chandelier, and ran to the door.

The wide corridor was empty and as silent as the grave. Billows of smoke rolled up the elevator-shaft. She rattled the door of the elevator. Useless! She ran madly up and down the hall.

There *was* a stairway. There *must* be a stairway. But she could not find it. The smoke grew thicker and thicker.

She ran toward the back of the building, and opened the door to what seemed to be a tailor shop. She ran to the window and looked out at a sheer brick wall. No escape there. But there was another window that opened on a narrow airshaft, and in the room beyond she could see an outside window, with the iron railing of a fireescape running across it.

PAT rushed out into the hall again, and tried the door of the next room, but it was locked. She ran back again, threw open the airshaft window, and looked across.

The air-shaft was not very wide, but she could not hope to get across it without some sort of bridge. She seized a long pressing-board that stood by a table, and tugged it to the window. The stone window-sill made a wide, solid foundation for it, but the board was heavy and she feared to drop it in trying to get it in position on the opposite sill.

Smoke began to roll up through the floor. Smoke was coming up the airshaft, too. But she must get across. She supported the heavy board on her shoulder. Carefully she guided it to the other sill. It seemed solid enough, but she gasped with fear as she stood up on the sill and placed a foot on it. It meant only three steps across, but if she missed one of those three steps she would drop six stories down into a closed well at the basement of the building.

Should she do it in a rush, or would it be better to do it slowly and carefully, a step at a time? In the end she did it with a rush; and just as her foot clung to the broad stone sill on the opposite side, the pressing-board fell with a clatter to the bottom of the airshaft.

She held on to a hook in the window-casing, breathing fast. It hadn't occurred to her till then that the window might be locked, and for an instant that seemed endless she hung there, afraid to touch it. Then she bent down, still clinging to the hook, and pushed at the lower sash. It was not locked. It slid slowly up, and she doubled over and drew herself through the space.

Outside a window on the other side of the room she saw the fireescape, and she rushed across the room and threw open the window. It was at the back of the building, and the iron stairway led down into the yard, where she would be safe.

BUT what was that sound behind her? A whimpering, a little whining noise, like a puppy shut up. If there was a dog here, she would have to find it and let the poor creature out.

She ran impatiently toward the corner of the room where the sound seemed to be. It wasn't a dog—it was a baby! A fat baby sat on the floor, barricaded from the rest of the room by a chair tipped over on its

side. He held some empty spools that had been given him to play with, and whimpered. He held up his short arms to her.

"Take," he said. "Take baby!"

He was very fat, and his head was covered with black curly hair. His mouth drooped pitifully as he held up his arms to her, and in a kind of daze she stooped and picked him up.

He cheered up immediately, and began to gurgle happily. She was very tired now, and her legs were trembling. She told herself that she was not afraid, but she was a little worn out from the strain. But she'd have to get out, on account of the baby. She'd *have* to.

Pat went to the open window and stepped out on the fireescape. It was a narrow iron stairway, and as she started down it with her heavy little burden, it seemed to her as if she were suspended between heaven and earth.

There were five long flights to go, and from the windows on the lower floor smoke and flames were shooting out.

Slowly, heavily, she got down two flights. She wasn't sure she could get past those windows where the fire was. But she would have to. She drew a deep breath and started again.

The baby, frightened at the fire, was quiet now. He wound his arms around her neck and hid his face on her shoulder. Two more flights! And then, oh horror! She saw that the last flight of stairs did not go down—it went straight across the building. The last flight of stairs was missing!

She sat down hopelessly and looked at it. Had she come all this way for nothing? She cried a little as she sat there. Then she became conscious that some one was shouting to her from the ground.

"Missis! Missis!" the excited voice came up to her. "Go on! You should go on! The stairs comes down as you gets near the end. It's on hinges, and it comes down as you steps on it. You should hang on tight and go on!"

She looked down. An excited little Jew was dancing about below her. It was the baby's father. He had gone out and left his baby safe in the corner of the tailor shop, and had come back to find the building in flames, roped off so that he could not enter.

Pat looked stupidly down at him. Then she got up and started out, as he had told her to do. Step by step she went on, holding tight to the baby and waiting for the awful feeling that she knew would come when the stairs went down with her.

IT was beginning to let down, and it made her sick and dizzy. She sat down, and the movement under her feet stopped. She couldn't go on—it was too sickening to feel the thing swinging under her feet!

"Missis! Missis!" screamed the man on the ground. "You should go on! I can't come up to you. You should go on and I catch you if you fall."

He danced excitedly underneath the stairway. She sighed deeply. This was like some long-drawn-out nightmare. She got up and went on, and the sickening movement under her feet went on, too. She could not cling to the railing, for she needed both hands to hold the heavy baby. She set her feet carefully on each step, and as her weight shifted, the stairs dropped lower. She was near the bottom, but she saw that the bottom was going to be quite a way from the ground. She looked down and went on. There was a sudden harsh grating as the iron mechanism settled into place with a jerk, and Pat was thrown forward upon Mr. Epstein, who was waiting there to catch her.

It was evening when Pat awoke, and she opened her eyes languidly and lay looking around the room where she was in bed. A shaded green light stood on a table at the opposite side of the room, and a rosy-cheeked little nurse sat reading near it.

Pat's eyes traveled around the bare white walls of the small room. She was in a hospital. There had been a fire. Her thoughts went slowly and laboriously back to the morning. Her hair! She put up one hand and passed it over her head. Short bristles covered her head. It felt like stubble—it must look like a field where the hay had been cut and gathered in. Her hair was gone—her beautiful honey-colored hair!

Slowly the details of the morning came back to her. They had gone out and left her there alone, wired fast to the chandelier, and then she had sawed her hair off, and she had crawled across an air shaft—

Suddenly she sat bolt upright.

"What became of my baby?" she asked sharply. "My baby—the one I carried down the fire-escape—what happened to him? He wasn't hurt, was he?"

THE little nurse came over and pressed her gently back on the pillows.

"He wasn't hurt a bit," she said. "He's quite safe—here in the Children's Ward."

"You're sure he wasn't hurt?" asked Pat. "At the last my legs sort of gave out, and I fell. Truly—truly—was he hurt?"

"Not one bit," answered the nurse. "He could have gone home with his father; but, to tell the truth, we couldn't pry his arms loose from your neck. He kicked his father and made such an uproar when we tried to take him from you that we just let him stay till he fell asleep, and then, as it was so late, we kept him here."

"He did hold on tight," said Pat. "I never knew before how tight a baby could hold on to you.

"What's the matter with *me?*" she asked. "My leg feels queer."

"Your ankle," answered Miss Collins. "The doctors made a careful examination, but couldn't find anything else wrong. But you've been sleeping steadily ever since they brought you in here at noon. Naturally, there is more or less exhaustion after such an experience. You ought to stay here quietly for a little while; you won't be able to walk for two or three weeks, with that ankle."

Pat lay quietly for a moment.

"Could I see that baby, do you think?" she asked.

"Well, not now. But in the morning you can, if you'll be good now and try to go to sleep again."

"Do you know," said Miss Collins, when she went off duty, "she never said one word about her hair! Only asked about that little baby that she carried out. She calls him *her* baby!"

"And didn't she say *anything* about her hair?"

"Not one word!"

"Well!"

But in the night the other nurse heard her crying, and she got up and went over to her.

"My hair," she was saying, "my hair—my beautiful hair—all gone!"

The night nurse turned on the light, gave her a drink of water, turned over the pillow and plumped it up.

"Do you know," she said, "my mother had a wonderful method of making the hair grow. I bet we could make your hair come in again in less than two months, if we tried it."

Pat wiped her eyes. "What is it?" she asked dolefully.

"Kerosene oil," answered the nurse. "With hair as short as yours it wouldn't be mussy or unpleasant at all. We soak the head with kerosene every night, and then in the morning wash it out."

"Kerosene!" said Pat, wrinkling up her little nose.

"I bet I could have your hair two inches long at the end of a month! Let me try it, will you?" asked the nurse enthusiastically.

She loved beauty culture, and burned to try all her arts on her friends.

"I dread to have my husband see me," said Pat, with a fresh burst of tears. "He's away for three weeks. Do you suppose you could make it grow a little in three weeks?"

"I know I could," said Miss Tweedie. "And let me tell you something else. Kerosene will make it curly! Yessir! Curly! In three weeks you'll have little curls all over your head! Oh, *do* let me try it, Mrs. Etheridge."

"All right," said Pat, smiling in spite of herself at the nurse's enthusiasm. "All right."

And they began immediately, for Miss Tweedie never did things half way, but always began at the beginning and went right through.

In the morning, after the kerosene had been washed out, and Pat had been bathed and dressed and settled comfortably for the day, the rosy-cheeked little day nurse held up one finger for silence.

"What do I hear?" she said, smiling.

There was a commotion in the hall. Loud shouts of "Missis! Missis!" And Miss Stoll, the head of the Children's Ward, came into view with young Isidore Epstein in her arms. He gave Miss Stoll a hearty blow on the side of her head when he saw Pat, and threw himself violently toward her.

"Missis! Missis!" he said, and he held out his two short fat arms toward her, and shook his hands furiously up and down.

Pat took him in her arms, and he sighed deeply. He wound his arms around her neck and buried his face in her shoulder. He sighed again.

Pat looked down at him through a mist of tears. She felt a little ashamed of her tears, and winked them away and looked up at the two nurses who stood looking at them.

"You know," she said, "I never had a baby hold on to me like that before. And isn't he soft and warm?"

She snuggled him up close to her, and he uncovered one eye and smiled shyly up at her, and then hid his face on her shoulder again.

"Well, that's all right," said Miss Collins; "but how are we going to get him away again?"

"I thought of that," answered Miss Stoll. "It's nearly time for his nap, and he can go to sleep here, and then we can take him back, just as we did yesterday."

So young Isidore stayed with Pat, and they spent a happy hour getting acquainted. He did not know many words, and she taught him to say "How do" and "Good-by."

THE days went by, and young Isidore stayed at the hospital; for Pat had arranged to pay for him, and his father, who came one day and wept and kissed her hand, was relieved to have the baby stay where he was so well cared for.

"My wife died three months ago," Mr. Epstein told Pat, speaking in a dignified way, in his careful English. "She died, and I couldn't bear to give up the baby. So every day I took him with me to the shop. It was my cousin who kept that shop, and he let me bring the baby and put him in the inside room. I used to put him in the corner with some spools, and he was good all day. He is a good baby—Isidore."

"You didn't run out and forget him that day of the fire?" said Pat.

"Missis!" said Epstein, horrified. "Missis! How can you say such a thing! I was sent out on an errand. I was gone a long time. Everything was all right when I left. Isidore had just had his bottle of milk. When I came back the whole place was burning up and the doorways roped off. I thought of the fire-escape and ran around in the back—but I couldn't reach the lowest stairway."

There was a little silence.

"Oh, Missis," said Epstein, as he wiped his forehead, "when I saw you come out on that railing with my baby in your arms, you looked just like the angels in heaven to me."

Pat looked at him through a mist of tears. She swallowed a lump that came up into her throat. She drew Isidore close to her, and he patted her face with one fat hand and said, "How do, Missis?" as she had taught him to do.

"He's a darling baby," she said.

"Missis," said Epstein, leaning closer to her and speaking in a whisper. "Missis, I don't know if

Two more flights! And then, oh horror! The last flight of stairs was missing!

they told you. That room where Isidore was sitting was all burned up, and the floor fell through. Nothing was left—nothing at all!"

They stared at each other for a moment. Then Pat broke out into wild sobbing, and Miss Collins rose and sent Epstein out of the room with a murmured reproof for exciting her patient.

THE quiet, uneventful days went by, and Miss Tweedie worked like a Trojan, as she said, over Pat's hair. It *did* grow under the kerosene treatment, just as she had said it would. And it actually grew curly, too.

Each day Pat examined it in the hand mirror, and smiled to see the short honey-colored ringlets that were beginning to cover her head.

She wrote often to Henry. She said nothing of the fire, and he wrote placidly back that he hoped the beauty treatment was progressing satisfactorily.

He stayed away another two weeks, five weeks in all, for which Miss Tweedie gave thanks, for she took great pride in her work as a hair culturist and she wanted the new hair to be at least two inches long when "Friend Husband" (as she insisted on calling Mr. Etheridge) arrived.

And then, one day, Henry came.

"Pat!" he said. "Darling child! I've just heard about the fire. Pat—"

He leaned down and put his arms around her, and their lips met in a long kiss.

"All my hair's gone, Henry," she said ruefully. "I look awful, I know. I left all my beautiful hair hanging from their horrid old waving-machine."

"You look beautiful," he said, his hands at each side of her face. "You look younger and more beautiful than ever. You look like a little girl again!"

Young Isidore, who had been sitting on the foot of the bed, playing with a woolly lamb that Pat had given him, came crawling up over the counterpane on his hands and knees, and dealt Henry a hearty blow on the side of his face.

He glared up at him jealously.

"How do, Missis?" he said, as he crept into Pat's arms and wound his arms around her neck.

Henry straightened up and looked at him.

"Who *is* your friend?" he asked.

"Why, it's my baby—the baby that I carried down the fire-escape," said Pat.

"Oh," said Henry. "I see."

Isidore glared at him.

Henry looked carefully at the baby. Suddenly he grinned.

"Cloaks and suits, aind't it?" he asked, rubbing one hand over the other.

Pat laughed a little, but she gathered Isidore close and snuggled him up to her.

"Isn't he a handsome child?" she asked. "Henry—honestly now, don't you think he's a very handsome baby?"

Henry looked at him, his head on one side, carefully considering the matter.

"Well," he said, at last, "he's all right; he's a good-looking kid. But an Etheridge baby—almost any kind of an Etheridge baby—would have him tied to the post as far as good looks go."

Their eyes met and clung together for a long moment.

"But I've never seen an Etheridge baby—yet," said Pat.

I Never Knew

By Dixie Willson

WHEN you were singing all around my house,
I never heard you. When you smiled at me,
I never saw the sunlight in your eyes;
Just part of every day you seemed to be.

I never heard your happy little feet,
I never felt your touch of tenderness.
I never knew that every day and night
Began and ended with your dear caress.

I never knew that when the sky was dark
My stars were just the kisses from your lips.
I never knew—till you were gone—and now
I'd sell my soul to touch your finger-tips!

"The Gift," by Ernest L. Blumenschein, president of the Taos Society of Artists, awarded the National Arts Club 1923 medal

The Taos Indian, in his white deerskin robe, is distinctive among the brightly blanketed tribes

What Is to Become of the Pueblo Indian?

America's Opportunity to Practise at Home Her Ideals for Little Peoples

By Alida Sims Malkus

IN the early part of November, 1922, there was a great stir-up of feeling among New Mexico Americans, both the white and the copper-colored. For the first time in two hundred and fifty years, the Pueblo Indians joined forces to make a fight for their lands and communal lives. Not since the great Pueblo uprising against the Spaniards in 1689 had these Indians been united in a common cause.

In September, 1922, a bill purporting to settle the century-old dispute between the Indians and the white settlers on their lands was introduced in the Senate by Senator Bursum of New Mexico, and passed by that body.

In December the bill was recalled for further consideration and a bill which did not differ materially from it was introduced in the House by Representative Snyder.

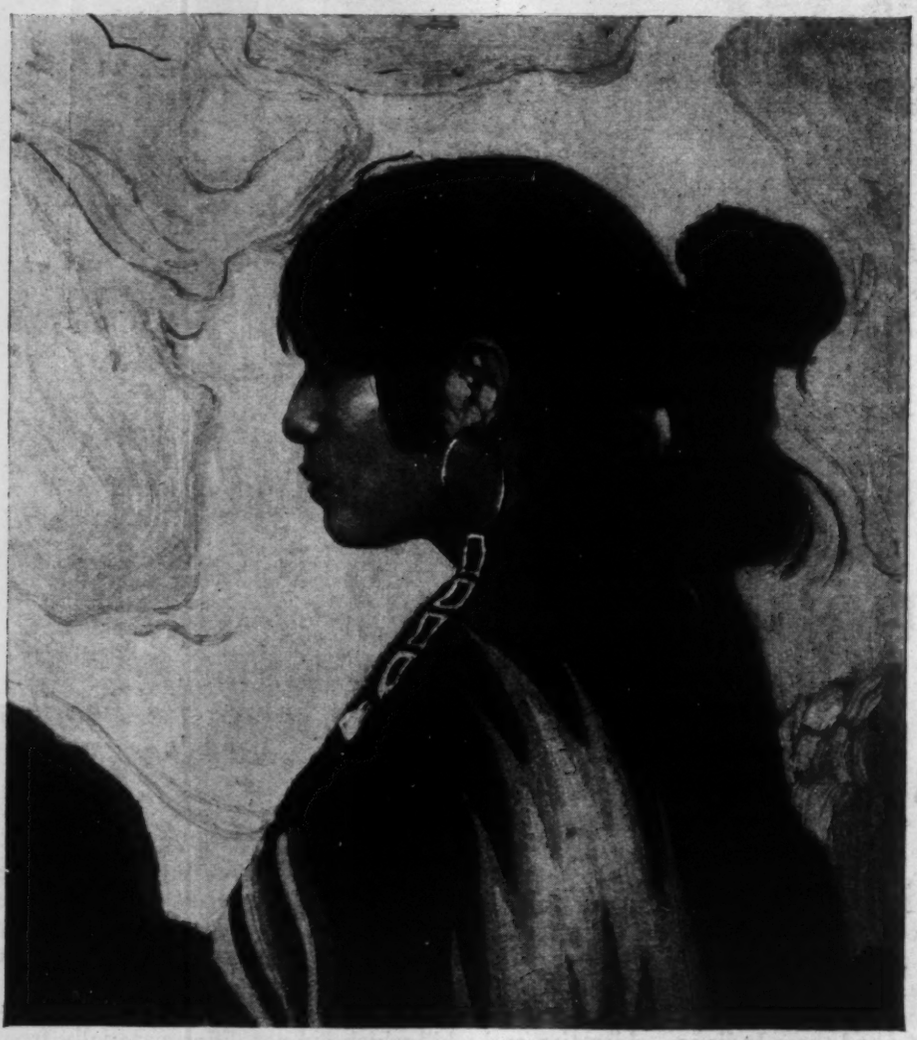
The Bursum bill would take approximately 60,000 of the 70,000 arable acres within the twenty pueblo grants and give them to non-Indian claimants. It would make it mandatory upon the United States District Court of New Mexico to grant title to the non-Indians on the basis of a land survey made six years ago, which recorded the lands claimed without investigation into the justice of the claims. As a matter of fact, the survey was made at the request of the Indian Bureau to compile information of claims against the Indians, so that it might proceed against "squatters" and expel them from Indian lands.

But the Indian Bureau did nothing with the survey, and for six years it lay in the files of the General Land Office at Washington until it was revived in 1922.

Although the Commissioner of Indian Affairs was so illy informed as to announce that the Pueblos were in favor of it, the bill aroused intense fear and opposition in every Pueblo Indian's breast. A council was called at Santo Domingo, and from the far-scattered pueblos (towns) came one hundred and twenty delegates and eight governors. Traveling across deserts, through blue mountain-passes, afoot and on horse, in wagons and in automobiles, they came—young men with thick, cropped locks, and old men carrying the silver-topped canes given the pueblos by Lincoln.

Through a day and a night they sat in the council-room, a long chamber with whitewashed walls, where through blue smoke wreaths glowed bright blankets, the ceremonial costume of the governors, the stately, white-draped figures of the Taos delegates. Silver and turquoise ornaments flashed, and the bright eyes of the Indians. There the terms of the Bursum bill were interpreted in the five tongues spoken by the tribes.

Many white friends of the Pueblos were admitted to this council, and organized at once to work with them. The National Federation of Women's Clubs had been at work since the passage of the bill, Rotary clubs joined in, a Western Association of Indian Affairs was formed; an Eastern Association followed. Many distinguished people, including writers and painters who have lived among the Pueblos, signed a protest, while the Indians themselves sent out an appeal to the American people. The fight was opened on the ground that the bill would rob the Indian and destroy the pueblos, while being costly to non-Indian settlers.



"Albeida of Taos," by E. L. Blumenschein, wears the head-dress of the Pueblo Indian maiden

Indians' Per Capita Income, $25

WHEN, in 1680, the great Southwest came completely under the control of Spain, that country granted to the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, inalienable domains that amounted to about 17,000 acres of land for each of the twenty pueblos that had a total of at least thirty thousand inhabitants.

It can not be known exactly how much of the 340,000 acres thus granted was irrigable. The greater part is non-irrigable and grazing land and much of the land once cultivated by the Indians has long since become waste for lack of water. But when the Conquistadores came the Pueblos were flourishing and prosperous.

To-day there remains to these Indians, who number fewer than ten thousand, not more than an acre a person of irrigable lands, although twelve acres are considered the minimum for a white man to support himself upon in that country, and the Pueblos are a purely agricultural people. Non-Indians occupy 60,000 acres of the best irrigated pueblo lands, representing hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the Indians themselves have the use of about 10,000 acres.

For the first time in their history, three pueblos of a hitherto independent, self-supporting people had to accept rations from the government in order to avoid actual starvation last winter. According to the figures compiled by the Western Association on Indian Affairs, all of the other pueblos are in great poverty; Pecos is extinct, Pojuaque virtually so, Picuris is disappearing. The average annual income per capita from all sources is between $15 and $38.

From time immemorial, the Indians have lived on the land, raising their crops in the watered valleys; chanting songs of wild primordial beauty; celebrating the seasons, as they passed over their fields, in brilliant, colorful dances reflecting earth and sky; glorifying the nature cycle in which their whole existence is wrapped; weaving their blankets, painting their pottery. They are living representatives of that great Aztec culture which spread northward to their forefathers.

"Mother and Daughter," by Walter Ufer, Taos Society of Artists

Pueblo women carrying their gorgeously decorated water-jars

The peaceful agricultural Pueblo Indian tribes are community dwellers, living in terraced houses. They conceived in antiquity, and have perfected through the centuries, a workable form of communism. The land belongs to the pueblo as a whole. Each man cultivates what he can, or what he wishes. This is workable for them because of their gentle, ungrasping natures.

For perhaps a hundred years the Indians have lived like this, learning little of our civilization, but knowing more of many arts than we can ever show them. Indeed, we have much to learn from them.

An Ancient Civilization

THE Conquistadores found them thus, twenty separate little nations, complete democracies. The Spaniards found that the Pueblos were the only Indians among whom there were no chiefs, but instead elected governors to preside over the pueblos and their councils. They found the Indians monogamous, most moral, habitually soft of voice and gentle of speech; philologists find their tongues very musical. It is a part of Pueblo culture to speak so. The children of the Pueblos are never harshly reprimanded, nor struck; yet they are strangely obedient and respectful to their elders.

The Pueblos made cloth; they built houses of architectural beauty and simplicity; their ceremonial dances are pageants of riotous color, amazingly decorative; their applied designs alone are bewildering in variety and individuality. The poems of the Pueblos will be America's sagas; their arts are a true expression of soil and environment. This is the distinctive and indigenous art of America—a priceless gift of our country.

There has been nothing else in America like the healthy survival of their beautiful primitive life. The Pueblo Indian comes nearer the ideal existence that Russeau credited to man in a state of nature than ever did the South Sea Islanders he had read about in Captain Cook's voyages.

The gentle Pueblos made warfare only in self-defense against the roving plains Indians, the Comanches and the Utes. American troops found them formidable as warriors; but in 1849, when the disarmed Indians of Taos fled naked to the hills, they were fired upon and slaughtered ruthlessly before they could gain refuge.

They are wonderfully good, and happy when they are given half a chance. San Ildefonso, though in a

Delegates and governors from the Indian pueblos presenting their claims to the Senate Committee on Public Lands at the hearing held in Washington in January

starving condition, still is producing new and beautiful pottery and water-color paintings which our foremost artists find delightful. The Pueblos are worth cherishing as perhaps the most marvelous ethnological exhibit in the world; also there is something to be said for good faith in the dealings of the government of the United States.

Spanish grants to the Pueblos were confirmed by Mexico, and again in 1866 by the American government in an Act of Congress. Abraham Lincoln, in his first administration, signed patents of land tenure for each of the pueblos, and presented to each pueblo governor a silver-topped cane as a token of Indian ownership of the land. Since that time the canes have been symbols of authority, and have been handed down from one pueblo governor to another; they are always carried when authority is exercised, and at the Santo Domingo council were significant with meaning.

Two women of the pueblo of Isleta, who speak a tongue the origin of which baffles philologists

The Indian council was a major influence in getting the Bursum bill recalled and having a new bill presented by Senator Jones of New Mexico.

The Jones bill was drawn up with full consideration of the Indians' own ideas and requests—ideas and requests that on their face show a singular generosity and spirit of fair dealing.

The Indians do not wish to dispossess anciently settled communities upon their lands; they have already ceded many town sites, but wish each claim to be settled upon its merits.

The Jones bill provided for a court of Pueblo Indian land claims, to consist of three justices appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, each claim to be decided upon its own peculiar evidence, and the government to have the right of appeal from decisions. The bill also carried appropriations for drainage and irrigation projects, already worked out by the Indian Bureau, to the extent of $905,000.

Pueblo governors carrying the silver-headed canes that Abraham Lincoln presented to their predecessors as tokens of the government's pledge to protect the Pueblos' lands

Throughout the region occupied by the Pueblos the old ditches constructed by their ancestors are still in use, even in white communities trespassing on the land. The Indian Irrigation Bureau has held many feasible projects ready for the past ten or twelve years. The Jones bill provided for their execution.

The Pueblos' Protest in the Senate

LAST January the chief Pueblo men, carrying their canes, appeared before the Senate Committee on Public Lands, to present their protest against the Bursum bill and their desire for the Jones bill or some similar legislation.

Two ancient vessels of Pueblo pottery in the Museum of the American Indian, New York City

An old parchment deed, signed by the Spanish Governor Maynez about 1690—and still preserved in the pueblo of San Juan—says: "No one can sell or trade this land, and no judge can pass on the title for sale. No Spanish Governor has the right to alienate these your lands." All of the proof goes to show Spain's intention to secure all these grants forever to the Indian.

Congress, in issuing patented titles to the Indians in 1866, renounced all government rights to the lands, and stipulated that the Pueblos could not dispose of or sell their lands, which are owned communally. There was a proviso that the confirmation of pueblo grants "shall not affect any adverse valid rights, should such exist." Later the Supreme Court of the United States ruled that no Indian had the right, nor ever had, to dispose of his land, nor had any pueblo that right.

But nothing has stopped the "squatting" on Indian lands which has been going on for more than a century. Some of the trespassers claim to hold valid Spanish grants conflicting with the pueblo grants, or purchase titles from the Indians themselves; but few have any proof other than oral assertions.

Occasionally Pueblo women married Spanish or Mexican men, and allotments of land were lent to them; but the descendants of these marriages might refuse to give up the property that should rightfully revert to the pueblo. To complicate all other varied and conflicting claims, land dealers have bought up ancient deeds, the validity of which is a question for the courts to settle, presumably with a view of becoming landlords of large areas should the titles be cleared.

The Indian has continually sought to have disputes over land and water rights settled. Since he is a ward of the government and therefore considered a minor, he can not carry any matter into court but must appeal through the United States Indian attorney.

An instance of how things go is the Pajuate purchase case. More than a hundred years ago, the pueblo of Laguna purchased outright from Mexicans 20,000 acres of land. Squatters moved on the land, and seven years ago they brought suit against the Indians. A Spanish-American district judge decided in favor of the settlers. The government neglected to appeal the case for the Indians until a year elapsed and the case was outlawed, thus contributing to robbing the Indians irrevocably of land they had paid for.

Six years ago a survey was made by the General Land Office of all lands within pueblo grants in New Mexico occupied by non-Indian claimants. The survey, made by a surveyor named Joy and named after him, was undertaken at the request of the Indian Bureau, which desired accurate knowledge of the claims against the Indians in order better to proceed against the claimants.

It was never held that these surveys made any effort to settle title, and on each map of the surveys in the

Courtesy of the Museum of the American Indian, Heye Foundation

A Pueblo woman molding pottery

General Land Office to-day it is expressly stated that the purpose was merely to show the boundaries claimed, and that the claims made could not be considered proof or evidence of title. The survey showed some 60,000 acres occupied by non-Indians.

The Bursum bill would require the United States District Court for New Mexico to accept the claims of boundaries made in the Joy survey as *prima facie evidence of title*. The bill made that settlement permanent, permitting no appeal.

Opponents of the Bursum bill say that this legislation takes disputed land from the Indian without due process of law—does not even allow the Indian to make a defense in court of his claims to the land.

Objections to the Bill

THE Bursum bill also would provide that Indians be compensated for lands that have been taken from them "without color of title" prior to 1900, but made no appropriation for this compensation. The Indians say: "If the land does not legally belong to us, why should we receive compensation? And if it does belong to us, why should we be forced to part with it?"

Purporting to deal only with land disputes, the bill included a measure providing that all civil disputes and internal affairs of the pueblo, which for centuries have been settled by the Indians in their own tribunals, should be carried into the United States courts of the district. The Indians and their friends say that such a measure would deal a last blow at the independence, pride, and unity of the Pueblo Indian; that, starved out of the pueblos to work for the white man, the Pueblo maidens servants in the white man's house, the tie of self-government broken, the customs of the tribes, their songs, ceremonies, and arts, would be discarded and forgotten—lost to the Indian and lost to the world.

Contact with a higher civilization already has caused many changes, some good and some bad; but so tenaciously does the Indian cling to his customs, he loves the ways of his people with such a fierce pride of race, that there is a fair chance that he may preserve the identity of a distinguished native American people, even against the surrounding pressure of such a civilization as ours.

The Pueblos have a future. They are not to be considered a moribund race who should in decency be allowed to die a natural death. Since they have demonstrated how they can produce under unfavorable conditions, with a square deal their chances are indeed bright. The pueblo of Zuñi received a reservoir twelve years ago, and since then they have increased their productive acreage from 700 to 8,900 acres. The white man near by has not done half so well.

And Indian crafts are developing. You realize this as you watch the pretty girl at Santa Clara as she shapes the beautiful black glazed pottery for which her pueblo is celebrated. Fresh notes in design are evolved, better technique is gained in molding, decorating, and firing Indian ceramics.

What people have a more happy name for their clowns and entertainers than the Pueblo Indians? The "delight-makers" (*koshare*) are the cheerful band who amuse the clans on their great *fiesta* days. It is only the delight-makers who can make the solemn dignity of the Indian relax into roars of laughter. The portly matron shakes, the old man's features are lost in a sea of wrinkles, at the delicious buffoonery of the *koshare* as they trot burlesquing around the plaza in the interludes of the ceremonial dance.

It is for this vivid and vital gaiety, as well as for their extreme picturesqueness, that so many people seek the Pueblo Indian of New Mexico. They bring to New Mexico not only visitors, but a superior class of residents, as witness two colonies of artists and ethnological investigators. The State is the richer financially as well as esthetically for their presence, and their prosperity will add prosperity to the State, and hence the nation, which has already gained so much from their existence.

Many visitors watching the famous *fiesta* of San Geronimo at Taos, or the corn dance at Santo Domingo, do not realize that these merry-makers who freely dispense the hospitality of the pueblo to red men and white men alike are very poor, and able to live through the winter only by the utmost frugality.

But this customary hospitality is as nothing compared to the greater generosity that the Indian has always shown in connection with his lands, and continues to show in his present proposals.

During the hearings on the Indian land question in February, a compromise of the Bursum and Jones bills, to determine the validity only of titles through a commission of three to be appointed by the President, was virtually agreed upon by the Senate sub-committee. The Senate committee opposed allowing an appropriation for irrigation—but unless water is restored to the Indian his problem remains unsolved.

Tesuque, for example, a pueblo lying in the center of one of the most fertile and best watered sections of New Mexico, not far from Santa Fé, has gradually been stripped of its water rights, and last summer not a drop of water came down the hereditary ditch. The red men coaxed a tiny trickle of water from the now dry bed of the Tesuque River, and by a clever system of tiny fanlike ditches diverted it to different plots. But even then not enough to feed one man was raised.

Unless water storage is made possible, there can not be enough water for both Indian and white settlers. Were the projects of the Indian Irrigation Bureau carried out, there would be plenty of water for all, and this would remove the chief cause of disputes over land.

An Indian Document

HERE is an appeal from Acoma, that prehistoric town of terraced houses built upon a high rock that rises sheer from a vast surrounding plain:

"The Acomas held here, this 13th November, at Acomita, in the year 1922, a meeting: there met the Chief of Acoma and all his principal men and his officers. Willingly we will stand to fight against the Bursum bill, which by this time we have discovered and understood.

"Our white brothers and sisters: this bill is against us, to break our customs, which we have enjoyed, living on in our happy life.

"It is very much sad indeed to bear, and to know, and to lose our every custom of the Indians of this world of men.

"Therefore we are willing fully to join to the others our pueblo, where we may beat out the Bursum bill for the benefit of our children and of our old people and of all our future.

"We have held a meeting, assembling yesterday in the school-house all day long. The meeting was very good. Every person was sworn, and each did say that he is willing to help right along from now on.

"Yes, sir, we are all glad to do so! to help through the name of our great God and to help those who are trying to stand for us, our American honorable people.

"This is all very much appreciated, and thanks for the help, and signed with all our names: we, the chiefs of said Acomas."

The Bad Boy

In Which the Question Arises, "How Far Are Parents Responsible When Children Go Wrong?"

By Elizabeth G. Stern

A sudden smile revealing toothless gaps in his mouth flashed on Jimmy's freckled face

JIMMY MORRISON'S father gave him up at the mature age of nine. The neighbors feared him. All the little boys for blocks around adored and admired him. They said, in his family, that he was the dirtiest, lyingest, most disrespectful child ever born. And finally his mother consented to her husband's insistent demand that he be taken to court, where they would "put him away."

That was how Probation Officer Dixon came into Jimmy's life. Probation Officer Dixon was big and square. He had tanned cheeks and direct brown eyes. Perhaps he looked boyish and unheroic; but there were more than a hundred youngsters who loved him as boys love a hero and a leader and a friend. Probation Officer Dixon had a way with boys that one could not define nor explain nor imitate. He did not scold nor browbeat nor even threaten. He did a very simple thing: he just loved boys and believed in them. And he even believed in Jimmy Morrison, the very first time he saw him in the interviewer's office.

Jimmy had very bright, very keen blue eyes, a snub nose, and freckled cheeks. He was tall for his age, and his fingers were most amazingly dirty. A sudden smile revealing toothless gaps in his mouth had flashed upon Jimmy's face as his blue eyes met Charles Dixon's brown ones—a smile certainly not warranted by what his mother was telling about him just then.

Mrs. Morrison sketched some of the high lights in Jimmy's life. They were rather startling for his ten years. For example, there was the day she had punished him by safely locking him in his uncle's room, with nothing on but his night-shirt, and on her return found that Jimmy had flown by way of the window; through which, it developed later, he went—adequately dressed in his uncle's bathing-trunks and a sweater—to a pawnshop, where he casually "hocked" his relative's tennis shoes for funds to enjoy a day's outing with his chum, Nick Carnotti.

However, in spite of all this, Probation Officer Dixon said quietly that he was sure Jimmy was all right, and watched the boy go back with his mother. Mr. Dixon became Jim's friend, and visited him regularly.

He Believed in Him

MR. DIXON continued to believe in Jim. Twice, after that first day, he interceded for him. The first time was just a plain case of "bagging school"—truancy. The elephants and tigers and lions and the strange beasts of the jungle and prairie and mountain who live peacefully in the zoo had been more fascinating to Jimmy than dull school books on the tangy spring afternoons. And Mr. Dixon seemed to understand.

Yet again he lent him a helping hand the time Jimmy succumbed to the irresistible temptation of the movies. That was the time when Jim had felt particularly injured and abused. Had he not earned seventy-five cents shoveling snow, and had not his father appropriated the money for some mysterious purpose of his own beyond the ken of a boy, and was it not only poetic justice that parental injustice should be requited? If Jimmy had reasoned it out, perhaps that would have been his explanation of why he stole a quarter from his mother's housekeeping money to go to the movies with Nick Carnotti.

Mr. Morrison had loudly declared the boy was a thief. Mr. Dixon, though, again saw that Jimmy was given a chance at home on probation.

Then came the offense that finally sent Jimmy to the Boys' Protectory, and justified all his father had feared of him. The charge was a really serious one—robbery. It was on a dark, raw morning. The milkman was clattering his bottles on the wooden stoops when Jimmy slipped into his bed. The sleepy sun had just watched him and Nick Carnotti crawl out of the loft of the schoolhouse toilet. The milkman, when he passed Mike Dorgan's plumbing shop, saw a litter of splintered glass on the pavement, and Mike Dorgan himself prowling frantically in his smashed bulk window, counting his losses in lead pipe and spigots.

The identity of the perpetrators of the crime was veiled from justice for just twelve hours. At six o'clock that evening Jimmy and Nick were caught and arrested while trying to get away with the remainder of the loot. John, the junkman down near the river, had bought most of it.

Jimmy and Nick and John the junkman appeared in court. John the junkman himself did not have the opportunity to tempt small youngsters for at least a year after that hearing; and Jimmy left his parental home to try an institutional home, in which there were scores of other lads, some without parents, and some with mothers and fathers like Jim's, who did not know how to maintain a home, nor how to shelter and train the sturdy little shoots of manhood until they grew up.

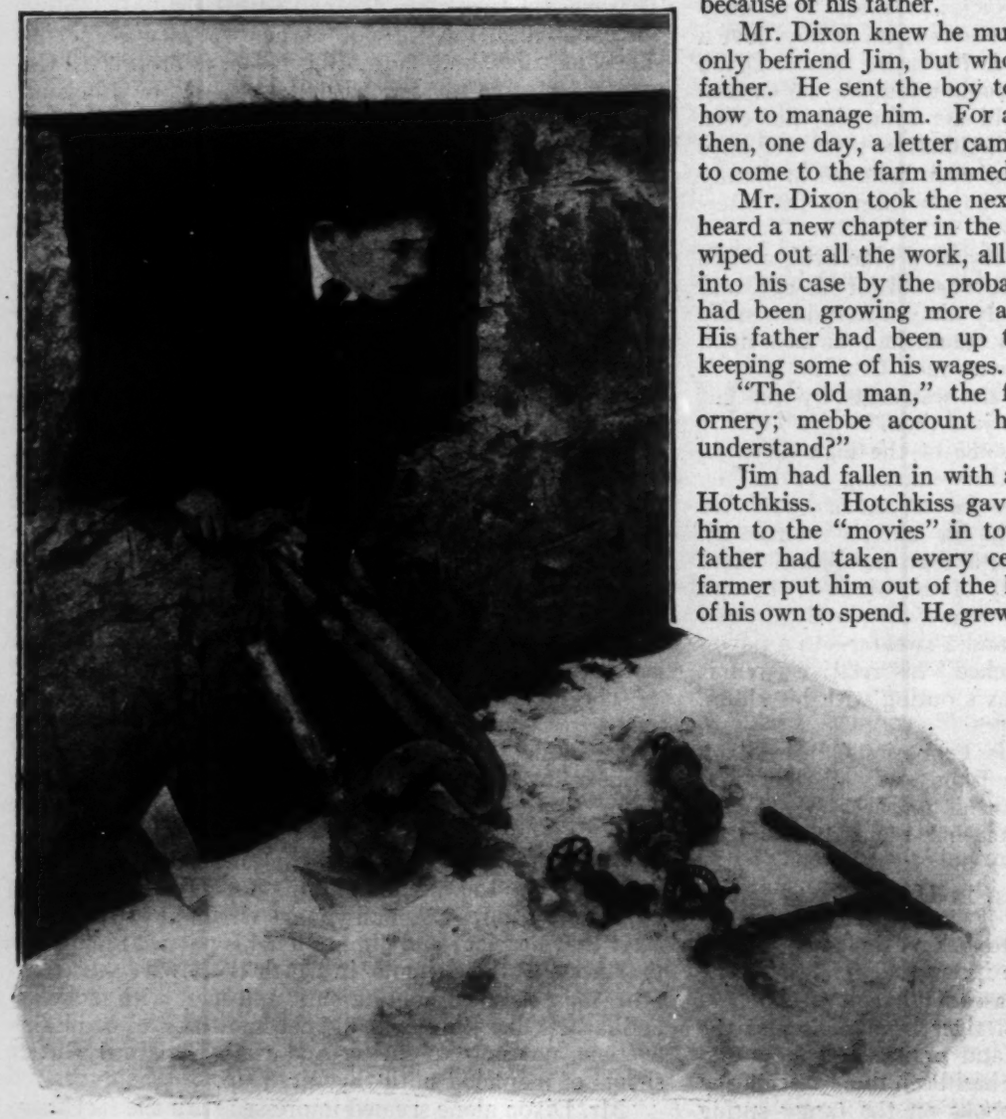
Mr. Dixon alone seemed impressed with the fact that Jimmy's home had failed him. Mr. Morrison said: "Mr. Dixon, that boy's bad. I'm a poor man. I work

steady; I work hard. I have to pay twelve and a half dollars through the court for that stuff Jim took. I had to sell our phonograph to get the money. Mr. Dixon," he declared, "I'll never let that boy in the house again. I wash my hands off'n him!"

And yet, in the Protectory, despite the blackness of his record outside, every teacher and matron could find nothing to say about Jimmy—except that they loved him. No sooner was he taken away from his home than he seemed to become another boy.

A year had gone by when the Protectory people wrote that Jimmy ought no longer to be kept in an institution—that he ought to have his chance in the real, living world outside. That was exactly what Mr. Dixon also knew. With the assistance of the court employment bureau, which finds places for boys in the country, a job was found for Jim, a job in the open, where his boyish energy would have free play. Mr. Dixon spent a long time before he chose just the home he wanted for Jim. He went to the judge, who approved his plan; and from him he went to Jimmy's home. The parents couldn't understand his foolhardiness in taking a boy from the walls of the Protectory to place him unguarded in the freedom of outdoors. But his enthusiasm and his faith finally broke down their objections.

Afterward the court worker remembered how Jimmy stood waiting at the station to go off to the farm. His cheeks were blazing, his eyes like blue sapphires in his face, and every now and then he flashed a smile that had no apparent reason at all. He was for all the world like Jack in the fairy tale who went forth to seek his fortune. He wore an old frayed coat of his father's, but under that flapped his first long trousers. Neither his father nor his mother came to see him off, and Jimmy felt the neglect keenly. Mr. Dixon noticed this, but was wisely silent.



The offense that finally sent Jimmy to the Protectory was a serious one—robbery

Jimmy on the Farm

THE court worker made regular visits to his boy on the farm. He saw Jim grow brown and hardy. The farmer's weekly reports were glowing ones. The family loved the boy. Month after month passed, and the future looked rosy for Jim. And then a hurried telegram came announcing that Jim had run away.

Out on the farm the people told why. Mr. Morrison had broken into the picture of that bright countryside with Jimmy and the horses and wagons he loved. Jimmy had sent his father part of the eight dollars a month he earned. And his father had come and pestered the boy—he wanted to know why he didn't send more money home. He demanded all the boy earned. Jimmy first pleaded, then sullenly obeyed—and then he ran away. Jim's father had the law on his side. Mr. Dixon pressed his lips together. But he found the boy, and looked up another farm for him. And Jim ran away again. He ran away three times in two years, and each time it was because of his father.

Mr. Dixon knew he must find people who would not only befriend Jim, but who would protect him from his father. He sent the boy to the Harts. Mr. Hart knew how to manage him. For a year all went smoothly, and then, one day, a letter came asking the probation officer to come to the farm immediately.

Mr. Dixon took the next train. At the Hart farm he heard a new chapter in the history of Jim, a chapter that wiped out all the work, all the faith, that had been put into his case by the probation officer. For weeks Jim had been growing more and more sullen and moody. His father had been up to see him, accusing Jim of keeping some of his wages.

"The old man," the farmer said, "behaved most ornery; mebbe account he was a bit overseas—you understand?"

Jim had fallen in with a young village rough named Hotchkiss. Hotchkiss gave him cigarettes and treated him to the "movies" in town. Jim had no money; his father had taken every cent from the boy before the farmer put him out of the house. The boy had nothing of his own to spend. He grew more unmanageable and wild day by day. And last Monday Jim and Hotchkiss had spent the night in town, and next morning the gas-meter in the barn was found robbed.

"Hotchkiss run off; Jim says he's going," concluded the farmer. "Maw she made a kind of son of him; but I can't keep a thief."

Mr. Dixon went to the village with a heavy heart, riding thoughtfully behind the farmer in his cart. At the station they came upon Jim, waiting to board the train to the city. It was Mr. Hart who said gruffly, with feeling, "Where are you going?"

"I don't know," said the boy, in a hopeless tone.

"Come on back home," said Mr. Hart.

The three rode home; and there, in the kitchen, Jim stood, sullen, silent, only his mouth trembling now and then.

He denied all knowledge of the theft, but muttered, "Hotchkiss give me a dollar"; and, fishing it out, he held it out to Mr. Hart and began to cry.

Mr. Hart put his big gnarled hand around the boy's trembling one, closed it over the dollar, and stuffed hand and dollar into the boy's pocket.

"I ain't got even a dime to go to the movies with," blubbered Jim, wiping his tear-stained face, "after my old man gets through with me. My pap hates me! He sends me away, and he won't even let me keep some of my week's wages to buy underclothes. Why, I couldn't go to church last Sunday, account Mrs. Hart was washing my overalls; I ain't got but one pair!"

Needed—a Law for Parents

ALL the way home, Mr. Dixon's brown eyes were stormy as he thought of Jim's father. If only, he thought, there were a law for parents like that! He sent for the man. "Mr. Morrison," said he quietly, "did you know that Jim was going to run away from the Hart farm after you were up there?"

"No," said Mr. Morrison, paling. "That boy's going to bring me in sorrow to the grave."

"I'll speak plainly," said the probation officer, ignoring the pathos. "The real trouble with Jim, Mr. Morrison, is you. You threaten him and you dog him to give you money."

Mr. Morrison sat very still.

"We sent him to a farm. He gets board free, and wages besides. He's a fine lad. Don't you think he ought to have enough for decent clothes and some pleasures? That was our agreement, and you've never kept it."

Mr. Morrison rose, and his face was set.

"I don't think," was his opinion, "a court can tell a father how to raise his boy. A good boy wants to give his pap every cent he makes."

He was finally told that he must give Jim a part of his money if he wanted Jim to work at all; otherwise he would have to be returned to an institution, where he would earn nothing.

So Jim was given an allowance. He waxed big and brown. He seemed to be coming into his own, after all. And then a letter came from Mr. Hart saying that Morrison was after the boy again.

Probation Officer Dixon sent a letter to Jim's father, asking him to come to the court to see him. Mr. Morrison called at night, because he had a good job working at his brother's mill all day, he explained.

"Mr. Dixon," said Jim's father, "I've been making a fool of myself. I'm going to get Jim's full wages, and I'm not going to take part of it. How dare a boy buy his own clothes?" he stormed. He'd do the buying—Jim's father. "Jim ain't going to get the best of me, and unless he sends me his wages regular I'll take him away from that place!"

The cause of Mr. Morrison's blustering stand was the fact that Jim was sixteen, and beyond the care of the Juvenile Court unless he was gravely delinquent. Mr. Morrison could have Jim home now, where he could get all his wages.

Mr. Dixon pushed his papers aside. "Mr. Morrison," he said decisively, "Jim's doing well on the farm. He's going to stay there."

"I'll have that boy home!" shouted Mr. Morrison. "I'll teach him——"

"Jim's doing well," said the probation officer finally. "He's where he can do best for himself. He'll stay where he is until the judge discharges him."

Two days later, in his office stood Jim. He was sixteen, a tall, gangling boy, tanned a deep brown, with only his blue eyes still like the small boy's who had been first brought into court six years before. The probation officer's record carries even in its impersonal phrases a picture of him:

"James called. Tall and serious. Clothes well worn, but neat and mended. Went back to farm. Overjoyed."

Jim remained at the farm until he was seventeen. But the case came to court at last, on the petition of his parents asking for discharge.

Then appeared a new person—the brother of Mr. Morrison. He came, he said, to offer his nephew a job, at very good wages—twice those the farm gave. Jim was seventeen now, and no longer under the jurisdiction of the Juvenile Court. He was old enough to help at home. There was another baby coming. The family needed Jim.

Probation Officer Dixon saw the bottom fall from his long, patient work. What would happen to Jim brought back to the city, into the old environment of his home again? But he could not oppose the parents' petition.

Jim came back, a stranger, to his family. He went to work in his uncle's mill as an elevator-boy.

Mr. Dixon had noted Jim's uncle. He liked the kindly workingman's face and the shrewd turn to his lips. He called on him and had a long talk with him about Jim. And from that talk there arose a plan that would, if needful, be protected by his uncle or his friend Mr. Dixon against his father.

But the new Jim, who came back from the country self-reliant and resourceful, needed no protection against his father, because his father could no longer hurt him. The story is told best in the extracts from Probation Officer Dixon's case records of the next three years:

"James called. Very much pleased with his position—$20 a week wages and will receive 20 per cent bonus Christmas."

"James called. Pleased with his position—giving money home and has a bank account."

"James called. Notice James is very fond of reading and always has a book with him when he calls. Makes good selection of live-wire boy's stories."

"Home visit. Mother says James working steadily. Home conditions improved. James goes out occasionally, but also reads a great deal. Captain of factory baseball team."

"Home visit. Parents say James has big ideas. Mother gives him $2.50 a week and he wants $3. He is to have this, provided he joins Building and Loan Association."

"James called. Got raise and bonus. Father still working at same place and earns less than boy now."

"Home visited. James working steadily. James is tall and large for his age. Weighs one hundred and forty-one pounds."

"Last visit. James goes to night high. James earning enough money so family can move to better home. No more visits unless James needs help."

This is the simple, unadorned story of a boy who started out to be the worst boy of his neighborhood, whose parents believed he would grow to be a criminal, and who never helped him in the slightest to have faith in himself, and of what the court did, against every obstacle that blocked its work.

"You lied to me, darling," he said, "but with your lie you told me an eternal truth—that you love me more than your own life"

A Tense Court Scene Wherein Thrilling Revelations Unravel the Mystery of

The Woman Accused

By Roy Vickers

Illustrations by O. J. Gatter

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

JOSEPH BLENKIRON, wealthy, is found shot dead in his house. The night before he was in conference with Geoffrey Buckram, whose wife, Aileen, had been Blenkiron's secretary. Blenkiron had wanted her to marry his son Quentin—had even placed her in a compromising position and obtained a photograph of her breakfasting with Quentin. At the time of her wedding, it is rumored, Quentin committed suicide. But on the night of the murder he comes to Aileen and tells her he has killed his father and fastened the crime on her husband.

Aileen drives to Blenkiron's house, and finds him dead and her husband unconscious. She gets Geoffrey home, bringing the contents of a safe.

Geoffrey thinks he killed Blenkiron after seeing the photograph. Aileen tells him she did it. Blenkiron's will is in favor of Aileen. In Brazier, the lawyer who comes to take her written refusal of the legacy, Aileen recognizes Quentin; this she dares not tell Geoffrey. Among the papers from Blenkiron's safe she finds another will made in favor of Mrs. Fairclough, the woman who aided Blenkiron in the attack on her reputation.

Unable to give Geoffrey her confidence and still save him from suspicion, Aileen leaves home, selling an annuity to obtain cash. In a London hotel, she discovers among the Blenkiron papers canceled checks written by Blenkiron to the order of Charles Brazier, totaling £23,000, the first one written the day of her marriage. Determined to bring him to justice, Aileen goes to see Quentin, *alias* Brazier.

Telling him she quarreled with her husband, and accepting a position as his secretary, she overhears him telephoning a detective to trail her. She eludes him, returns to her hotel, and resumes examination of the papers. She discovers that, years before, Blenkiron did her father some favor, that his solicitor was Harold Brazier, and that his legacy was £23,000.

Aileen disposes of the bag, hides the papers in the lining of her coat, and goes to Brazier's office. In his absence, she secretes these in a filing-box. Mrs. Fairclough enters. Aileen agrees to give her the will in return for evidence as to the identity of Quentin Blenkiron and Brazier, and goes that evening to Mrs. Fairclough's rooms to do so. There she finds Brazier also. He attempts to take the will by force, but Aileen escapes to the street.

Her next step is to give herself up to the police, to whom she makes a false confession of the murder of Joseph Blenkiron.

Meantime, Geoffrey, who has advertised for Aileen to come back, and who has received an answer telling of her determination to give herself up, remembers that Aileen, just after the murder, had tried to tell him of the identity of Quentin Blenkiron and Brazier. He goes to Brazier, who tells him an astounding story of his relations with Aileen, at the same time denying that he is Blenkiron's son.

Geoffrey, who has suddenly become perfectly sure of Aileen's innocence and of her self-sacrifice, controls himself and leaves Brazier with the expressed determination to prove his claim that Brazier is the son of Joseph Blenkiron.

CHAPTER 33

AS Geoffrey drove his car back through the cool night air to Rubington, he told himself that the whole of his tortured problem had concentrated itself into a single issue.

In that first grim moment when the shadow had fallen between them, Aileen had cried out that Quentin Blenkiron had killed his father. He had not pressed her for details of her story: he had dismissed it as a hysterical raving. The police had assured him that Quentin was a myth. Brazier had said the same, and had added a reason for the fabrication of the whole tale of Quentin and Aileen.

Very well, then! If there had never been a Quentin Blenkiron, then Aileen, the wife he had loved, and doubted, and loved again, had been lying throughout.

That was enough for the present. If Quentin Blenkiron had ever lived, he might be alive now. He might have killed his father, as Aileen had alleged. And *if* there had been a Quentin Blenkiron, he was almost certainly Brazier.

It must be very easy to prove. Brazier knew—any sane man would know—that it must be very easy.

Yet Brazier himself had suggested investigations at Manchester.

He was approaching his own house. He was slowing down—and then, as an idea came to him, he increased his speed.

There was no need to begin investigating at Manchester. He could begin that very night—if the butler and cook were still in Blenkiron's house.

As he drew up outside Greenhill he saw that the house was in darkness. He leaped from the car and ran round the garden to the side of the house. A light was burning in the kitchen quarters. He knocked, and after a long delay was answered by the butler, who blinked at him in momentary confusion.

"Beg pardon, sir; I thought it was the police."

"Ah, I expect you've had a good deal of them lately!" remarked Geoffrey, to put the man at his ease. He hesitated a moment, and then:

"As you know, Jarvis, I am a solicitor. I did a good deal of work for your late master, and am helping to wind up his estate. It is possible you can help me. You were in Mr. Blenkiron's service when he was at Manchester, I take it?"

"Yes, sir; I've been with Mr. Blenkiron eighteen years, come Michaelmas."

"Good! Then you must have known Mr. Quentin when he was a young boy."

"Mr. *Who*, sir? I didn't quite catch the name."

"Mr. Blenkiron's son—Mr. Quentin Blenkiron." Geoffrey spoke irritably, as if he were annoyed at the man's stupidity.

"Mr. Blenkiron's son, sir? I don't think I quite get your meaning. Mr. Blenkiron never had a son, as I know of."

Geoffrey felt as if an iron band were encircling his heart.

"Come, Jarvis, pull yourself together. You tell me that you were in Mr. Blenkiron's service for eighteen years, and that you never knew he had a son? That surely is absurd."

Jarvis looked more puzzled than affronted.

"Believe me or believe me not, sir, I never knew it. Mr. Blenkiron was never one to talk to the servants; so, seeing that his son never came to the house in my time, I couldn't know he had one."

For a moment Geoffrey felt as if he were facing a blank wall. Then an explanation occurred to him. Brazier must have counted upon his going direct to the butler, and had coached the man in his part. If that were so, the man was an extraordinarily apt pupil. He had not denied the existence of a son—he was apparently willing to accept the fact from a comparative stranger; but he was firm in his statement that he had never seen the son. "Is the cook here?" Geoffrey finally managed to ask the butler.

"No, sir. She said the place got on her nerves after what happened, and took herself off."

Geoffrey thought for a moment. He saw a way of trapping the butler—of finding out whether he were lying.

"Were there any other servants besides you and the cook when you were in Manchester?"

"Yes, sir; there was always three maids. It was a bigger house and—"

"Quite so," interrupted Geoffrey. "And you, as butler, will know the names and addresses of these maids?"

"Yes, sir. I can't call them all to mind, but if you'll step round to the front and wait in the study, I can get them out of my wages-book."

The iron band seemed to be tightening. Geoffrey put one hand against the lintel of the door to steady himself.

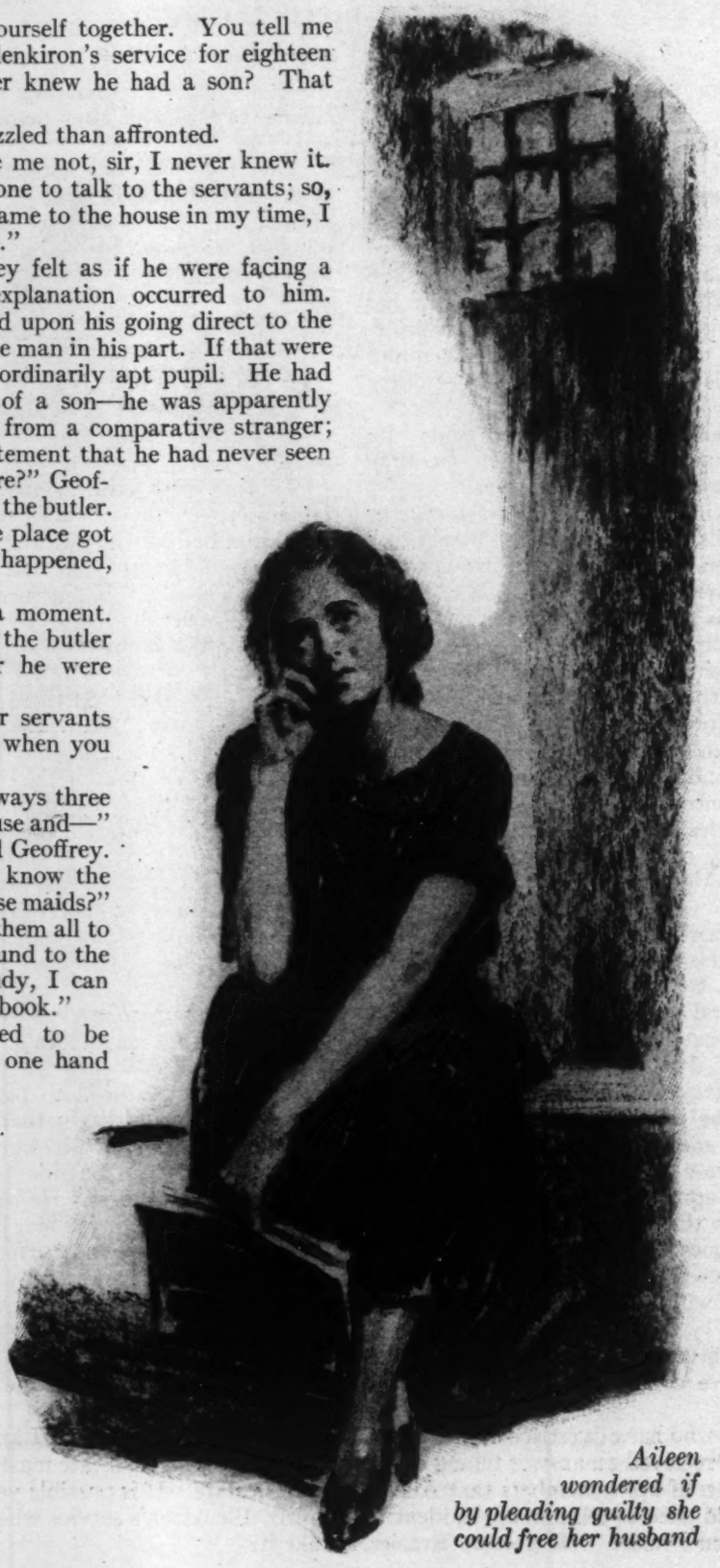
If the butler had been lying, he would not be willing to supply the names of witnesses who could expose him.

There was nothing to do but press blindly on.

"Thank you; but if I may come into the kitchen I can wait there," he said; and, to the tune of the butler's apologies for the untidy state of the kitchen, he seated himself and waited.

At the end of ten minutes he was in possession of the names and addresses of eight women who had served in the Blenkiron household in the last ten years. All of the addresses were in Manchester.

BACK in his house, Geoffrey sat through the night, making a complete statement of everything that had occurred, from the moment he had received Joseph Blenkiron's telephone message on the fatal night, to his interview with the butler a few hours previously. The sun was high before he had finished. Sleep was out of the question. He bathed, ate breakfast, and at nine o'clock was waiting in the offices of James Segrove, a private detective.



Aileen wondered if by pleading guilty she could free her husband

To the detective Geoffrey stated the whole case in its essentials. When he finished his account, there was a long silence. The detective's face showed none of that keen alertness which normally characterized him.

"I can see what you're thinking, Mr. Segrove," said Geoffrey. "You're weighing up what I have told you, and you've already decided that the police must be right in saying that there never has been a Quentin Blenkiron. I admit that your attitude is reasonable. You have simply the word of a woman you do not know. I have the word of a woman I do know.

"But that does not really affect us. I am simply asking you to do your best to find Quentin Blenkiron—to prove that Brazier, as I firmly believe, is Quentin Blenkiron. Or, if you like to put it the other way, I want you to accept a commission to prove beyond all possibility of doubt that Brazier is not Quentin Blenkiron."

"As long as you clearly understand that I consider success improbable—" began the detective.

"I know that your investigation will be none the less thorough on that account," said Geoffrey.

[*Continued on page 114*]

Wall Street Builds a High Fence, But—

Betty Beats the Barrier

By Hugh O'Neill

Illustrations by Delos Palmer, Jr.

EARLY one morning Betty Teague stood looking through the west window of her office, across the foot-hills, to the sun-painted bastions of the Barrier Range, with their silver crest of snow running like a coping of white marble along the sweeping sky-line of the blue mountains. In her left hand she held a pair of binoculars. The fingers of her right hand caressed the leaves of a potted plant that stood on the window-sill. She was crooning a song in low, melodious notes, a song that held in its rough tunefulness the swing and tramp of a sailors' chantey—a song of the clanking capstan-head, the anchor-cable, and the sea.

It was early morning in the first days of summer, and Betty was young, with the spring of youth in her limbs. She was tall and strong and supple. Her hair was red, and there was plenty of it; it was coiled and coiled around her head. As she stood looking toward the mountains, the train that she was watching popped into a tunnel as if by a sudden and adroit trick, and then reappeared farther up the cliffs, sending out white feathers of steam that drifted high and out of sight into the clear blue of the sky.

As she adjusted the binoculars to get a better view of the train, the girl crooned a verse of the chantey that had become a railroad song:

"Oh, say, old man, we're from the seas,
Where we walk round and heave her,
But you must do it on your knees,
And it's time, Dan Scott, to leave her—
Leave her, leave her,
And it's time, old man, to leave her."

Then she heard the footsteps of some one entering the outside waiting-room and walking through the open door of her office. Thinking it was Mr. Bliss, the lawyer who was her employer and foster-father, she called out without turning to look around:

"Hey, come and see! I've never known the air so clear. There isn't any smoke from the round-houses. You can see the old steel tracks climbing right up to the top of the crest, almost. And the sun is shining straight on the Kneeling Man. It's glinting like a mirror. Come and look!"

She extended her hand, holding the binoculars.

"Never saw such clear air before!" she went on. "They have a double-header on the train this morning. Started with two engines from the station." She drummed with her restless fingers on the window-pane. "Can't you see the sun glinting on the Kneeling Man? It was some engineering job, wasn't it, godfather?" she exulted. "Yes, it was some engineering job, building that road, I'll tell the world!"

Still looking at the deep umber reds and deeper purples of the distant mountains, Betty extended her left hand and arm until her fingers touched the coat-lapel of her neighbor and gripped it in unconscious enthusiasm.

"If that railroad tunnel could only be built!"—she laughed, with a sudden feeling that there was a sob behind the laugh. "It would put this old city on the map, wouldn't it?"

She sighed "heigh-ho," and turned suddenly around, for this morning prospect was an old story to her and Billy Bliss. Then, just as suddenly, she stood stock-still, with her hand drawn quickly back to her side and the fingers of her other hand creeping into the masses of red hair above her puzzled forehead. Her hazel eyes, which were always wide open, opened wider still with amazement. Her red lips parted over her fine white teeth. Then her hazel eyes danced with amusement, and she laughed softly and stepped back a pace. For before her stood smiling courteously and in a friendly way, not Billy Bliss, the lawyer, but an erect, well poised man who was a complete stranger.

"Pardon me," Betty said demurely; "I thought you were Mr. Bliss!"

"Pardon me, the fault was mine," the stranger responded in quick, clear tones. "But I thought it would be a shame to spoil your enthusiasm! You see," he added, "I've never before known a girl to be enthusiastic about a railroad. Tell me," he inquired, with the easy confidence of a man accustomed to being taken for granted under all circumstances, "what was that song you were singing, and what did you mean by the Kneeling Man? I'm interested."

"I'll show you." Betty returned to the window, and the stranger, reflecting that she was almost as tall as he was, followed her.

"Adjust the binoculars," Betty suggested, "and follow the lines of the track where you can catch a glint of the rails, until you focus a big white thing half a mile up the mountain."

SHE waited, her fingers again caressing the leaves of the plant, which almost seemed to respond and glow under her touch.

"Have you got it?" she asked at last.

"Yes," he answered.

"Well," she said, "that shining white thing you see used to be just a funny, great big granite rock. It was a freak of nature! When you looked at it and let your imagination go, it was like a huge kneeling man digging away with a pick, which he held in his upraised hands, on the face of the stone in front of him. A story got connected with that rock, and some sailors who had been brought out here from Boston, to help in handling tackle and hauling machinery on the high bluffs, made up a song about it—a chantey, they called it.

"I spent four summers up there in the construction camp with my father. He was the engineer who built the road. There were a lot of students from the School of Mines and Engineering working there at that time, putting in their summer vacations on the road. They heard the sailors' chantey, and a story that came from New York that was connected with the rock you are looking at, and

they painted that queer rock with a coat of cement filled with some sort of metalliferous stuff. It was white and glistening, and when it set and hardened it shone in the sun as you see it shining now. They called it the Kneeling Man."

"Why?" queried the stranger, still standing beside her and keeping his binoculars focused on the white object far away on the mountain-side.

"Well," she replied, in a tone that had become quiet and ruminative, "to answer that question would be to tell a story of ambitions thwarted."

"I'd be glad to listen to it," was the quick response.

"Would you?" The girl turned and looked at him reflectively. "I wonder!

"You see," she explained, "that's the Dan Scott road. Dan Scott put up his own money to build it—his own money. It runs right over the crest of the Barrier Range, straight ahead of us there, a mile and a quarter higher than this city. On the other side of that crest there are great stretches of beautiful farm country, and beyond them it's an air-line westward to the Pacific coast."

SHE launched upon the story of a railroad man's dream that had been blocked half-way toward completion. Then she suddenly remembered that she was talking to a stranger, and paused. She turned from the window and went to her big, flat-topped oak desk that stood in the middle of the spacious office. The stranger, placing the binoculars on the blotting-pad before her, walked to the other side of the desk, on which his hat and cane were lying.

He said: "I must introduce myself. I should have done that before; but I was so interested in what you were saying that, for a moment, I took our acquaintance for granted. My name is Warren Carty, banking house of Carty, Keith & Co., Wall Street, New York. I'm here to see Mr. Bliss about a law case he is handling for me. You probably know something about it."

He stood motionless for a moment and looked at her, while she sat motionless and looked at him.

He thought, in the flashing instant of such a reflection, that she was a handsome girl.

She thought, during the uncounted pause in which they looked at each other, that he was a man of about thirty-five, hard-hearted, but just-hearted, too. His eyes were blue, unfaltering, and cold, but they were not unkind. The haunting, fugitive sense of comfortable acquaintance with him, which had followed the moment of surprise when she had first seen him, was denied by his eyes. She had never seen those eyes before.

The moment of immobility ended, and, dropping her gaze from Carty to the chair beside him, she replied:

"Please sit down. I know about the case; I am law clerk and office manager for Mr. Bliss. Since my father was killed in the war, I have lived at the Bliss home and worked here. So I know about the case."

She ceased speaking, and they were held in another pause; but this time neither looked at the other. She slipped the binoculars into a drawer and closed it.

"It's a funny thing," she said, smiling at him, "that in a dim way I was thinking of you when I stood looking out of the window and you came in—although, of course, I didn't know it was you."

"Were you?" he inquired, smiling at her. "That was pleasant, anyhow!"

"I don't know that I was thinking of you pleasantly," she said, "because, you see, I was looking at the Kneeling Man."

"At the Kneeling Man!" he repeated, with a note of inquiry.

"Yes. You see, your name is connected with the Kneeling Man."

"Mine?" he exclaimed, becoming puzzled and serious.

"Yours," she confirmed. "And I knew you as soon as I turned and looked at you, though I was surprised, of course, to see you there when I did turn," she continued a little irrelevantly. "I knew you because I had seen your photograph often in the magazines and newspapers. We heard out here that Dan Scott met you and some other bankers in Wall Street the last time he went East to try and get the money to finish his road and build the tunnel."

"Yes." He uttered the word slowly, as if casting back through a multitude of events for a forgotten incident. "Yes; I was a member of a committee that met Mr. Scott."

As she looked at him, her eyes softened and she knew that she was fighting desperately to keep back the tears that were almost ready to tumble down her cheeks.

"We heard out here," she continued quietly, "that Dan Scott told you and the other bankers, when you refused him the money he needed, that he would build his road and his tunnel, if he had to do it on his knees."

She stopped and, getting up suddenly, walked to the window, and stood there looking out. When, a moment later, she turned and resumed her chair, she was composed and serene.

"You see," Warren Carty explained, realizing that some spring of emotion had been touched in the heart of this girl, "in my business I meet a great many men in affairs like this of Mr. Scott's every day, and I do not recall clearly any of the details of what was said."

"Well, everybody out here knows the story of Dan Scott's interview with you and the other bankers."

"Yes?" he questioned.

"Yes," Betty Teague echoed thoughtfully. "Dan Scott went to you and the other bankers, and he laid all his plans before you. He showed you that the road would pay, and that the tunnel was necessary to decrease the grades. He showed you that a four-mile tunnel through the Barrier Range would shorten the time of east-bound and west-bound trains by twelve hours. But you and the other bankers, we heard, were interested in the road that runs north of us and the road that runs south of us, and you refused to lend him the money."

"Not for that reason," Warren Carty interposed.

"Well, you did refuse!" She looked at him as if she had stated a tremendous, condemnatory fact.

THERE was an edict of judgment in her youthful, fathomless eyes. He was a banker, and a lineal descendant of a long line of bankers; but she was a girl, and a pretty girl, and a daughter of Eve!

"And he said to you," Betty continued, "'Gentlemen, I will build the road and the tunnel myself, if I have to do it on my knees.'"

Warren Carty looked at her and nodded.

"I remember that now," he admitted.

"Perhaps you will remember the rest, too, Mr. Carty," she added softly. "Because we heard that when Dan Scott said that to you and the other bankers, you stood up as if to break up the conference and you said, looking at big Dan Scott—and he was our great man out here—you said, 'Then you will have to build it on your knees.'"

Warren Carty realized the immediate need of some kind of extenuation. The beauty of this girl and some intangible fascination in her voice had transmuted his ego suddenly from that of a great banker to the spirit of a mere man. As yet he only dimly, very dimly, perceived it, but he did discern—as in a glass, darkly—that, for the first time in his life, he had entered the eternal combat that Adam fought—and lost. Recalling that he did not know her name, he asked her for it.

"If that railroad tunnel could only be built," Betty said, "it would put this old city on the map!"

"My name is Teague," she told him—"Betty Teague. I am the daughter of Major Tom Teague, who surveyed and built the Scott road for Dan Scott. My father," she added softly, "went as an engineer with the A. E. F. He was killed at St. Mihiel."

She paused, with a sudden catch in her voice, and turned her head to look out of the window.

Warren Carty observed her straight, clear profile, and then his eyes also moved to the window; but somehow he could still see her face as it was when she had finished speaking and the catch came into her voice. She was, he thought, scarcely more than twenty, and, despite her tall, lithe figure and her show of pleasantly impudent self-confidence, a lonely girl whose father lay dead in France.

A silver frame on her desk contained a portrait, in uniform, of her father, Major Teague, a tall, lean man with eyes that were fearless—eyes like hers. Carty had seen men die in France, and he felt, as he looked at the photograph on the desk, that this man had played the game to the end. He recalled the war: the piping signals of whistles, the shriek of shells, the colossal thunder of the guns. And in some such battle, he reflected, Major

Tom Teague, this girl's father, who had built the Scott road, had died for the flag.

"Miss Teague!"

She turned.

"Miss Teague," he repeated, "I remember that conference clearly now. I'm sorry I said that to Mr. Scott; I'm sorry I spoke that way. I suppose that business, my kind of business, is brutalizing. And I'm sorry now that we couldn't help Mr. Scott."

"Thank you for that," said Betty Teague, and, taking out her handkerchief, she frankly wiped her eyes. "You see," she explained, smiling again, "my father built the Scott road, and I put in four summers in camp with him; and I knew Dan Scott. He called me Carrots," she chuckled, raising her right hand and burying her fingers in her hair in the adorable way she had. "He used to call me Carrots, and of course I had an awful crush on Dan Scott. And there was the queer chantey that the sailors made up about the Kneeling Man and the road that walked through the mountain. There was a vague old legend among the Indians who hunted in these parts, that once upon a time a medicine-man made magic for them and opened a road right through the Barrier Range, so that they could get to the other side, and when they got to the other side it closed again. The sailors made up a doggerel verse in their chantey about that, too. And I was thinking about it all when you came in."

"Well!" Warren Carty smiled. "You have told me the whole story after all, haven't you?"

"Have I?" Betty Teague looked surprised. "Yes, I believe I have! Well, it has passed the time for you, anyway. And here is Mr. Bliss. Mr. Bliss," she said, with sudden formality, "this is Mr. Warren Carty from New York."

Billy Bliss dropped a very fat brief-bag to the floor at his feet, and held out a strong, chubby hand to his client.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Carty," he declared heartily. "Glad to meet you, sir! Should have known you anywhere. Your portrait was in all the papers here when Dan Scott came back from New York and we learned that you Wall Street bankers wouldn't loan him the money he needed. It was a good portrait they had of you, I will say!"

"Thank you," said Carty, a little dubiously.

Bliss walked to the west window.

"Betty," he said, "I haven't seen such a clear day for years. Hand me the glasses, will you? Mr. Carty ought to be able to see some of the railroad from here."

"Thank you." Carty laughed hastily. "I have seen that already. Miss Teague showed it to me. She told me something of the road, too."

Billy Bliss regarded Betty quizzically.

"You didn't sing any of that song of yours to him, did you?" he chuckled. He turned from Betty to Carty.

"You should hear her sing that chantey. If you haven't an engagement, come out to my house to dinner to-night, and Betty will sing for you."

"Thanks awfully; I'll be glad to come," said Carty.

Billy Bliss stopped suddenly, for he had observed, as he turned around, that his client, instead of listening to him, was gazing, fascinated, at the soft red coiled-up tresses that crowned the head of Betty Teague.

BLISS lived in a spacious house around which there were lawns and gardens and trees.

There were only four of them at dinner—Bliss and Mrs. Bliss, Warren Carty, and Betty Teague.

Later, in the music-room, Betty sat at the piano and sang the chantey of the sailors who became railroad-builders. As Betty sang, Carty felt like a traveler who retraces his steps over a long road, searching for some heirloom, some precious gift, that he has lost. And as he traversed that highway in his mind, the music of the chantey marched before him like a chorus. It was the saga of a railroad. It was the song of a great heart singing as it strove against the gods, and breaking as it sang.

When the song was ended, Carty and Betty sat in the shadows of the broad porch and watched the stars—suspended like motionless lanterns in the cloudless, deep blue sky. Below them, at what seemed a great distance, lay the city, a dim, spreading glow-worm of fluctuating light from which faint, troubled noises rose and fell.

High up and far away the great headlight of a descending train was sliding down the mountain against the black background. The faint, echoing notes of a train bell came through the silent air.

FOR a time they sat silent. Then Warren Carty spoke. "I have decided to finance the completion of the Scott road," he said. "I conferred with some bankers this afternoon, and told them of my decision. Your dream will come true—it will be possible to build the road Scott began right over the crest of the Barrier Range into the greatest empire of the West."

There was a pause. Betty Teague's hands gripped the edge of the garden chair. She looked straight before her.

"Have you?" she said, in what was almost a breathless, surprised whisper. "That will be very splendid. It will make the dream of my father's life come true."

There was another silence. "It's a wonderful place out here," Warren Carty murmured.

"Yes," Betty Teague answered; "it is wonderful. After a time it takes hold of you. There's a sense of something magical in the air up here—a feeling of being closer to the stars. It was a night like this when I returned home after the war; it greeted me like a comforter."

Warren Carty turned to her in surprise.

"Were *you* in the war!" he exclaimed, for she seemed to him, even then, too young to have had any part in it.

"Why, of course I was," she smiled back at him, a little sadly. "I went with the Red Cross. I had a canteen near the line. In March, when the Germans made their last drive, I was in Paris in Saint John's Hospital. That was an awful experience. We had to make room for many of our soldiers by placing cots in the corridors."

As she spoke she looked at Carty with frank, friendly eyes; but on a sudden his eyes held hers with a new light in them. Back into his memory came tramping like an army the melody of the chantey she had sung to him in France.

"You walked through those corridors," he said, "and did what you could for our wounded soldiers."

"Yes," she said in a low voice—pausing on the word as if beyond it lay a mystery into which she feared to plunge.

"And one of those wounded men," Warren Carty continued, "had his eyes bandaged. He had been gassed, and they thought he might lose his sight."

"Yes," the girl whispered—"yes; I have not forgotten that man. I never shall."

"And sometimes," Carty went on, "as you walked softly along the corridor where the wounded man lay with eyes bandaged, you hummed the song you sang to-night."

Betty nodded. Her hands fluttered to her throat.

"One day in that hospital," he said, "you promised that soldier to send an eye specialist to him. That was in the morning. And you promised to return in the afternoon. You sent the eye specialist," Carty concluded, "but you did not return."

As if to ward off the approach of some tragic memory, Betty Teague stood up and retreated into the deeper shadows of the porch. Warren Carty followed her.

"I could not return," she said at last. "I could not return! I was ordered to Salonika, and I had to go at

Back into his memory came tramping like an army the melody of the chantey she had sung to him in France

once. I could not even send word—I did not know the soldier's name."

Warren Carty strode forward and gathered her to him. "Betty," he said, kissing her cool, soft lips, "I was that soldier! You saved me from the darkness, and I have come out of it to you—to my love, to my wife!"

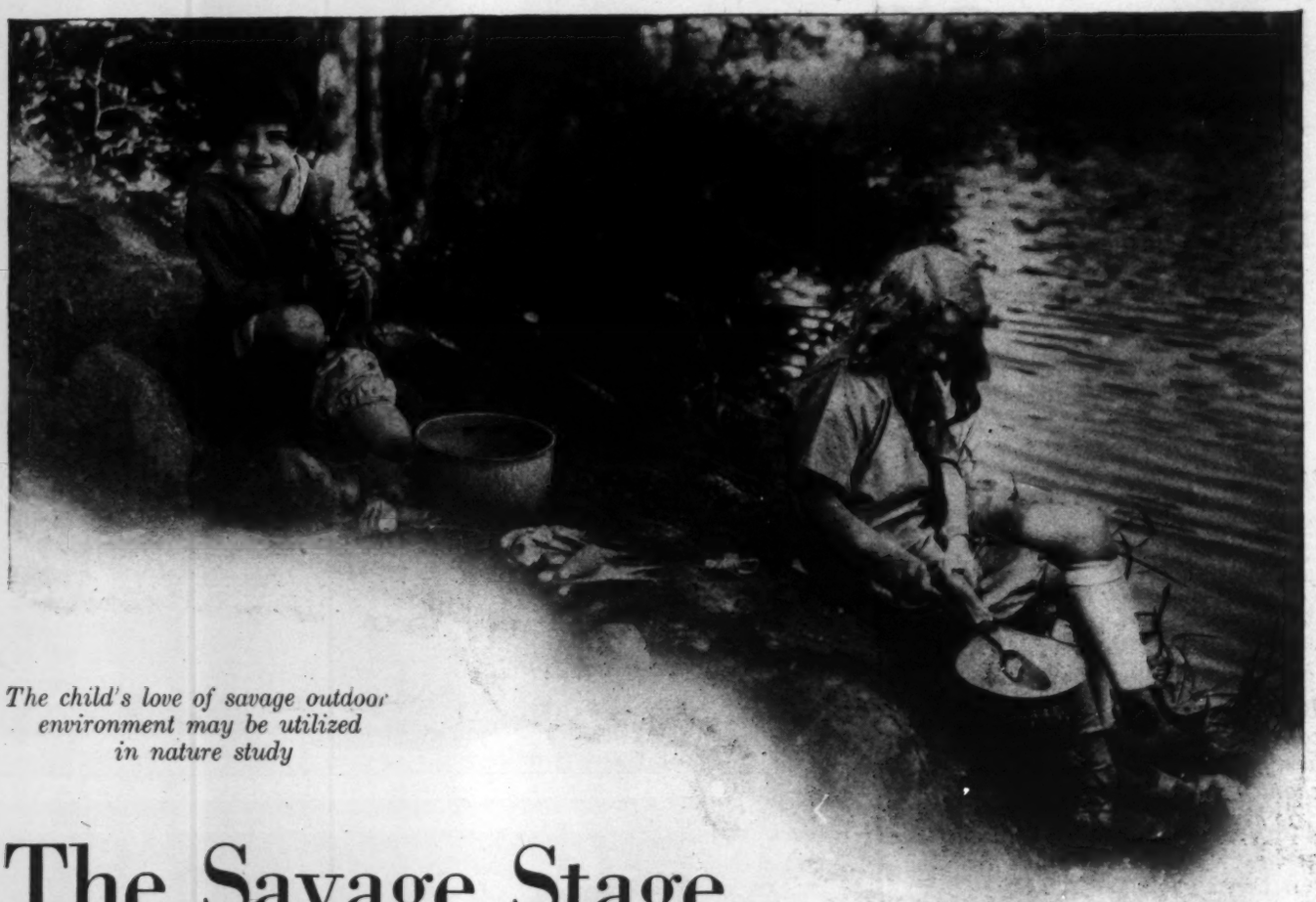
She rested her hands on his shoulders and smiled her love at him through tears. "I have felt that you belonged to me ever since this morning," said Betty.

The splendid silence of the night bathed them in soft rapture. There was an alien footstep on the porch, the hissing flare of a match, and then the clear, friendly voice of the lawyer declared cordially:

"This is some garden of mine, isn't it?"

Warren Carty and Betty Teague turned and walked courageously into the full light that shone through the window of the music-room.

"I think it is the garden of Eden," said Warren Carty.



The child's love of savage outdoor environment may be utilized in nature study

The Savage Stage from Eight to Twelve

Another Fascinating and Informative Study of the Child Mind

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

EVERY one hears it said of certain families: "They have a son they never mention. He's just a rolling stone. They don't even know where he is." In other sad cases a daughter has been lost sight of.

Every one knows, too, another class of unfortunates: persons who, while they may be holding a respectable place in the community, are noted for an overwhelming selfishness—men and women who seem unable to recognize the rights or needs of others. These are the people of whom their neighbors say: "They never thought of any one except themselves, and never will."

Both of these classes of people—the rolling stones who have dropped out and the successes who ignore other people's claims and rights—show the characteristics of the normal child from eight to twelve years old. In many cases these unfortunate traits persist in the grown person because they were not understood in childhood. Instead of having been allowed to work themselves off, they were repressed and grew in secret, to crop out overwhelmingly later on.

Many parents who desire the very best development for their children fail because they have set ideals of conduct which they try to impress on the child, just as if his mind were a blank sheet of paper on which they could write at will. On the contrary, modern psychology holds that the child's mind is far from blank. It contains much more than impressions and imitations of immediate surroundings. It is like a garden with certain seeds due to sprout at certain times following inner natural laws. The parent who does not understand these laws wastes time as foolishly as an ignoramus who tries to make his garden bloom with chrysanthemums in April and sweet peas in November.

These inner natural laws that give to the child's mind certain times and seasons for certain instincts and tastes to develop are his age-old inheritance from the entire human race that has gone before him, and beyond them from our far-away arboreal ancestors, and from eons preceding their existence even to the beginning of animal life in the amœba. In the few years between his birth and his manhood the child has to live through in a condensed form the mass of experience that the human race went through in its rise to civilized existence. This is according to what scientists call the theory of recapitulation.

This theory has been formulated for some time, but only in recent years have studies been made of how it

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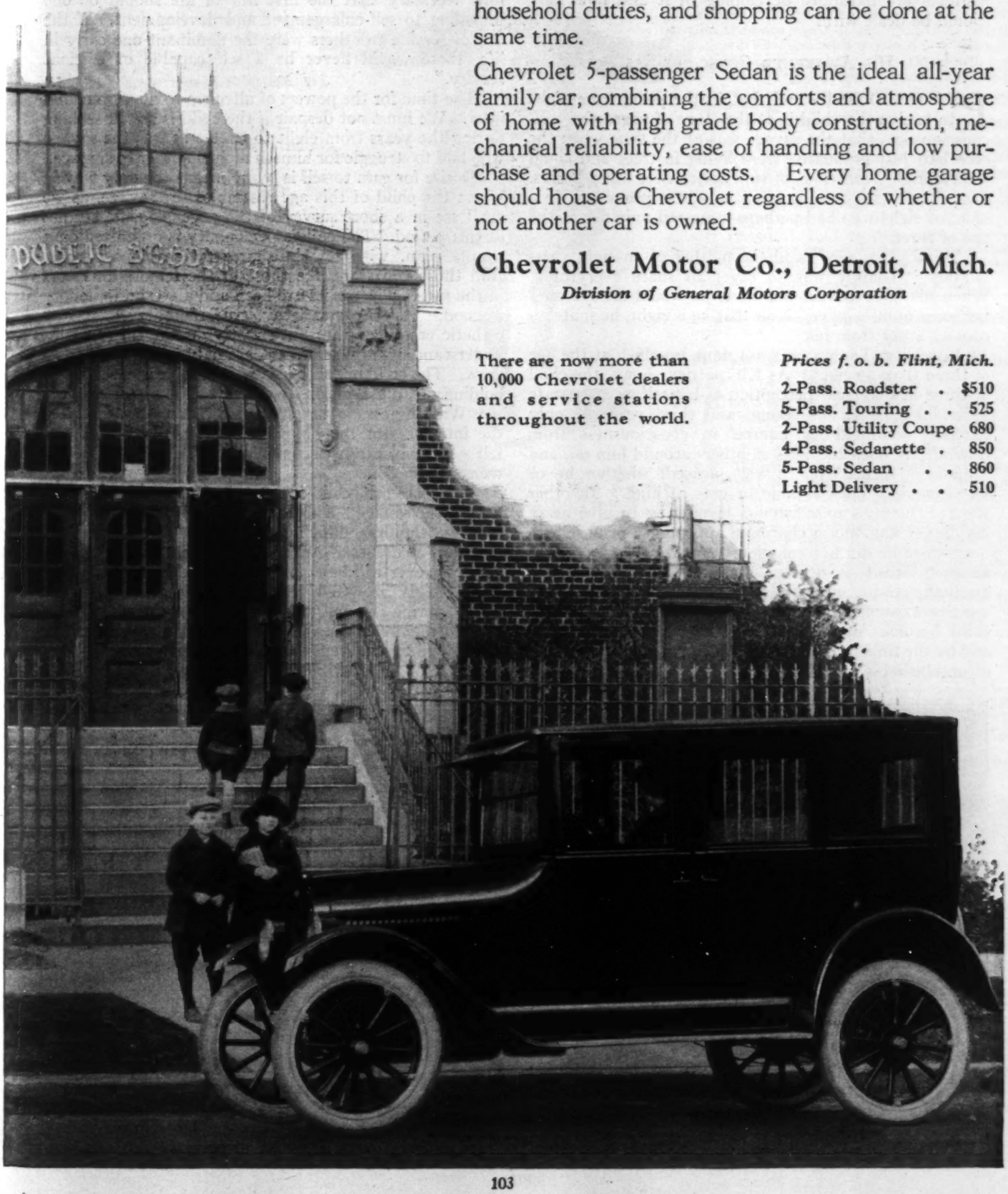

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works out in the life of the child from eight to twelve. Studies by G. Stanley Hall, Asher, E. B. Bryan, and others at Clark University, and by Dr. Kirkpatrick reveal these four years as "a unique period of life, with distinct characteristics of its own, entirely unlike the ages just before and just after."

Approaching the problem from the point of view of the influence of our subconscious minds on our conscious acts, Jung and the Zurich school reach conclusions that agree with and supplement the views of the American researchers. Let us follow after the psychologists in a short survey of this period, to find out what tastes and instincts are naturally developing in it and how they should be dealt with.

His Awakened Consciousness

PSYCHOLOGISTS find that in the years from eight to twelve the child is at the stage of aggressive self-consciousness that the savage was at the time when the race had just graduated from living in trees and could walk upright, conscious of superiority over other beasts. That is why self-seeking qualities are so prominent in a child of eight who had perhaps appeared unselfish at the age of three.

"Five years ago," said the mother of an eight-year-old boy, "Tommy was so eager to share everything! When his baby cousin was here, he would always offer her some of his supper. Now that he is eight, he snatches cookies away from her."

In reality, Tommy was not more unselfish at the age of three than at eight. As Kirkpatrick shows, the child of three has no clear perception of himself as a separate individuality. In his second and third years he only partially distinguishes himself in consciousness from others. He does and feels as others around him do, and sometimes seems equally well pleased, whether he or some one else does a thing or gets a thing. In other words, Tommy's unselfishness in offering to give away his dinner was only a charming appearance of unselfishness, since he did not consciously realize that to give to another meant to deprive himself. Just as the race gradually came up from the unconsciousness of the amœba existence, so in his fourth and fifth years the child becomes more conscious of his own persona ity, and by the time he reaches the eighth year the appearance of unselfishness has disappeared and he wants to get all good things for himself. Gain to self is now the all-powerful motive back of all his conduct, and should be clearly recognized and appealed to.

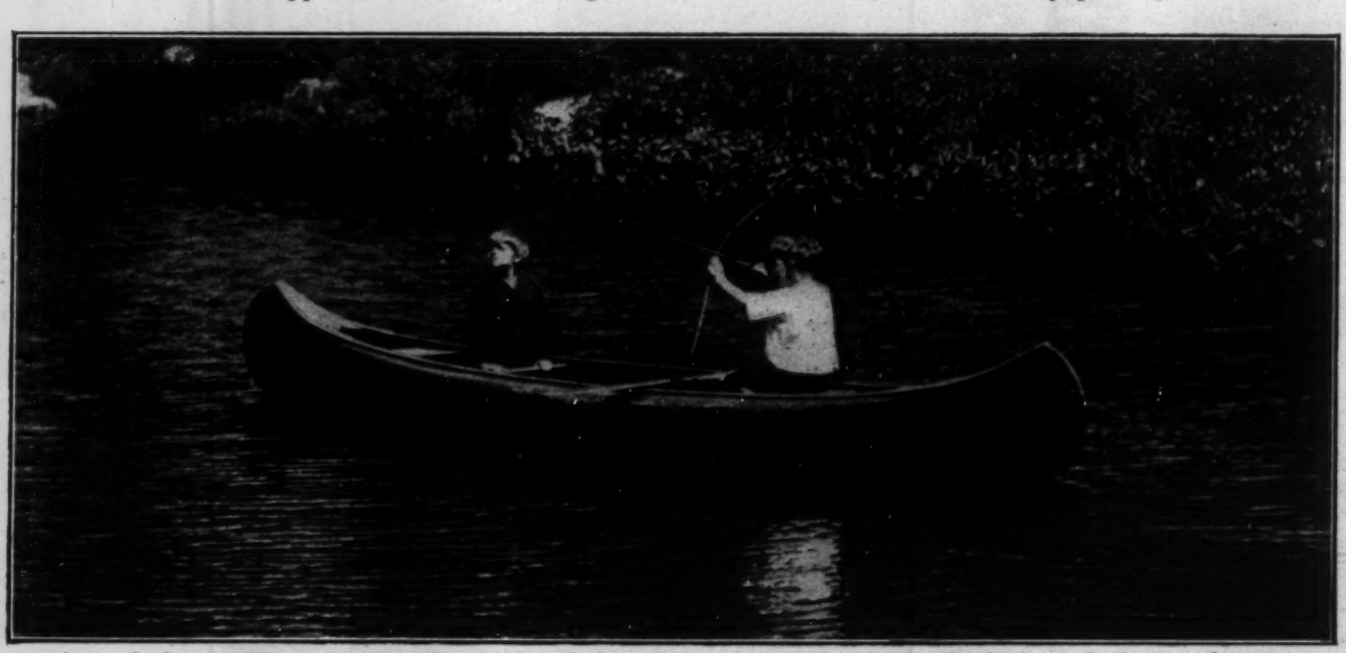
Gain to self was the all-powerful motive that enabled the race to struggle up to civilization. Self-seeking is just as necessary a preparation for every individual's higher development as it was for the savage. Dr. Kirkpatrick says, "The extreme egoism or selfishness of the child is not to be deprecated, for it is an important and valuable phase of development. The usefulness of every individual depends upon what he is, the knowledge and power that he possesses and the use he makes of them. It is therefore necessary that the first law of life should be one impelling to self-enlargement and development. If the law of service to others were the dominant one early in life, there would never be a self capable of efficient service."

The time for the powers of altruism to develop comes later. We must not despair if the child is as self-seeking during the years from eight to twelve as was the savage who had to struggle for himself alone in order to survive.

Desire for gain to self is by no means the only way in which the child of this age resembles the savage, as we shall see in a short survey of the psychologists' studies of this period. The child's personality is organized on a simple plan, with few but strongly developed traits. And those traits are like those of the remote ancestors of the race. The senses are keen and alert, and memory is good. Reason, sympathy, true morality, love, and esthetic enjoyment are but slightly developed. Insight, understanding, and sentiment are only just beginning to grow. The child of this age is as incapable as a savage of holding steadfast ideals of conduct. The story of the boy Washington cutting down the cherry tree will hold the interest, but the boy Washington who "could not tell a lie" will rarely become a constant ideal before the teens are reached.

Physically, the child of this age has the extreme hardiness of the savage. The acute stage of the first teething is over, the less difficult second teething is passing. Health is at its best. Activity is greater than it ever was before or ever will be again, in spite of the fact that the annual body growth is greater now than at any time except during the first year of life. The great danger of the gastro-enteric diseases of infancy is past, the danger of contagious children's diseases is passing.

[*Continued on page 106*]



A marked resemblance between the child and the savage appears in the use by both of the bow and arrow

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A BEAUTIFUL and wonderful experience it was to see the growing up of little Judith. The pinky, chubby tot with her gurgles of delight tugged at the heart-strings of everyone who saw her.

As babyhood grew into girlhood, all the lovable traits and good qualities which parents hope their children will have seemed to be combined in little Judith.

The joy of it all was the mother's friends were as completely captivated by the charms of Judith as the mother herself.

One bright day, while taking my morning walk in the park, I found Judith and her mother playing hide-and-seek. Judith's mother and I sat down on the grass for a visit—and Judith played around.

We talked about the child. As I watched her playing around I thought of the tremendous responsibility of the mother. I asked her how she had met it. And this is what she told me:

"When Judith was born, my first feeling was one of utter helplessness. I knew nothing about caring for a child. I was afraid that I might do the wrong thing. I wondered if other mothers had had that same haunting fear for their child's welfare.

"Never shall I forget the day when my helplessness overwhelmed me. Judith was just old enough to begin to notice things and to ask questions.

"I had corrected her for striking me in the face with a ball. I went to get the ball and had my back to her for a moment. As I turned around, there was Judith, in an attitude of defiance, making a face at me!

"For a moment I couldn't move nor speak. Was it possible that Judith didn't love me and had lost confidence in me?

"For days I struggled with the problem. I realized that something had to be done, and done quickly.

"By good fortune I learned of the Parents' Association, formed for the purpose of giving the very information I was seeking. I wrote and learned about the new method of Child Training prepared by Professor Beery, President of the Association.

"The help I immediately received came as a revelation to me.

"From that day on my whole method of dealing with Judith was changed. Methods I had been using were entirely wrong—my heart was torn with remorse. Was it possible that I had been guilty of a terrible injustice to Judith—that through ignorance I had deliberately destroyed the best in her character and had fostered bad habits and tendencies that might always remain with her?

"Professor Beery's new method explained how best to overcome the faults of early training.

"These revelations gave me a most wonderful feeling of confidence. I learned how to control Judith—to break naughty little habits just taking root, and to nourish the sweet ways which everyone loved. I give full credit to The Parents' Association and its remarkable new method."

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THERE is no greater responsibility in the world than that of being a parent. *A child is what its parents make it.* Heredity, environment and education all count, it's true. But all these points are as nothing compared with the right training in a child's tender and flexible years.

To love and cherish one's children is the joy of parenthood. *But something more than love is due a child.* And this is the right training—training that builds sturdy health of body, fineness of mind, nobility of character.

Today the Parents' Association is bringing a great constructive help to 30,000 members in the attainment of this high ideal of parenthood.

To know that the training you are giving your children will bring forth the finest and noblest in their character—to be sure that you are fitting them for the highest success in life—to be proud of them and to know that they are proud of you, that their hearts will be filled with gratitude for the advantages you have given them—that is what The Parents' Association may mean to you as a parent, as it has to so many others.

Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the *cause* of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. This new method *removes the cause—not* by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to apply instantly—whether the child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old.

It does not deal in generalities. It shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly how to meet every emergency.

A New Method Built on the True Child Nature

THE Parents' Association devoted to scientific child training was founded by Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), after years of scientific research and practical experience in child training. Professor Beery is regarded as one of the greatest authorities on child training.

And because his method is founded on a sound, basic truth, it is simplicity itself. It makes it easier to have your children all that you desire them to be—obedient, unselfish, well-bred, and truthful rather than disobedient, selfish, rude, disrespectful, secretive and untruthful.

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If this booklet answers only a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it—and it may open to you undreamed of possibilities of successful parenthood. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.

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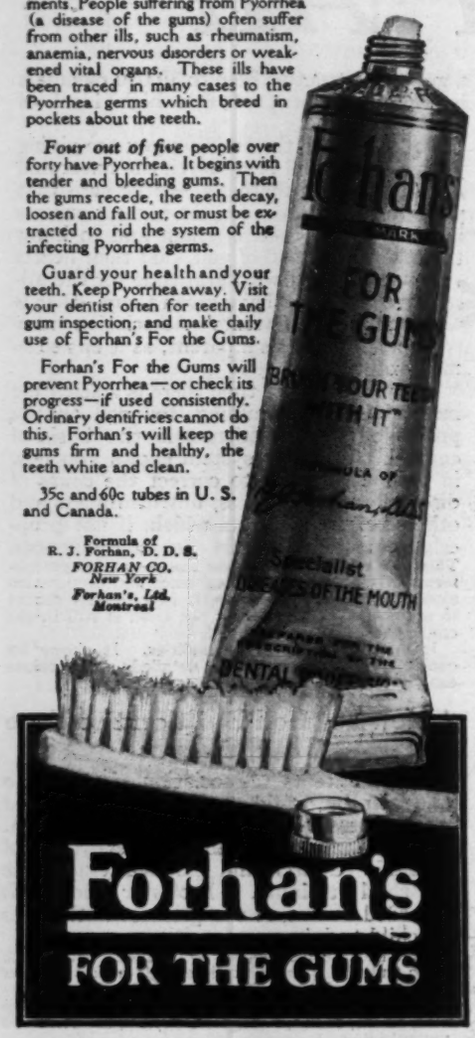

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The Savage Stage from Eight to Twelve

[*Continued from page* 104]

The brain, which has been growing at a tremendous rate, has at eight years reached nearly the adult size and weight, but its development is what Sir James Crichton-Browne calls "spotty"; that is, the brain centers have developed, but the connecting paths between them must still be made.

The Product of Racial Experience

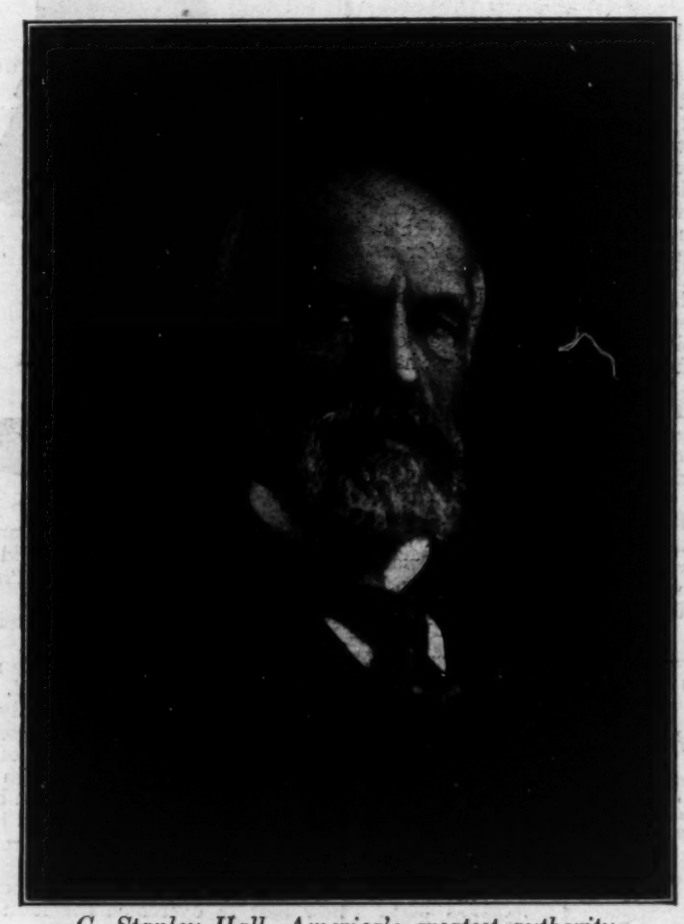
AT the latter part of this stage, boys and girls are more nearly alike than at any other time. Even the schools of Freud and Jung, which hold that sex develops in infancy and early childhood, recognize these years from eight to twelve as a time when ideas and feelings of sex are latent.

So we have the picture of these hardy, undeveloped little beings, self-seeking and without powers of altruism. Jung and the Zurich school hold that the child's subconscious mind is largely the product of racial experience. He believes the subconsciousness is made up, not only of suppressed desires and childish memories, as Freud holds, but that it also contains all our racial memories. Jung calls these old phyletic memories and deeply ingrained impulses an *absolute* subconsciousness. Whether this view is accepted or not, it must be admitted that the child's conscious tastes at this age show his inheritance from his savage ancestors.

A study made by R. A. Asher at Clark University, through questionnaires to teachers, shows how similar children's spontaneous activities are to the necessary occupations of the savage's life. Here are a few examples:

Children delight in digging caves or constructing primitive huts and shanties. Of course, the instinct to provide shelter is inherent in the race, and in its early days resulted in dwellings not unlike those made by children of to-day. The same instinct shows in the child's love of constructing things of snow—tunnels, caves, forts, and the like, an interest that ceases about the thirteenth year.

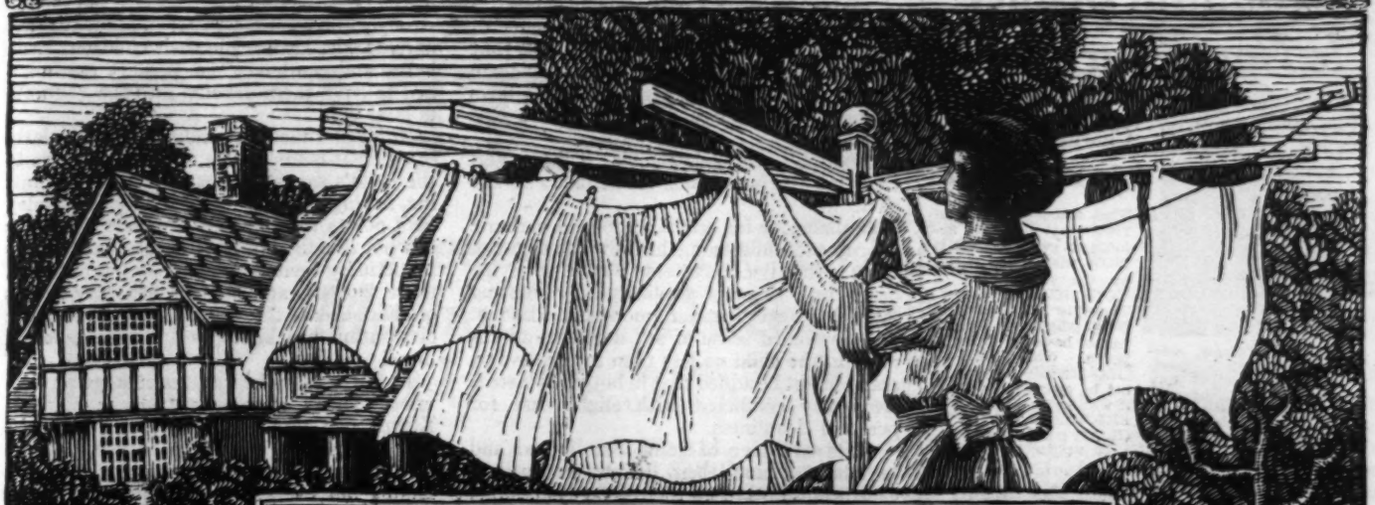
Children's love for string is like that of the primitive races. Girls braid string or straw and use it to decorate themselves and their dolls, and for games and puzzles. Boys use it for harness, whips, fish-nets, bows, or belts for machines, and for games and puzzles, too. Primitive peoples not only make much use of string as an implement in their daily lives, but also employ it in ceremonies, religious and magic. All over the world, strings, cords, and knots enter largely into magical practices. Our common child's game of cat's cradle has been found, in some form, in nearly every primitive tribe of the world to-day, and is also known to most civilized people. It has been found in Korea, Japan, the East Indian Archipelago, Australia, Africa, western Asia, among the Eskimos, American Indians in both North and South America, and the people of western Europe. No fewer than ninety-seven varieties of this game are known to the world, undoubtedly as an inheritance from our savage ancestors.

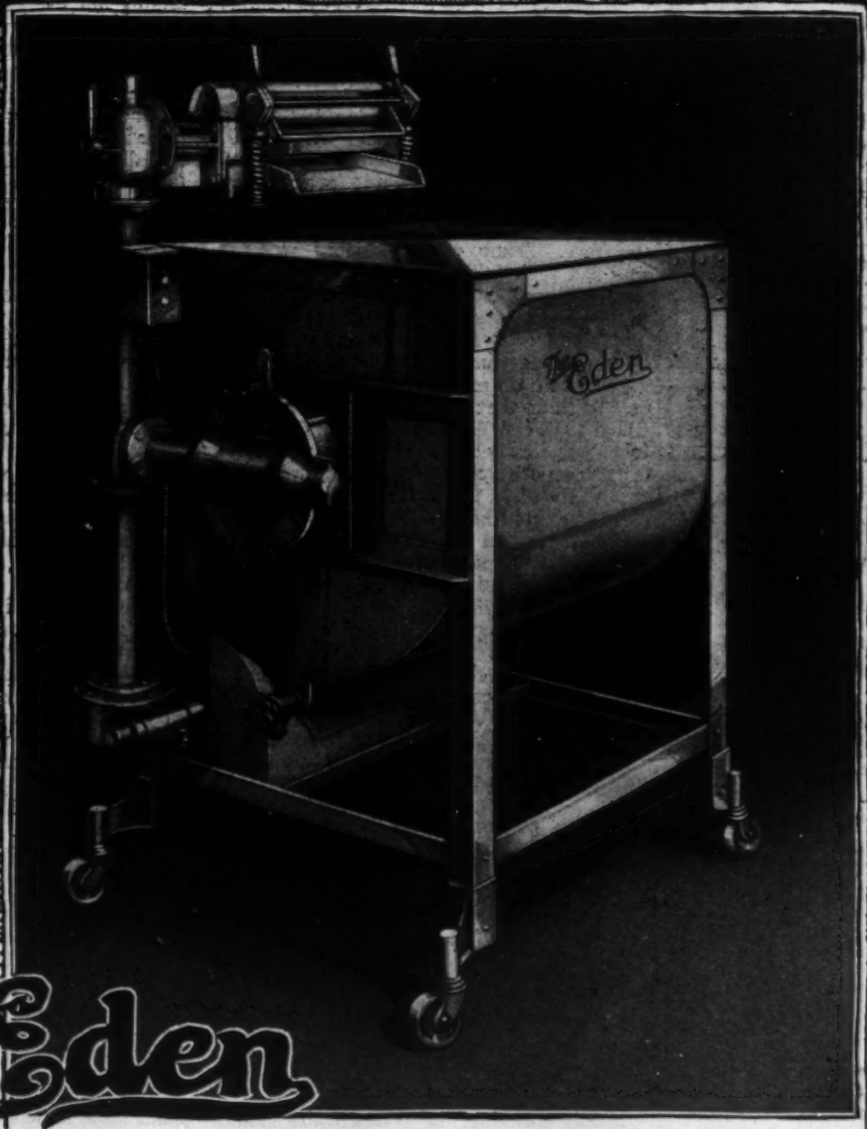


G. Stanley Hall, America's greatest authority on child psychology

Another marked resemblance between the child and the savage is the use by both of instruments with point and edge—pocket-knives, scissors, arrows, and the like. Things with point and edges were tremendous factors in man's early evolution. When he came down from the trees and learned the use of his hands for purposes other than walking and clinging, he made crude weapons with points and edges. By the use of them the tribe became almost invincible, killing the beasts

On the line at nine





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that preyed on them, enlarging their food-supply and their territory.

Asher points out that in the complex world of to-day, with its myriad inventions, it is hard to realize that eons ago it was the use of these simple weapons of point and edge that enabled man to survive. The savage taste for them is relived from eight to twelve, boys caring more for knives and arrows, and girls for scissors.

Children's enthusiasm for striking and throwing also harks back to the race's savage past.

In their love for bright colors and barbaric adornment, children again show the tastes of those primitive ancestors whose love for beads and rings is duplicated by existing savages, as every trader among them knows. The awakened sense of self demands adornment in the child no less than in the savage, and it might be added that in both this taste is frequently combined with slight care for personal cleanliness.

Children's love of going bare-footed and bare-headed and their delight in outdoor expeditions also recall their savage ancestors. If the world had not progressed from savagery through barbarism to modern civilization, parents could leave the little savages just as they are—turn them out and let them shift for themselves. In a favorable climate they could be self-sufficient. According to G. Stanley Hall, everything in this stage of childhood suggests that this period may represent to the individual what was once an age of maturity for the remote ancestors of the race. They were probably pygmies who had their full growth early and shifted for themselves independent of parental aid, just as the young of most animals do now.

Remnants of this condition are found to-day among primitive peoples who have not kept up with the march of civilization. Chamberlain finds that "in Tahiti the ease with which food can be obtained allows children to be practically free from parental control in their eighth year and to set up a sort of group life by themselves. Among the Athka Aleuts the boy is an independent hunter at ten and may marry; the boy of the Bismarck Archipelago who goes out with his father very early knows as much as the parent does by his tenth or twelfth year." Many more examples from all over the world could be cited.

But to-day in civilized countries the child must gradually learn to adjust himself to all kinds of complicated conditions that require stores of knowledge and powers of reason; he must also learn to take his place in a world that has acquired a sense of the rights of others and ideals of altruistic service, however short it may come of living up to them. So the period of childhood has necessarily been increased to give more preparation for living in a complex environment.

Helping the Child Outgrow His Savagery

HOW can these years from eight to twelve best be utilized to help the child outgrow his savage traits, and to prepare him for entrance through adolescence to his birthright of civilization?

Ideally speaking, the savage traits should be given full sway in order to work themselves out. Rousseau advocated letting the child live in "a state of nature" up to twelve years of age. G. Stanley Hall says biological psychology finds many good reasons to confirm this view, *if only a proper environment could be provided*. He advocates the turning out to savagery at this age on the old Aristotelian principle that a little renders immune to much. He feels that if only the savage proclivities could be indulged in the country, "rudimentary organs of the soul, now suppressed, perverted, or delayed, to crop out in menacing forms later, would be developed in this season, so that we should be immune to them later on." How much better to be allowed to be a bit of a vagabond from eight to twelve than to have such instincts repressed, to survive in much stronger forms in later life! Frequently the parents who have made their children "little ladies and gentlemen" at this age are horrified to have them develop into the vagrants of later life.

But under modern conditions, particularly in cities, it is impossible to give full scope to the child's savage tastes for roaming, hunting, fishing, digging, and the like. G. Stanley Hall points to some substitutes. "When he can not live in a state of nature, he must be perpetually incited to visit field, forest, hill, shore, flowers, and animals, the true homes of childhood at this savage stage from which civilization has kidnapped and transported him."

In this realm he can learn a great deal unconsciously under the tutelage of what Kirkpatrick prettily calls "Dame Nature's jolly old Nurse, Play, who charms children into using every power as it develops and finding out everything possible about their environment from the heaven above to the earth beneath." His love of savage outdoor environment may be utilized, too, in nature study, which will give him knowledge helpful and interesting to him when he takes his place in the civilized world.

Hall also recommends that the children's savage instincts should have a chance for partial realization through hearing tales from literature, history, and tradition that present the crude and primitive virtues of the heroes of the world's childhood. "In this way, aided by his vivid visual imagination, the child may enter upon his heritage from the past, live out each stage of life to the fullest, and realize in himself all its manifest tendencies."

To children these are the easiest parts of education at this age, for their spontaneous interest in anything approximating a savage background is bubbling over. The problem of the parent or teacher is not so much in the children themselves as in making environment replace the natural savage background as far as possible.

Another side of education that should be given at this time, if the inner laws of development are to be taken advantage of, is frequently not so pleasant for the child. Psychologists find that the power of memory natural to children at this age makes it easy for them to assimilate knowledge necessary in civilization, and that they will do so most enthusiastically if knowledge is presented to them with motives for learning it. They have a vivid interest in knowledge that is really related to life as they know it. The school-house in which learning is usually crammed into children at this age seems a far cry from the desirable "state of nature." The drill and discipline of the old-fashioned school are particularly difficult at this age, and accordingly the modern trend is toward the greatest possible freedom. Yet the necessity remains for taking advantage of the native powers of storing up wisdom. Dr. G. Stanley Hall puts the problem in a nutshell:

"The wisest requirements seem to the child more or less alien, arbitrary, artificial. There is much passivity, often active resistance and evasion, and perhaps spasms of obstinacy to it all. But the senses are keen and alert, reactions immediate and vigorous, and the memory is quick, sure, and lasting."

Fortunately, educators are beginning to realize the child's needs at this age. Progressive teachers who follow Professor John Dewey's philosophy of education believe that the greater part of school work should be looked upon not so much as studies as active pursuits, as the natural ways by which learning takes place, through constructing, investigating, observing, experimenting, rather than through mere memorizing. So,

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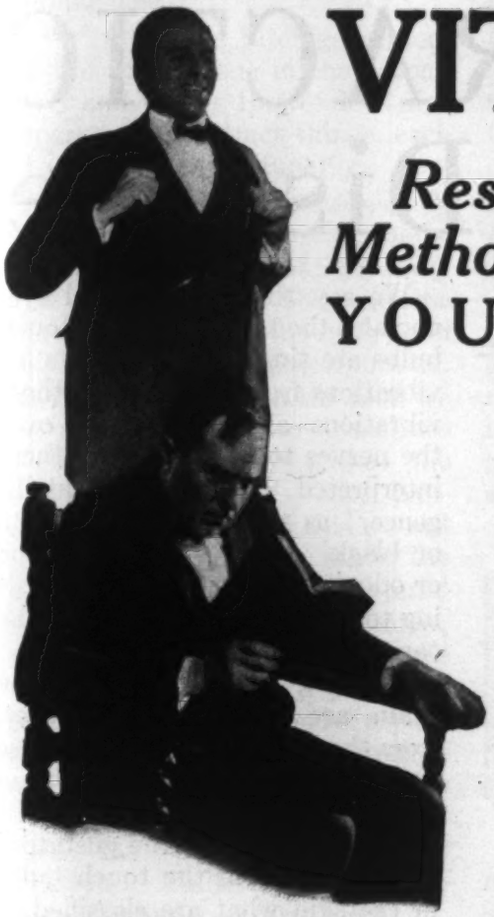

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L. L. T., New York City.

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To the practice of Coué's method, I trace a continual vigor, tirelessness and cheerfulness that I would not part with. Such minor ailments as I have, disappear. Mr. O. A. O., Detroit, Mich.

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The amazement of some who were cured by Coué's methods can well be understood when we consider that many felt that nothing could cure them.

I have been using Dr. Coué's formula since August for sciatica and a painful knee and am feeling much better. A friend tells me she taught her little boy to use it to correct a weakness of the bladder; he is entirely relieved.

The Importance of Coué's work as judged by America can be read in the voluminous comment in newspapers and magazines during his visit to this country.

New York—"Paralytic youth walks with growing ease. Elderly sufferer from neuritis relieved by Coué."—*American*, Jan. 10th.

"Coué's lecture at the Town Hall brought a crowd that jammed the building from orchestra to top balcony and filled the street with a stream of limousines that called for mounted police reinforcements."—*Times*, Jan. 13th.

"Coué is welcomed on return to city by cured patients. Cripples forget to limp as he talks self-cure. Aged rheumatic woman runs in clinic."—*World*, Jan. 23rd.

Chicago—"Fling aside crutches as M. Coué talks." *Daily Tribune*, Feb. 7.

"Paralytics toss away canes and walk alone. Woman crippled for forty-two years with rheumatism leaves stage with pain gone. Coué cheered by thousands."—*Herald-Examiner*, Feb. 7.

Philadelphia—"Much good in Coué, says Dr. H. A. Kelly, eminent physician, skeptical at first, who is converted."—*Public Ledger*, Jan. 16th.

"Coué, the famous, unassuming, kind."—*Public Ledger*, Jan. 16th.

Washington—"Owen T. Edgar, aged 92, formerly almost helpless, throws away canes after using Coué's methods."—*Post*, Jan. 17th.

Cleveland—"Coué's treatment at Hotel clinic. He and his formula rule patients."—*Plain Dealer*, Jan. 20th.

"Cleveland shows wild enthusiasm in Coué welcome. Thousands at station—hundreds storm hotel—$100 offered for lecture seat."—*N. Y. World*, Jan. 20th.

Pittsburgh—"Coué treats afflicted at Nixon Theater."—*Chronicle Telegraph*, Feb. 2nd.

Boston—"Lame, Deaf and Blind greet Coué."—*Daily Advertiser*, Jan. 31st.

"Coué carries hope to many."—*Post*, Jan. 31st.

Among prominent people cured by Coué in Europe are **Lord Curzon,** Foreign Minister of Great Britain, who was seriously ill from insomnia; **Countess Beatty,** who suffered from nervous prostration; and **King Albert** of Belgium, who had rheumatism. It has also been reported that **Sarah Bernhardt** at the age of 67 used Coué's methods in recovering recently from an attack of syncope, which is usually fatal.

Mary Garden gives Coué credit for curing her of bronchial pneumonia, headache and other ills. "I can't get along without Coue's book now," she says. "It is the last thing I see when I go to bed and the first thing in the morning."

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Luther Burbank writes: "Emile Coué merits our joyous admiration, universal love and immortal thanks for his wonderfulemancipationproclamation."

Dr. Frank Crane, Henry Ford, Chauncey Depew, Mary Johnston, the famous writer, **Billie Burke,** screen star and many other well known Americans have heartily endorsed Coué's methods. There is nobody that cannot be benefited by reading this book. One grateful reader writes: "*The $1.00 I invested in this book has returned greater dividends than any one million dollars invested in Wall Street!*" This book will help YOU!

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The CHIROPRACTIC Conception of Disease

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By JAMES G. GREGGERSON
National Lecturer for
The Universal Chiropractors Assn.
Davenport, Iowa

TO THE chiropractor disease is simply the absence of ease, and death is simply the absence of life, just as darkness is the absence of light. Dis-ease, death and darkness are negatives and mean without ease, without life, without light. Each negative is stated in terms of the positive.

To the chiropractor a body is the material temple in which the spirit dwells, and by means of which the spirit comes in contact with the material world.

We say that this spirit, which we call Innate Intelligence, comes in contact with the outside world through the medium of the five senses—hearing, sight, smell, touch and taste—and that it interprets the vibrations and **intelligently** responds to the external stimuli by adapting the organism to the requirements of life.

We might use the telephone to convey an idea of our conception of the human body: Going from the central office are numberless wires that connect with innumerable telephones throughout the city, and sitting in the telephone office there is an operator who receives calls from the outside and **intelligently** makes the proper connections to serve the purpose of the person from whom the call comes.

The brain in the human body is analogous to the central office of the telephone. Going from the brain are numberless nerve fibres that connect with innumerable cells throughout the body, and inside the brain sits the operator, called "Innate Intelligence," who receives the messages from the outside and intelligently responds to the call of the organ, cell or tissue.

We say that the ear and eye, and also the taste, smell and touch bulbs are simply the receivers for vibrations from without and these vibrations are transmitted over the nerves to the brain and there interpreted by "Innate Intelligence," as music or noise, white or black, sweet or sour, perfume or odor, rough or smooth, according to whether the receiver be the ear, eye, mouth, nose or hand.

Running from the ear to the brain are the auditory nerves, from the eye to the brain the optic nerves, from the nose to the brain the olfactory nerves, from the mouth to the brain the gustatory nerves and from the touch bulbs in the skin what are classified as the sensory nerves.

The purpose of all these nerves is to transmit the vibrations from the outside to the inside where central, "Innate Intelligence," is to interpret the vibrations and send orders, impulses, or whatever you choose to call them—to the cells, organs or tissues.

Now, what is deafness, blindness, loss of taste, smell or feeling, and how may it be brought about? We say that deafness, blindness, or the loss of the sense of taste, smell or touch may be—and in the largest percentage of cases is produced—by something, a subluxated vertebra, interfering with the transmission of these vibrations from the outside to the inside, so that our conception of disease in these cases is simply a lack of the function of transmission, of vibrations from the outside to the inside, caused by a vertebra pressing upon the nerve of transmission.

This, however, is stating diseases of but one type, and we still

have by far the largest half to be accounted for. In order to get the other type we must study the other functions of Innate Intelligence.

We say Innate Intelligence does all the things done in the human body and we say Innate does nine separate and distinct things, each of which we call a function.

We say Innate moves the body and we call this job the motor function; that she heats the body and this we call the calorific function; nourishes the body, and this we call the trophic function. In order to transform the food we eat and the liquid we drink into usable form, Innate makes the saliva, gastric fluid, bile, pancreatic juice, etc., and this we call the secretory function, while the job of throwing the waste material out of the body through the lungs, sweat glands, kidneys and bowels we call the excretory function. Innate also builds the body (expansive function), repairs the body's wounds, burns, breaks and bruises (reparative function), and reproduces the species (reproductive function). These eight, with the job of feeling (sensory function), makes nine jobs that Innate attends to.

Diseases of the sensory function —of that which comes from the outside inside—we have explained and there remains but the diseases of the other eight functions to explain, but first we must see how Innate performs these eight functions.

If you are driving an automobile and see a red light in the road, the vibration is gathered by the eye, carried over the optic nerve to the brain, and is there interpreted by Innate as danger. Immediately Innate sends a motor impulse to the arms and legs to turn the wheel, shut off the gas, and put on the brakes. This motor impulse or command travels from the brain down through the spinal cord, out through the spinal nerves to the hands and feet, and these hands and feet obey the command. Suppose, however, that the nerve is cut over which these impulses travel, will the hand or foot obey the mind? It will not. Why? Because the message sent to the hand or foot never gets there—the line of communication between the hand and brain and the foot and brain is not in working order, so there is no motion in the hand or foot. They are paralyzed.

Briefly, then, Innate Intelligence generates, distributes and dissipates the heat of the body by means of impulses sent over the nerves. A lack of heat **dissipation** is called fever, a lack of heat generation, chills. She nourishes the body by means of selective impulses sent to the cells, and a lack of these impulses results in atrophy; she secretes saliva in the mouth, gastric juice in the stomach, etc., and if anything interferes with these secretory impulses reaching the organ to which they were sent you have a lack of secretion in those organs. If the excretory impulse doesn't reach the bowels, kidneys, sweat glands or lungs the poisons are not thrown out of the body. If anything interferes with the expansive impulse the body is dwarfed; if it be the reparative impulse that is imprisoned the wound, burn, break or scald does not heal; while if it be the reproductive impulse that does not reach its destination there will be impotency.

Thus you see disease to the chiropractor is not something from the outside that somehow gets inside, but rather it is something (a vibration) from the outside that CANNOT get inside, or something from the inside (a functional impulse) that is imprisoned and cannot reach the outside, to which it was sent.

Ask Your Chiropractor for "THE LAST WORD"

Please note that we do not speak of "vital force," "nerve force" or "chemical reaction" because none of these stress the quality of **intelligence** without which there is no possible explanation of the interpretation of the vibrations from without, or the quality of the impulses from within. We insist that that something within is intelligent, and that "chemical reaction," "vital" or "nerve force" cannot explain thought, feeling or the nine miracles of sensate life.

Chiropractic teaches that the reason the vibration from the outside cannot reach the inside, and also the reason the functional impulse from the inside cannot reach the outside, is because the nerves over which both the vibrations and the functional impulses travel have become impaired by a vertebra becoming misaligned (subluxated), thereby interfering with the free transmission of both the vibration and the functional impulse.

All the chiropractor does is to **restore** normal communication between the inside and the outside by adjusting the offending vertebra to normal alignment, thereby opening these lines of communication.

This is all the competent chiropractor pretends to do, for Chiropractic consists of nothing but the palpation and adjustment of the vertebrae with the hands for the purpose of releasing the prisoned impulse.

Incompetents, however, parade anything as Chiropractic, anything from baths to leeches, and what we call "Sundown" schools teach anything as Chiropractic.

Those who wish to study Chiropractic should see that they enter a school that makes an honest effort to teach the science, and those who wish to try Chiropractic should see that they employ a **competent** chiropractor.

The Universal Chiropractors' Association, of Davenport, Iowa, will gladly furnish information relative to schools or practitioners free to those who inquire.

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in many modern schools, children are given opportunity to acquire their learning in these natural ways, just as savages slowly acquired the arts of civilization.

Formerly the recapitulation theory, if recognized at all, was very narrowly applied to children at the savage age. It was thought that the child must go slowly through each stage of culture that the race had experienced. He must first learn about isolated savages, then about tribal, and finally about community life, learning through the literature of each stage in succession. This culture-epoch theory, as it was called, has now been discarded by modern educators. They have found that children can learn to take their places in civilization more directly, without first learning the life of the various by-gone stages. A child can successfully learn at an early age that modern civilization is based on coöperation in working and in living.

Making Way for Altruism

FOR merely to let the child work off his savage instincts, with the addition of some drilled-in knowledge for which his powers of memory make him fit, is not enough. The child will not be ready to take his place in a civilized world till his savage spirit of gain to self has been replaced with a broader outlook that recognizes the rights of others, and includes power to control himself accordingly. We have seen that the seeds of altruism can not be expected to sprout till adolescence, so that it is useless to appeal to unselfish motives during this period. But if the child savage is allowed always to act in accordance with his self-seeking motives, his selfish habits will grow to be heavy stones that will impede the sprouting of the seeds of altruism later on.

So we have the paradox that the child savage must form the habit of acting unselfishly from selfish motives. This may sound impossible. But consider Tommy, who snatched cookies from his little cousin. If such actions are invariably followed by punishment, he will soon find that he gains more for himself by refraining from taking the cooky and thus avoiding the unpleasant results that follow snatching. His motive will be the wholly selfish one of avoiding what is disagreeable to him. When he has acted fairly to his cousin's rights for a while from this motive, a somewhat higher one will gradually grow up, the desire for praise for acting in a grown-up, kindly manner. While this is by no means an unselfish motive, it is a little more civilized than the mere desire to avoid painful consequences. Still later Tommy may continue the habit of recognizing the rights of others through a genuine feeling of brotherhood.

Kirkpatrick's general rule is that right action in this preparatory stage of moral development is more important than right motive. If appeal to a high motive is not effective, a proper action may be secured through an appeal to a lower motive; but the highest motive that will obtain right conduct should always be appealed to. The mere forming of right habits of conduct is a very helpful thing. "If children are forced, without arousing too much antagonism on their part, to do as they should for a sufficient length of time, the tendency to act in that way becomes greater than the tendency to act in any other way."

So the gradual moral advancement of the child toward standards of civilization may be measured by the substitution of higher for lower motives, just as the substitution of lower for higher motives measures degradation. A man who votes his party ticket for money instead of from conviction is demoralized; but if one year he voted it for money and the next because he believed in his party's platform, he would be advancing.

E. B. Bryan points out that in forming the civilized habit of including others in his ideas, rather than thinking of himself alone, the child's play forms a great part. At this age it has grown from aimless to competitive. The child of eight has yet to develop interest in abstract standards of breaking records. Beating the other fellow is what appeals to him now. This competitive instinct should be developed from competition between individuals to that among groups, teams, and classes. Just as the self-seeking cave-man developed into a member of an organized tribe, so the child learns to work with others for the good of his team or class. At the beginning of these four years it is extremely difficult for children to work together, so strong is the individualistic instinct. Bryan puts it like this: "At first the captain of a team will hardly be able to hold his men together long enough for a single game: a bruised finger, a bad start, an imaginary slight to a prominent member, and the team suddenly breaks up." At the end of these four years there is growth in coöperation. Teams stay intact all season, and do not disband because the pitcher has an off day. Similarly, at the beginning of these four years girls have clubs of unstable organization, but when about twelve years old they can work together more coöperatively in getting up fairs, plays, and the like.

To act in a way that recognizes the rights of others even in play involves control of self, of the savage proclivities. Kirkpatrick points out that parents should lay a basis for self-control, even before these four years, through the formation of regular habits of eating, sleeping, and eliminating waste materials.

One last word of encouragement for the parents of these little latter-day savages. Though they may at times despair of their children's conduct, they must always remember that actions at this stage do not necessarily indicate the characteristics that will probably be developed in a few more years. A mother who had struggled for nearly thirteen years to make her boy wash his face and hands before his meals told me of her immense surprise and satisfaction when he announced to her one day: "Mother, you don't need to *make* me wash any more. I've decided I like to be clean."

Similarly, other savage traits besides uncleanliness will be thrown off and replaced by civilized ones. If they have understood and managed their children properly during these preparatory years, the parents of little savages can look forward to the dawning of adolescence, when, with the awakening of the parental instinct, children gradually throw off the traits that hark back to our savage past, and slowly acquire the newer acquisitions of the race, the traits of civilization. To the little savage, as G. Stanley Hall says, "adolescence is a new birth, for the high and more completely human traits are now born."

Borrowing and Spending

By Fred C. Kelly

IF one doesn't borrow money, and spend it, the neighbors might think one isn't making any more than he *is* making. So here are a few helpful thoughts on the subject of borrowing money.

The man who borrows will make enemies, but not so many as the man who lends. About the only way for the lender to avoid making enemies is to take plenty of security. Here is the way it usually works out: A man whose identity may be cleverly disguised by referring to him simply as A happens to need money. He jumps into his automobile and drives down to see his old friend B—John M. B.—and tells him he needs fifteen dollars to help him get a new spring overcoat. He says he knows he can return it before long, as he has his extra tire-casing almost paid for, and his wife is going to try to get along for a while without any second maid. And he offers B security in the form of a stop-watch, a diamond ring and a leather hat-box. But B, being an intimate friend, waves aside such offers, unfastens his overalls, takes out his pocket-book, and lets A have the fifteen dollars without any security. And that is where B makes his mistake.

The next time A sees B, he feels as if he ought to say something about that fifteen. He remarks that he'll be around with it shortly. But he has trouble with his ignition, and the days drag into weeks and still he can't spare the money. So he avoids B on the street whenever possible. He still likes B, but he hates to meet him and not be able to pay him. It becomes the regular thing for him to dodge B, and as this gets to be a habit with him, B is definitely fixed in his mind as something altogether unpleasant. When he sees B coming he unconsciously thinks to himself: "Aw, here comes that fellow B. Seems like I'm always bumping into him." And he actually hates B. The thought of B is as distasteful as the odor of a Greek candy store. Yet B hasn't said a word.

Now, if B had just had the good sense to take A's watch or his wife for security, A would have felt perfectly free to meet B a dozen times a day. He would have said to himself: "Well, he's got such good security that he's probably hoping I don't pay him back, so I'll take my time."

And now, class, what does this lesson teach us? It teaches us, does it not, that money transactions between friends should be even more businesslike than between folk who dislike each other from the start?

Women often talk about food going to waste. The average housewife would almost prefer to see her husband worry down a third helping of pie and be laid up for a day or so with indigestion than to see the pie unconsumed.

Just because a man has a keen disrelish for waste, it does not follow that he will have a sinking spell every time he thinks of spending money.

Most of us, though we may not realize it, are born with an aversion to seeing anything go to waste. We hate to throw anything away that can be put to further use. Otherwise why would a man continue to wear a lounging-robe given to him by his wife's father, long after he has acquired a deep grudge against each and every one of the weird colors it contains? Every man has a lot of half-worn-out neckties taking up useful space in the top drawer of the chiffonier, simply because it seems wasteful to throw them away; and every woman has a rag-bag full of stuff that is of no earthly use to her and never will be. Sometimes a woman will have a costly dress made solely for the purpose of using up a forty cents' worth of lace that she hates to see wasted.

Mrs. Norris at her out-door grill under the redwoods.

WHY I LIVE IN CALIFORNIA

by KATHLEEN NORRIS

"A home in the mountains, with trees," decreed the legal head of the family. "An adjacent ocean, and isolation," added his fellow-worker with equal firmness. "A swimming-hole, a tennis-court, lots of fruit and extra beds for friends," demanded the juvenile voices, and from the kitchen came in inexorable, oriental tones a request for electric lights, hot water, accessible markets and traversable roads. So the little island off Victoria, Brazil, wouldn't do, and the pink villa upon an Italian hill wouldn't do, either. All very well for the joyous days of moving in, and sending home snap-shots of native servants and primitive arrangements. But cousins, aunts, uncles and grandparents are not in the habit of visiting either Brazil or northern Italy, and what is a home without arriving (and departing) cousins, aunts, uncles and grandparents?

Then came a casual visit to Saratoga, near San Francisco. Saratoga, every March, glorifies the high-tide of fruit blossom that washes over her like a snowy foam. Every year the little town goes mad with the joy of spring, the perfume and sunshine and birds, and every year all the neighboring towns pour in to join the festival.

We found other things in Saratoga. There's climate, and carloads of prunes, and picnics in February and on Christmas Eve, and apricots, and the Egyptian corn that supports one family, and the Toggenberg—(is it?) goats that enable one woman—she told me,—to put $7,000 in the bank in one year. There are out-of-door grills, and moonlight nights, and there is a glass-clear highway that ends at the Pacific, just an hour's run away.

When you say Saratoga elsewhere, it may suggest only potatoes. But when you say it in California all these things float before people's eyes, and first and foremost among them all come the fruit blossoms—the snowy, popcorny, upbubbling radiance of prune and apple and apricot and pear bloom!

That casual visit to Saratoga, in blossom time, settled the home question for the Norris family.

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The Woman Accused

[*Continued from page 96*]

"Thank you, Mr. Buckram," said Segrove. "I can send one of my staff to Manchester right away and get in touch with these servants."

"There's another point," said Geoffrey. "I intend to do this thing thoroughly, Mr. Segrove. I want you to keep Mr. Brazier shadowed. If my suspicions are correct, I don't think he will attempt to bolt yet awhile. But when the trial comes on, things might turn out a little differently from what he expected, and I want to make sure that we can get him if there is a case against him."

There were a few insignificant details to be settled, and then Geoffrey rose.

"This is my telephone number," he said, and wrote it down. "I'm going now to see my wife. Now that she knows I believe her statement, she may be able to help us."

AT the West End police station, to which Aileen had been transferred in custody, there was another shock in store for Geoffrey. He was kept waiting a considerable time. Eventually he was conducted from the waiting-room to the sergeant in charge.

"I'm afraid you can't see the prisoner, sir," said the sergeant. "You see—"

"But why not?" demanded Geoffrey. "I naturally don't want to make a fuss, sergeant, but you have no power to refuse."

"That's true, sir," said the sergeant. "But the police are not refusing. It's the prisoner herself who refuses to see you."

An exclamation broke from Geoffrey. He could scarcely believe his ears.

"While you were waiting just now, Mrs. Buckram wrote you a note," added the sergeant. "Here it is. It's unsealed, because, as you know, we have to read everything."

Geoffrey took the note. It was written in pencil on a half-sheet of paper.

Dear Geoffrey [he read]: *"Forgive me for refusing* to see you. I do so because there is nothing practical we could do, and the meeting would, I think, upset both of us to no purpose. I beg you to believe that it is for the best that we should not meet now. My solicitor, Mr. Rendick, tells me that you and I will be allowed to see each other *after the trial.* AILEEN.

Geoffrey folded the note and placed it in his pocket.

"Thank you, sergeant," he said stiffly. "I am sorry to have troubled you. Good morning."

In the street outside, a bitter laugh broke from him, so that more than one passer-by turned to look at him. He jumped into a taxicab and drove to Rendick's offices.

Aileen refused to see him. With this final shock to his emotions all power of feeling seemed to leave him. Henceforth the drama of his life and hers would become simply a logical problem. There was Segrove on the one hand, and there would be Rendick on the other. Rendick, a man whom he knew well, was not at his office. It was afternoon before he got Rendick on the telephone.

"I'm afraid I can't work it in this afternoon, old man," said Rendick. "I'm going to see Mrs. Buckram in half an hour, and in any case there's nothing we can do to-day. Will you come and see me first thing to-morrow?"

"Very well," agreed Geoffrey. "What is being done? When is she going before the magistrate?"

"She's not going before the magistrate," said Rendick. "They're going to proceed by bill of indictment. I propose to offer no opposition. If a true bill is found, she'll be up for trial in about a fortnight. You'll see me to-morrow, then, at ten o'clock? Good-by."

Before he kept the appointment with Rendick on the following morning, Geoffrey went to Segrove's office.

"We're at a dead end, so far," said Segrove. "My man spoke to five of those domestics. The service of the five of them covers a period of about twelve years. None of them had ever heard of Blenkiron having a son."

Geoffrey nodded and said nothing.

"To-day he is working on the local tradesmen, house-agents, and all the indirect lines he can pick up," added Segrove. "We shall do everything in our power, Mr. Buckram."

Geoffrey thanked him and left the office.

Rendick was a man of Geoffrey's own age, and was just beginning to get together a good practice.

"Buckram, before we begin to talk, allow me to express my profound sympathy," said Rendick. "It's about the worst thing that could happen to a man."

"Thanks," said Geoffrey. "It's rather worse than you think. Is she going to plead guilty?"

Rendick looked at Geoffrey suspiciously. There was a metallic hardness in his voice that did not seem normal in a man whose wife was about to be tried for her life.

"Officially, the plea has not been entered; officially, she is going to plead not guilty, on my advice," he replied. "Though of course she made a statement to the police that was pretty damaging."

"And probably untrue," said Geoffrey. "Will you listen to me, Rendick? I've got every least detail written down here. I'll read it over and leave the notes with you."

For a full hour Geoffrey read his statement and gave his explanation.

"Well, what about that?" he asked, as if he were asking for a decision on some small business matter.

"It's very amazing," said Rendick. "Of course, the Quentin theory is absolutely no use until we have something definite to go on. It will simply appear to be a red herring. Leave it for the present. I'm briefing Corristan. I'll have a consultation with him in Chambers, and let you know what he says."

CHAPTER 34

THAT afternoon, Rendick repeated all that Geoffrey had told him to Corristan, the barrister who would defend Aileen at her trial.

"At first sight," said Corristan, "I should say the whole of that tale will be useless. So far, there's absolutely nothing to support it. There's every reason to suppose there never was a son—and no reason to suppose there was one, except the woman's statement."

"I had the impression that Buckram believed it," said the solicitor.

"Did you?" said Corristan absently. "H'm! You also had the impression that the wife's confession was a bit groggy."

"Not the confession itself," said Rendick. "My impression was that she simply isn't the type that commits a murder of that kind."

"In that case, she's shielding either her husband or a lover," said Corristan. "If she's shielding the husband, it seems that he's skunk enough to let her shield him—hardly credible."

There was a long silence.

"There's another possibility altogether," said Corristan. "There's a possibility that the yarn about another man—an unregistered son of Blenkiron, for example—might be true at least in its essentials. Look here. Suppose we assume, purely for the sake of argument, that it is true. We won't tie ourselves down to Blenkiron's son. We'll just take an imaginary man.

"Now, this imaginary man is a love maniac. It's quite a common thing for a man of that degenerate stamp to commit the most amazingly elaborate crime to get a particular woman. The fact that the woman probably

detests the man doesn't seem to matter. Suppose this imaginary man, to gain the woman, plants a crime on, say, the husband, faking the evidence against him."

"I don't quite follow," said Rendick. "The evidence in this case has been faked—if it has been faked at all—against the wife. This love maniac of yours doesn't look as if he's going to get the girl."

"Wait a minute," said Corristan. "You have a cast-iron case against the wife. On the facts as they are now, you know as well as I do that, unless there's a lucky slip somewhere, there's no earthly chance of our getting the woman off. It's a cast-iron case—but it turns entirely on two small points. There is her own statement that she took the revolver from her husband's pocket. That's one point. The other is an entire absence of motive on the part of the husband for killing Blenkiron. It is a very odd case. The wife, on the present facts, is certain to be convicted. Upset those two points, and what happens? At once the wife is acquitted. All the business with the deed-box is covered by the domination of her husband. Upset those two points," he added emphatically, "and there is an equally unshakable case—*against the husband.*"

"You mean that the best defense for the wife is to concentrate on putting the husband in the dock in her stead?"

"Well, the wife is the client, as far as we are concerned," said Corristan.

"If this love-maniac theory of yours is any good," said Rendick, "it would seem that the man—let's call him Brazier—will try to upset those two points, the revolver and the motive, when he gives his evidence."

"Exactly," said Corristan. "And it will be our duty to our client to help him. It will be our duty to our client to place her husband in the dock. It's a—very—odd case!"

CHAPTER 35

DURING the three weeks in which she awaited her trial, Aileen Buckram lived in a state of mental and emotional coma in which she was barely conscious of her surroundings.

Her serenity was undisturbed by physical discomfort. It was not merely that with the money she had obtained by selling her annuity she was able to buy everything that she required. A strange atmosphere grew around her. It was almost as if the police were trying to protect her. The case, they knew, was a most unusual one. Human instinct breaks the bounds of reason; and, although every one who had read of the events that had led to her arrest regarded her conviction as almost certain, those of the police who came in personal contact with her seemed to believe in her innocence in spite of the facts against her. Many minor regulations were broken in her favor.

For the first week, Rendick, the solicitor, came daily to interview her. Never before had a solicitor a less satisfactory client. She would receive him with a grave courtesy that hampered while it charmed him. When he tried to press her upon any given point, her sad eyes would turn to him reproachfully, as if he were causing her needless pain.

When he challenged her with the existence of Quentin Blenkiron, she replied that the police had proved that Quentin Blenkiron did not exist—and she herself would make no further statement.

She had books brought to her cell, novels of the last century that contained no reminder of the life of reality that throbbed outside the prison. The time slipped by without her taking active notice of it until the day of her trial arrived.

Before she was taken to the closed prison van, a wardress brought her a veil.

"You'll have them all staring at you, dearie," she explained. "Let me put it on for you."

Why they stick

On the ground floor of the telephone building a man worked at the test board. It was night; flood had come upon the city; death and disaster threatened the inhabitants. Outside the telephone building people had long since sought refuge; the water mounted higher and higher; fire broke out in nearby buildings. But still the man at the test board stuck to his post; keeping up the lines of communication; forgetful of self; thinking only of the needs of the emergency.

On a higher floor of the same building a corps of telephone operators worked all through the night, knowing that buildings around them were being washed from their foundations, that fire drew near, that there might be no escape.

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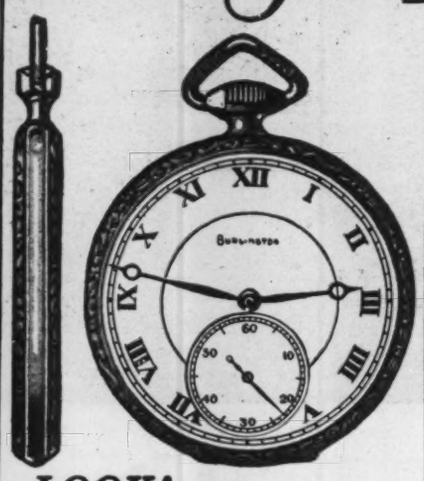

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The same listlessness remained with her when they had placed her in the dock. The judge ordered an attendant to give her a chair. She sank into it, seeming to withdraw her spirit from all that was going on around her.

She became dimly conscious that a man was speaking about her. He was the prosecuting counsel, she supposed. She tried to turn her attention away, but again and again it was reclaimed.

The counsel was explaining what he intended to prove. He was telling the story of her crime—and he was telling it exactly as she told it to the police. She sighed as if with satisfaction.

SHE found herself listening closely to all that he said, her head nodding as if with approval as each point was made against her. There was no mention of Geoffrey—nothing that pointed to his peril.

The counsel had finished talking, and the first witness was in the box—a policeman, who was describing how he had found the body of Joseph Blenkiron. Aileen's attention wandered away to the days when she and Geoffrey had set up housekeeping. It seemed a long time ago—a veritable life-time.

There came another witness, and then another—all witnessing small things that did not seem to matter in the least. There had been that day when Geoffrey had told her that they would be able to afford a small car. And he had been unwilling at first for her to learn to drive, lest she should hurt herself. He had always taken such care of her.

"Geoffrey Buckram!"

Aileen started. Dimly, through her veil, she saw Geoffrey go to the witness-box and take the oath. Even then she felt no fear. Geoffrey would tell the truth—and the truth as he would tell it would contain no danger. But she must listen. If there were danger, she would ignore the advice of her solicitor and insist upon going into the witness-box.

Her mind again ran off into reverie. She had always thought that a court of law was a very formal place, but now it did not seem formal—it seemed rather stupid. It was smaller than she thought, too. She would not in the least mind going into the witness-box, if it were necessary. She must listen carefully.

By the slow, laborious method of question and answer, Geoffrey told the whole story of the telephone message, the parradine and the whisky—told of his putting the revolver in his pocket, admitted that he could not be absolutely certain that the revolver had not been taken out of his pocket by himself, and then went on to describe the events of the next morning and his discovery of the photograph in his hand.

Then there was the long story about her journeys to Staines and their conversation about the will. They were going again into minute details.

Poor Geoffrey! she thought. He faltered over every point he thought would tell against her. She felt an intense relief when at last they had finished with him.

"Harold Brazier."

It was funny, she though, sitting still and hearing people talk about you, piecing together the story you had told them yourself—solemnly proving an immense lie to be true.

Brazier was being questioned about her coming to his office.

Another man was questioning Brazier. She supposed it was her own counsel. His name must be Mr. Corristan—she remembered the solicitor talking about him.

"You knew Mrs. Buckram before her marriage?"

"Yes."

"Intimately?"

There was a slight hesitation as the witness answered:

"Yes. Yes, I knew her intimately when she was the deceased's secretary at Manchester."

"Did you ever lead the prisoner to believe that you were Mr. Blenkiron's son?"

"No; I never led the prisoner to believe that. We both agreed to say so—and Mr. Blenkiron agreed, too."

"Why?"

"I was not then in a position to marry, and —people had been talking about us."

"If people were talking about you as Miss—Dennison and Mr. Brazier, what good would you do by pretending you were Blenkiron?"

"We did not pretend it at the time. After she left the deceased's employment, we agreed—well, to tell that tale. Blenkiron agreed, too, as he wished to save her reputation if possible."

Aileen gasped as the lie fell from Brazier's lips as if it were a reluctant admission of the truth.

"And when he came to live in Rubington, Mr. Blenkiron kept up the pretense?"

"Yes. But it went against the grain. He seemed to develop a sort of resentment against her, though not against me, curiously enough. He told me that he did not intend to keep it up much longer."

"When did he tell you that?"

"On the day of his murder. I saw him in the City. He said he was going to tell her husband the truth that night."

"What did you say to that?"

"I begged him not to, but he would not listen. I said it would break up a happy home, and he said that a home could not be happy that was supported by a lie. He said he was going to telephone for Buckram to come to him after dinner, and he added that it was supposed to be the anniversary of his son's death."

Aileen was leaning forward in her chair. Her breath was coming in gasps. The moment of acute danger had come. She knew nothing of the law, but she could see that Brazier was suggesting a motive against Geoffrey.

"Did you make any further attempt to dissuade him?"

"No; I thought it was hopeless. I thought I would go to Buckram instead, and try to prevent his answering the telephone call."

"In point of fact, did you see Buckram before he saw Blenkiron that night?"

"Yes. I went over to Rubington about nine o'clock, intending to call on him. I met him as he was coming out of the house. I asked him not to go. He seemed a little excited—I thought he had been drinking. And, as is quite usual in such a case, he obviously thought I was drunk. So I said, 'Blenkiron's in a queer mood. I fancy he intends to insult your wife. I wouldn't go if I were you.' "

"What did Buckram say to that?"

"He laughed and said, 'I wouldn't stand that from any one.' Then he showed me the revolver and put it back in his pocket."

AILEEN sprang to her feet. "That is a malicious lie, my lord!" she cried to the judge.

"Silence, prisoner!" ordered the judge. There came a fluttering from the gallery, and from the well of the court that odd, collective whisper that indicates the suspense of a silent crowd.

Aileen leaned forward on the rails of the dock. In the well of the court a few feet from her was Mr. Rendick, the solicitor. She beckoned to him, and at once he stood below the dock.

"I wish to withdraw the plea of not guilty," she said in a low, clear voice. "I did not know false evidence would be brought against my husband. I am guilty—and I will plead guilty."

Mr. Rendick smiled.

"Don't—don't!" he whispered back. "It is already too late. Just keep quiet—and watch."

Chapter 36

THE whispered advice of the solicitor that it was too late for her to withdraw the plea of not guilty broke the placidity with which Aileen Buckram had been listening to her own trial. Too late to plead guilty! And Brazier, by lying evidence, had just led judge and jury to believe that Geoffrey had set out with a revolver in his pocket, on his lips a threat to kill Joseph Blenkiron.

She gripped the rails of the dock in her agitation, and one of the warders gently but firmly thrust her into her chair. The business of the court was going on. It was maddening. She would speak to the judge—but not yet: she must not interrupt the court. Just keep quiet and watch, Mr. Rendick had told her.

Her counsel was still questioning Brazier. There had come one of those sudden changes of subject with which she was already becoming familiar in the examination of witnesses.

"You have told the court that you were employed by the deceased in your professional capacity of solicitor," Corristan was saying. "You were not the only solicitor, I take it?"

"Oh, no. There was a solicitor who drew up the will—and there was the last witness."

"Quite so," said Corristan. "In terms of money, roughly,—I'm not tying you to a figure,—but in terms of money, what would you say that the deceased's business was worth to you in the last two or three years?

"Oh, a few hundred," answered Brazier."

"In round numbers—under a thousand?" pressed Corristan.

Brazier admitted the figure. Aileen caught her breath. Before Corristan spoke again she had guessed what he would say:

"Would you be surprised to learn, Mr. Brazier, that among the exhibits before this court are checks drawn by the deceased in your favor, in the last two years, to the value of twenty-three thousand pounds?"

Aileen was watching. She saw Brazier's eyebrows lift superciliously.

"I did not know they were among the exhibits before this court," he answered. "I can not profess to be unduly surprised. I undertook many investments and financial transactions of all kinds for Mr. Blenkiron."

"Are you prepared to furnish the court with details of those transactions?"

"Not offhand," answered Brazier, unabashed.

There was silence. Corristan was looking at his papers. Surely, thought Aileen, he would not be put off as easily as that! Mr. Rendick's words in the last few seconds had begun to have a new meaning.

"Thank you, Mr. Brazier; I have finished," said Corristan.

Aileen could scarcely believe her ears. She had taken it for granted that her counsel would also be in possession of the letter from her own father—yet he seemed to believe Brazier's absurd tale about investments. She tried to catch the eye of her solicitor, but he was looking away.

"Miriam Fairclough."

AILEEN sank back in her chair. Again she passed through a period in which, though she could hear the voices of counsel and witness, her attention was so completely removed that she was unconscious of what they were saying.

She was trying to work out how the case stood, how far her own position had been altered by Brazier's evidence. She was probably the first prisoner in history who stood in abject terror of acquittal. So clear in her own mind was the determination to save Geoffrey by the sacrifice of herself, so strong was the chain of evidence that she had forged against herself, that she had relied upon having to play a merely passive part in her own trial. Now, somehow, she must take the reins in her own hands, since her lawyers had been fooled. But how could she manage it?

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For the first time, she found herself overawed by the judge and the atmosphere of the court. For the first time, she felt the suggestion that a vast and intricate machine had been set in motion and could not be stopped.

Mrs. Fairclough was describing the scene in her rooms in Kilburn. What did it matter? Mrs. Fairclough could hardly bring false evidence against Geoffrey. She could only confirm the other evidence brought by the prosecution.

As Corristan, her counsel, rose to question the witness, Aileen told herself that she had better listen.

"You have told the court that you saw the prisoner at Mr. Brazier's office and at your rooms in Kilburn. When did you last see her before either of these occasions?"

"I can't tell the date," answered Mrs. Fairclough in a quavering voice. "It was when she was Mr. Blenkiron's secretary—some three years ago."

"Some three years ago," repeated Corristan. "Now, I am going to leave that and come to the night when the prisoner went to your rooms in Kilburn. She was waiting for you when you arrived with Mr. Brazier?"

"Yes."

"How long had she been waiting?"

"I don't know."

"I'm going to suggest to you that she was waiting at least long enough to be able to write a letter on your typewriter?"

"She may have been."

"You admit there was a typewriter in the room into which she was shown, which she could have used if she had wished to?"

"Yes."

"And it was the same typewriter that the prisoner later hurled through the window-pane?"

"Yes."

"Had you had the typewriter long?"

"Yes; it was an old typewriter. I can't remember when I bought it—but it would be about ten years ago."

"Where is that typewriter now?"

"It's at the manufacturers', being mended. It was damaged by being thrown through the window."

"When do you expect it back?"

"They said in three weeks. It ought to be ready by now."

To Aileen the questioning seemed almost ludicrous. She was being tried for her life; Geoffrey, her husband, was in deadly peril. And the man who was guarding their interests was asking foolish questions about a typewriter! He was still asking questions about the typewriter when the judge intervened.

"We are hearing a good deal about the typewriter, Mr. Corristan," said the judge, looking over his spectacles. "I take it that you are leading us somewhere?"

"Most certainly, m'lord," answered Corristan. "I shall presently ask for an adjournment, and shall further ask your lordship to make an order that that typewriter be produced in court."

"If you're going to ask for an adjournment on the question of the typewriter," replied the judge, "you will have to give me a very strong reason. I admit that the line you are taking is not clear to me."

"I can easily remove your lordship's doubt," returned Corristan. "It has been proved that the prisoner was undisturbed in the rooms of the witness long enough to write the letter to her husband, showing the postmark of Kilburn, which the prosecution have put in. The prosecution are bringing expert evidence to show that the prisoner's letter to her husband and the telegram that decoyed the cook from the deceased's house were written on the same typewriter. The witness has just told us that she had not seen the prisoner, with exception of the two occasions mentioned, for more than three years. Consequently, it will be for the prosecution to prove that the prisoner broke into the witness's house and used the typewriter without her knowledge."

"A fantastic supposition," said the judge.

"Quite so, m'lord—an utterly impossible action on the part of the prisoner. If your lordship makes the order, I shall thereby prove that the prisoner could not possibly have sent the telegram decoying the cook."

The counsel for the prosecution jumped up.

"Does my learned friend suggest that the witness herself sent the telegram?" he asked.

"M'lord, I submit that the interruption of my learned friend is out of place," said Corristan. "I am examining a witness."

"Go on with your examination, Mr. Corristan," said the judge.

AILEEN was again conscious of a sudden intensification of the interest of the court. She alone failed to grasp the significance of the point her counsel was making. Yet she could see, from the change in Mrs. Fairclough's manner, that something important had happened.

"We'll leave the typewriter for the present, Mrs. Fairclough," Corristan was saying easily, "and come to another matter. By the will that was discovered in the possession of the prisoner, you inherit the entire property of the deceased?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fairclough; and Aileen thought that she said it with relief at the change of subject.

"Was it a surprise to you to learn that this man had left you all his property?"

"N-no," answered Mrs. Fairclough. "He and I were great friends when he was in Manchester—and he always led me to expect that he would provide for me."

"You were useful to him in a number of ways, were you not?"

"I may have been," faltered Mrs. Fairclough; "I used to take down his private letters—letters he didn't want his secretary to read."

"You knew him a number of years?"

"Yes; more than twenty years."

"You knew him before your marriage?"

"Yes."

"When were you married, Mrs. Fairclough?"

"Seven years ago," answered Mrs. Fairclough, after a moment's hesitation. "My husband died within a year after."

"Were you a divorced wife before your marriage to Mr. Fairclough?" asked Corristan.

There came a gasp from the witness. Corristan repeated his question.

"Come, Mrs. Fairclough," prompted Corristan, as the witness still made no reply. "I know the answer to that question, and many others I am going to ask you. It would be particularly foolish to give a false answer."

"That is an improper observation, Mr. Corristan," said the judge.

"I apologize, m'lord." To the witness he repeated:

"Were you a divorced wife at the time of your second marriage?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," said Corristan. "Now, will you please tell the court the name of the first husband who divorced you?"

At that moment Aileen felt pity for the woman who had robbed her. Mrs. Fairclough shrank back in the witness-box as if Corristan had threatened to strike her. The next instant, all feeling but one of profound astonishment fled from Aileen as the witness answered:

"My first husband—was—Harold Brazier."

"And Charles Brazier, the last witness, is your son?"

As Aileen watched Mrs. Fairclough, she saw the air of hesitation and timidity suddenly drop from the woman like a discarded cloak.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Fairclough, with instant firmness and something that might even have been pride.

CHAPTER 37

AILEEN felt that the mists of confusion were growing in density about her. Brazier was Mrs. Fairclough's son—and his father had been Harold Brazier. Then Brazier could not be Quentin Blenkiron! Her counsel was continuing his questioning. Aileen listened now with a quickened interest.

"You have told us that you knew the deceased for upward of twenty years. Did you know many of his friends, too?"

"One or two. He hadn't many."

"Did you know Mr. Dennison—the prisoner's father?"

"I was introduced to him once."

"Did Mr. Blenkiron suggest that, as Mr. Dennison was known to be dying, you should become the prisoner's guardian?"

"He did suggest it to me—but nothing came of it; I never heard any more about it," answered Mrs. Fairclough.

"Did the deceased tell you at any time that he had become trustee jointly with your husband, Charles Harold Brazier, for Mr. Dennison's estate—and that the estate was worth approximately forty-six thousand pounds?"

"No," replied Mrs. Fairclough.

"You are quite sure?"

The witness repeated her answer. Aileen had the impression that Corristan was disappointed—that a line of investigation had unexpectedly petered out. The impression was confirmed by his next question:

"Now, you were concerned in this conspiracy to pretend that your son was Quentin Blenkiron?"

"Yes," answered the witness. "But it was after Miss Dennison—as she then was—had left Mr. Blenkiron's employment. It was to save her good name."

"After Miss Dennison had left the deceased's employment!" repeated Corristan. "Now, you frequently dined at the deceased's house with your son and Miss Dennison?"

"Yes."

"And you heard Miss Dennison from time to time address your son as 'Mr. Quentin'?"

Mrs. Fairclough hesitated.

"No," she answered; and Aileen, knowing the answer to be false, could see that the firmness with which she uttered it was deliberate pretense.

"Do you know that the deceased made a will in the prisoner's favor, on the understanding that she become the wife of his son Quentin?"

"Yes—I knew that."

"And you knew also that the will was made before the prisoner left the deceased's employment. How do you account for the fact that he phrased the will 'my son Quentin,' when, as you would have us believe, he had not even thought of this little conspiracy of pretending your son was his?"

"I don't know."

"Now, I put it to you, Mrs. Fairclough, that, for certain reasons of your own into which we will go presently, you and the deceased and your son all wanted your son to marry the prisoner; that it was agreed between you that, when the girl had been coerced into consenting, Brazier should go through the legal form of changing his name to Quentin Blenkiron, and that Blenkiron would then adopt him as his son?"

There was a long pause before Mrs. Fairclough answered:

"I know nothing of that. My son was very deeply in love with her; I should have been glad if they had married."

"You would have been so glad if they had married that you were willing to conspire with the deceased and your son to destroy the girl's reputation?"

"Certainly not," answered the witness.

"You tell us that your son was very much in love with the prisoner, and that he wanted her to marry him. Did he ever ask her to marry him?"

[*Continued on page* 124]

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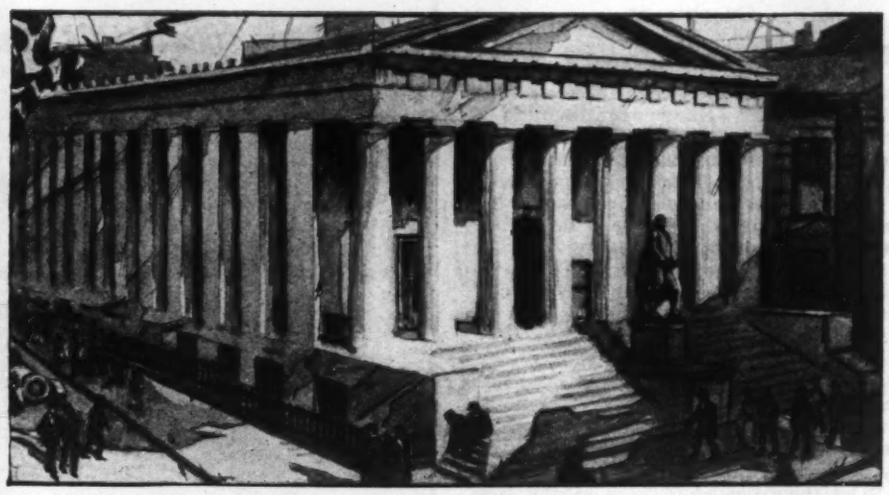

Stock Dividends

By Paul Tomlinson

DURING the past few months much interest and discussion have been aroused by the many stock dividends that various corporations have declared. Many stocks have advanced suddenly in price as the result of these declarations, or merely upon rumors of such distributions. In one case such a distribution of stock reached the amazing figure of more than 3200 per cent, and stock dividends of several hundred per cent have been rather common.

Of course, there is a reason for these distributions, and it might be interesting to inquire briefly into it; it would also be interesting, we believe, to discuss, in a necessarily general way, what these stock dividends really amount to.

In the first place, it is rather unfortunate that the word "dividend" is used in this connection, because these issues of stock are not dividends. Nor are they distributions. They are really nothing more nor less than bookkeeping transactions whereby the share-holder's share of the corporation's surplus is changed into capital, and the share-holder is presented with a stock certificate representing his share of that capital. The corporation's assets are not changed, and, what is more important, the share-holder's interest in the assets is not changed, either.

In order to explain this statement, it might be well to examine into the nature of these surpluses that are being capitalized. Many people seem to think that when a corporation shows a surplus on its books of, say, $40,000,000, this means $40,000,000 in cash. Far from it. The corporation has started in business, and if it has been successful there has been a surplus earned in most years over interest and dividend requirements. This surplus has been reinvested in the business, and, while it shows as surplus on the corporation's books, it is represented probably by land, buildings, machinery, and working capital. In so far as the conduct of the business is concerned, it is used in exactly the same way as that part of the capital represented by capital stock. If a corporation should wish to distribute cash to the amount of its surplus, it would be necessary to sell the land, buildings, and machinery in order to obtain cash. Obviously, such a proceeding would be not only impractical but unwise.

A corporation surplus, therefore, does not consist of cash, but of undivided earnings, accumulated over a period of time, which have been invested in land, buildings, and machinery for the benefit of the business and of the share-holders in the business.

Suppose, for the sake of example, that a corporation has capital stock of $10,000,000 and a surplus of $20,000,000. Presumably the $10,000,000 received from the sale of stock was all invested in plant and equipment to enable the company to begin operations. Suppose that earnings have amounted to $3,000,000 a year since the corporation was organized ten years ago; the directors, being prudent men, have not distributed this full amount among the share-holders, because they realized that the business needed money for additional working capital and expansion. In fact, only one third of the earnings have been paid out in the form of dividends, and the balance of $2,000,000 a year has been credited to the surplus fund and reinvested in the business. So far, dividend payments have been at the rate of 10 per cent.

WHAT THE DIRECTORS CAN DO

IF the directors decide that the company is now in a position to double the amount of dividends, they can do one of two things. First, they can increase the dividend rate to 20 per cent, and, provided earnings remain the same, this will mean that two thirds of the earnings are now being paid out in dividends and one third credited to surplus. Or, second, they can leave the dividend rate at 10 per cent and transfer $10,000,000 of the surplus fund to capital account, thus doubling the amount of capital and increasing by 100 per cent the amount of stock. So far as results are concerned, there is practically no difference in the two methods. The National City Bank, in discussing this matter in its *Monthly Bulletin*, quotes the Supreme Court of the United States as follows:

> This, however [declaration of a stock dividend], is merely bookkeeping that does not affect the aggregate assets of the corporation or its outstanding liabilities; . . . it does not alter the preëxisting proportionate interest of any stock-holder, or increase the intrinsic value of his holding or of the aggregate holdings of the other stock-holders as they stood before. The new certificates simply increase the number of the shares, with consequent dilution of the value of each share.

This sums up the matter admirably. The whole transaction, as far as the share-holder is concerned, is, as some one has said, like

giving a man with a hundred-dollar bill two fifties in change for it. While he has two certificates in place of the one he had before, the aggregate value of the two is exactly the same as the one.

What, then, is the advantage of a stock dividend? Well, in most cases, it is an indication that the corporation feels that it is in a position to increase the amount of its dividend payments, and it is generally considered a wiser policy to pay a moderate dividend per share on a large capital than a high dividend on a small capital. Another factor, which no doubt has entered into the considerations of the companies declaring stock dividends, is the present agitation among some legislators to levy a tax on surplus.

On this point space forbids us to do more than say that, in our opinion, taxing surplus can be greatly overdone; a surplus is not accumulated with the idea of evading taxes, but is merely a safeguard for the business; and stable, well protected enterprises are good things for everybody.

Stocks with Big Surpluses

ANOTHER explanation of stock dividends is found in the fact that stocks with very big surpluses behind them usually sell for so many dollars a share that it is possible for most people to buy only a few shares; and this, of course, militates against a wide distribution of the stock. Corporations like to have as many stock-holders as possible, and if the price per share is comparatively low, the stock is brought within the reach of a larger number of people. Further, the big companies encourage their employees to buy an interest in the concern for which they work, and low-priced shares help to make this possible. As an example of how general this practice is becoming, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company has the names of more than 46,000 of its employees on its stock-record books.

In connection with stock dividends it should be remembered that when a corporation's surplus is capitalized, the assets can never be disposed of, and on that account the equity for the shares is made permanent. As for preferred shares, preferred as to assets and dividends, they are enhanced in value by

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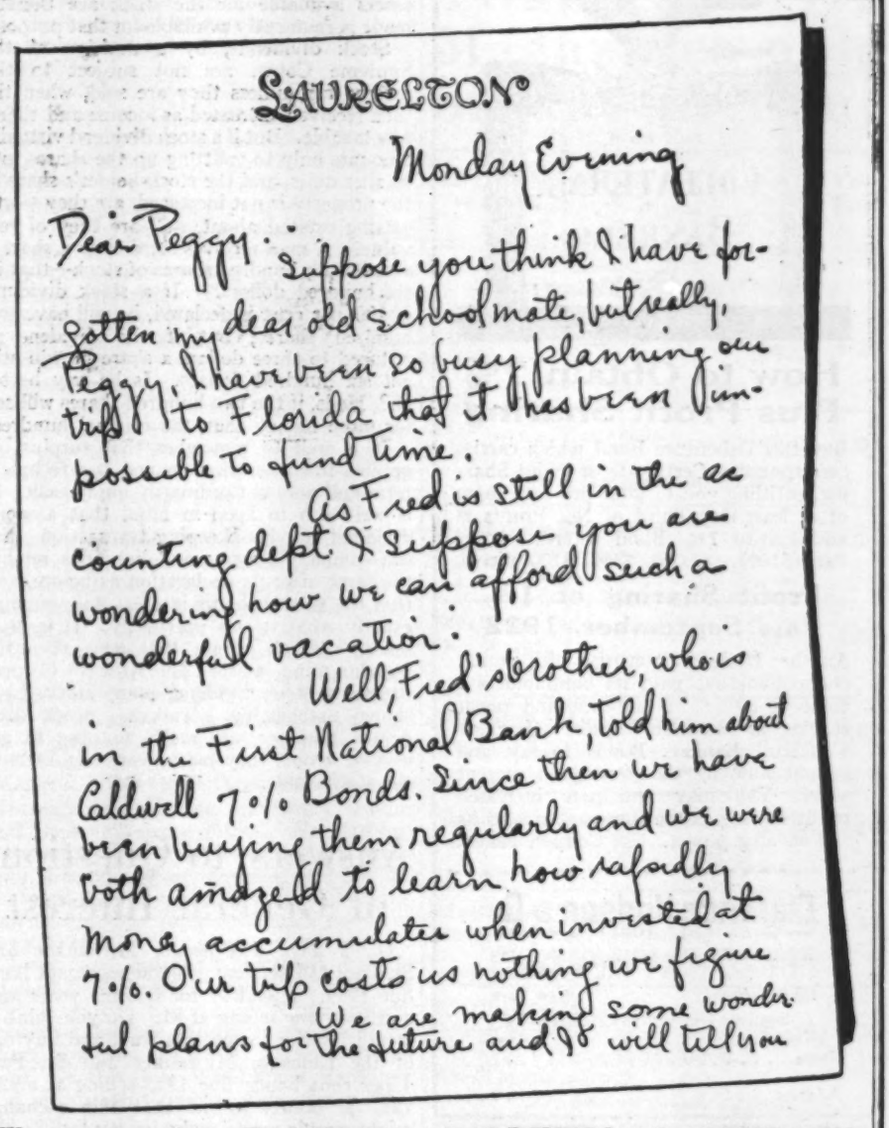
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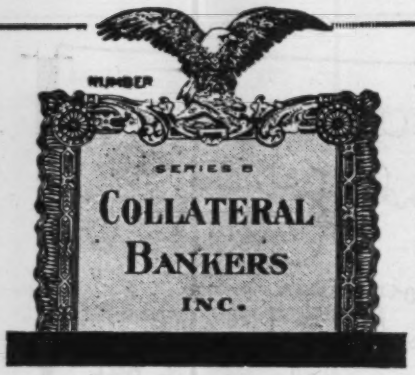

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It is well to remember that surplus, as applied to corporation finance, is a technical term and does not ordinarily imply cash. It is well also to keep in mind that a stock dividend is a bookkeeping transaction, that the company's assets and liabilities remain the same after its declaration as before, and that the stock-holder's interest, too, remains exactly what it was previously. It is, in a sense, a catch phrase that has taken the popular mind, and on the strength of mere rumors of stock dividends many stocks have shown astonishing advances. Stock dividends, however, are really nothing to get excited about; they may mean very little to the stock-holders.

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A. The St. Paul 4s are not nearly so well secured as the general mortgage 4½s, and it is the uncertainty as to the company's being able to meet the obligation of the 4 per cent bonds maturing in 1925 that is largely responsible for the complexity of the St. Paul situation. Further, your loss is only a paper one, and it does not seem to us wise to exchange a fairly well secured issue for one that is highly speculative.

Q. What is the yield on the Kingdom of Norway external 6 per cent sinking fund bonds due 1952, and on the Republic of Haiti external sinking fund 6 per cent bonds also due 1952? Which issue do you consider the better investment?

A. The Kingdom of Norway bonds yield about 6 per cent, while the yield is about 6¼ per cent on the Haitian bonds. To our mind, the Norwegian bonds are a better investment.

Q. Please tell me about the St. Louis Bridge Company preferred stock. Do you consider it a good investment?

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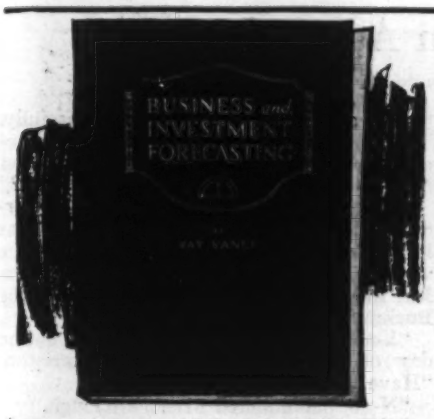

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stock and 3 per cent on the second preferred. We believe that the accompanying guaranty of the terminal association entitles both classes of preferred stock to a good investment rating.

Q. What is your opinion of the Consumers' Power Company first-lien and unifying mortgage, series C, 5 per cent bonds due November 1, 1952? What is the security for this issue and what is the yield?

A. In our opinion, these bonds are good investments. The Consumers' Power Company operates in lower Michigan, and supplies gas and electricity to more than eighty communities having an estimated population of more than 775,000. The installed generating capacity of the electric stations is 214,000 horsepower, of which 111,200 is in hydroelectric plants. During 1922 more than 66 per cent of the electrical energy generated was produced by the company's hydroelectric stations, and more than 84 per cent of the net earnings were derived from the electric business.

The transmission lines aggregate 1,314 circuit miles, while the gas distribution systems include 621 miles of mains. The First Lien and Unifying Mortgage Bonds are secured by a direct mortgage, subject to the liens of underlying mortgages, on all the physical property of the company, by the pledge with the trustee of $7,839,500 underlying bonds and by the similar pledge of all the securities of a subsidiary company, which will own and acquire important electric property. The First Lien and Unifying Mortgage will provide for strong Sinking and General Reserve Funds. Net earnings for the past year were more than 3.18 times annual bond interest charges, and for the past ten years have averaged two and three-fourths times the interest for such period on funded debt.

Based on appraisals accepted by the Michigan Railroad Commission, the estimated reproduction value of the present properties is very largely in excess of the outstanding bonded debt. These bonds are listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and at present prices yield about 5.50 per cent.

Q. What do you think of German marks as a speculative investment? In your opinion, will they advance in price within the near future?

A. We should not use the word "investment" in connection with German marks. We regard their purchase as highly speculative, and can, of course, venture no opinion as to their future price. The fact that in 1913 the German national debt was 5,017,000,000 marks and that in 1922 it had increased to 1,559,000,000,000 marks may have some bearing on the question, however.

Q. I have been offered some stock which the salesman informs me is going to be listed on the New York Stock Exchange just as soon as every share is sold; that negotiations have been completed with the board of governors of the exchange. This will be, he says, in about eighteen months. Does this sound reasonable to you?

A. It does not sound quite right to us. You might write to the secretary of the New York Stock Exchange, give him the name of the company, and ask if arrangements have been made for listing the stock. We predict that he will answer in the negative.

[All inquiries receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as confidential and is answered by mail. Questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published each month. Address, Financial Editor McCLURE'S *Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City.]*

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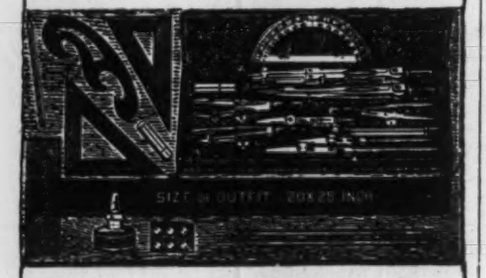

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The Woman Accused

[*Continued from page* 119]

"He told me he had asked her, and that she had refused."

"She refused to marry him; yet you ask us to believe that she conducted herself in such a scandalous manner with him that it was necessary for you and the deceased to invent a tale in order to save her reputation?"

"She saw a good deal of him," admitted Mrs. Fairclough.

"But why invent this particular lie about the son? Wouldn't it have been just as destructive of her reputation if she had behaved scandalously with Mr. Blenkiron's son as with any other man?"

"There was the night she spent—in the same bungalow with him—in Mr. Blenkiron's bungalow," said Mrs. Fairclough unsteadily.

"Then you ask the jury to believe that this girl, who refused to marry the man, was willing to go away with him to the bungalow?"

"I don't think she stayed there deliberately."

"What do you mean by that? Do you mean she stayed there by accident—an accident contrived by yourselves?"

"We didn't contrive it. Mr. Blenkiron and I were there, to start with, and Mr. Blenkiron was called away on urgent business by telephone—just after we had all gone to bed. I had to go to help Mr. Blenkiron."

"Now we're getting a credible version of this bungalow episode," said Corristan. "Did you tell the prisoner that you and Mr. Blenkiron were leaving the bungalow?"

"I couldn't. I tried to, but Mr. Blenkiron hurried me off—he said it didn't matter."

"In other words, this girl was tricked into sleeping under the same roof—under the same roof and no more—with your son?"

"I didn't trick her."

"Did you take the photograph of her sitting on the veranda with your son the next morning, when of course she imagined that you and Mr. Blenkiron were upstairs?"

"No."

"Now, you were ready to tell an elaborate lie for the altruistic purpose of saving this girl's reputation. Didn't it occur to you that one of the easiest ways in which you could save her reputation would be by destroying that photograph?"

"It wasn't mine to destroy."

"When did you first see it?"

"My son showed it to me."

"You made no protest?"

"Yes; I told him not to show it to any one. He said there were only two copies, and that he had one and Mr. Blenkiron had the other, and he intended to keep his for a souvenir."

"You are aware that this photograph now forms one of the chief points of evidence against the prisoner?"

"Yes."

"Did you ever see the second photo?"

"No."

"Then, as far as your knowledge goes, there may have been only one of these photographs in existence?"

Aileen was on tenter-hooks as she perceived the drift of her counsel's questions.

"No," answered Mrs. Fairclough. "There must have been another photograph existent—the one that is being used as evidence."

"I am going to suggest to you that it is the same one that your son showed to you, Mrs. Fairclough," said Corristan. "I am going to suggest to you that your son, to your own knowledge, murdered Joseph Blenkiron in order that you might inherit his property, and that your son himself thrust that photograph into Mr. Buckram's hand in order to give color to the case against the prisoner or her husband!"

"No!" broke from Mrs. Fairclough. "It's monstrous—absurd—wrong!"

"The court is not concerned with your conclusions, Mrs. Fairclough," said Corristan. "Now, answer this question very carefully. You say you are convinced that the photograph before the court is not the one that was in your son's possession. How do you know?"

"I know it isn't," answered Mrs. Fairclough deliberately, "because my son still has his photograph. He showed it me on the very day of the murder—after he had seen Mr. Blenkiron and before he went to see the Buckrams."

"You saw the photo in his possession on the day of the murder," repeated Corristan. "Have you seen it since?"

"N-no," stammered Mrs. Fairclough.

"If I were to show you the photograph that is part of the evidence before the court, is there any means by which you could swear that it was not the photograph your son showed you on the day of the murder?"

"There is!" almost shrieked Mrs. Fairclough. "The photograph my son showed me—his photograph—has a splash of ink just below the girl's face."

"Thank you," said Corristan.

There was a strange ring in his voice that penetrated Aileen's consciousness. Corristan turned to the judge.

"I ask that the witness be allowed to examine exhibit Number—Number 16, m'lord—the photograph."

There was a tense silence as the usher handed the exhibit to the witness. The next instant there was a moan from Mrs. Fairclough. An official reached forward and caught her as she fell.

Chapter 38

THERE came the low hum of excited comment as Mrs. Fairclough was carried from the court. Corristan was addressing the judge:

"I have finished with the witness, m'lord. I shall proceed with formal proof that witness has identified the photograph found in Mr. Buckram's hand as being the one in Brazier's possession on the evening of the murder, and I shall then ask your lordship for an adjournment until I can produce evidence concerned with the typewriter and other smaller matters."

The judge glanced at the prosecuting counsel and said nothing.

"If the last witness is still wanted, we shall have to adjourn," he said. "Otherwise I am reluctant to do so. Unless the learned counsel for the crown has anything to say, I think you had better state your case, Mr. Corristan."

"The case for the defense will now be very clear, m'lord," said Corristan promptly. "There is no need for me to recapitulate the facts that have been established by the last two witnesses.

"I shall submit that we have here an astounding instance of what is vulgarly known as 'planting' a crime—that is, of a crime committed by one person in such a manner as to throw the evidence against an innocent person. I shall bring evidence to prove that the victim is not, as might be supposed, the prisoner herself, but the prisoner's husband. I shall prove that, with a motive that every true man and woman must applaud, Mrs. Buckram has lied and cheated herself into the dock in order to save her husband, against whom the insane jealousy of a love maniac and a master schemer had been aroused.

"The case for the defense will be that Charles Brazier, in conspiracy with his mother, Mrs. Fairclough, shot the deceased, with the object of enabling her, and so himself, to benefit by the will which he knew was made in his mother's favor. It seems obvious that the conspiracy on the part of the woman was limited—the man made the

mistake of taking her only partly into his confidence. She certainly typed the telegram that decoyed the cook, but she seems to have been in doubt as to whether her son actually committed the murder. This suggests that it is possible she believed his own version of the affair, namely, that at the last moment the prisoner, or possibly the prisoner's husband, committed the murder for the motive described by the learned counsel for the prosecution.

"I shall bring into my evidence the details of a most extraordinary story. We shall go back twenty years, to the time when the prisoner's father died, leaving Harold Brazier and Joseph Blenkiron, the deceased, as co-trustees of an estate valued at forty-six thousand pounds.

"I shall show that Blenkiron and the elder Brazier embezzled this between them. Blenkiron afterward made a good deal of money, and could have made good his depredations if he had cared to do so; but he did not care to do so. Brazier died. His son discovered the secret, and taxed Blenkiron with his share in the conspiracy.

"Blenkiron seems to have admitted it. Blenkiron's position was a peculiar one. Merely by silencing young Brazier, he could not insure his own safety. He would not have been safe if he had returned the money to the estate, as he had kept the beneficiary—the prisoner—out of her money all those years. There was always the danger of some one making inquiries on the girl's behalf and unearthing the secret, particularly a prospective husband.

"Accordingly, Blenkiron hit on the idea of arranging that the prisoner should marry Brazier, and to facilitate that course they agreed that Brazier should pose as his son. I shall show how this device did, in fact, facilitate the courtship, which was upset only by the fact that the prisoner herself disliked the man.

"Not a detail was missing in their plan. Brazier would turn up regularly at Blenkiron's house—openly as Brazier to the servants, but to be addressed as Mr. Quentin by the prisoner.

"Mrs. Fairclough was very useful to them in this little deal. She seems to have assisted Blenkiron in a good many of his minor enterprises of a disreputable nature. I need not go now into details, for, as we have seen, the plot failed.

"In the three years that followed, bringing us up to the time approximately of the murder, Brazier decided that he would have Blenkiron's share of the embezzlement. He himself stood in no danger, as he had not been a party to the embezzlement. I shall prove by means of the indorsed checks that Brazier succeeded in collecting from Blenkiron the sum of twenty-three thousand pounds—which exactly represented Blenkiron's share of the embezzlement.

"I shall show that Brazier, going to the deceased's house with the intention of committing the murder, suddenly perceived a state of affairs that would enable him to do his fell deed, and not only escape the consequence, but obtain a terrible hold over the woman he still desired. I shall show—"

Corristan broke off as the counsel for the prosecution rose to his feet.

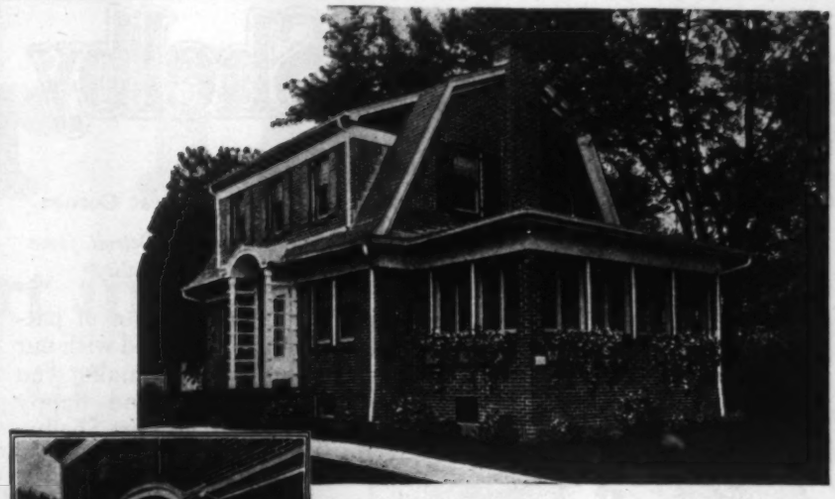
"On the point of the adjournment, m'lord," began the counsel for the prosecution.

"M'lord, I object to my learned friend's interruption," said Corristan.

"If my learned young friend will listen to my interruption, m'lord," was the swift retort, "I think he will withdraw his objection."

"Well?" demanded the judge.

"The crown will offer no further evidence in this case, m'lord, though possibly at a later date proceedings may be taken against the prisoner on the score of the theft of the documents from the safe belonging to the deceased. As regards the charge of murder,



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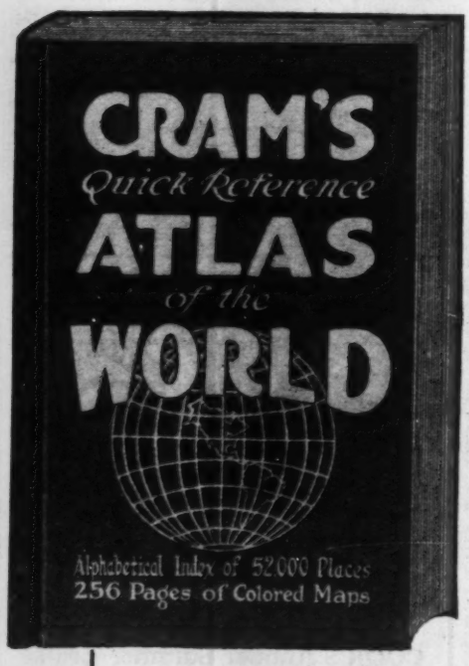

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80 Lafayette Street, N. Y. City.

You may send me a copy of Cram's Atlas of the World and enter my subscription for McClure's Magazine for 18 months. (It is understood that the price of the 18-month subscription alone is $4.50.) I agree to pay the postman $3.50 on receipt of the Atlas. If after a 5-day inspection I decide not to keep the Atlas I will return it and you agree to cancel my order.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

the crown withdraws and asks for an acquittal."

The judge turned to the jury.

"You have heard what the learned counsel has said," he remarked. "The function of a prosecuting counsel is partly judicial. He is bound to drop a case the moment he himself becomes convinced of the prisoner's innocence. In this case the learned counsel has become convinced of the prisoner's innocence. There is nothing for you to do now, therefore, but to return a formal verdict of not guilty."

CHAPTER 39

AILEEN caught her breath. The words of the judge startled her out of all recognition of their inevitability. The foreman of the jury said something. The judge was speaking again:

"The verdict is, not guilty. The prisoner is discharged."

Some one bounded at her and lifted her from the box. It was Geoffrey, the husband for whose sake she had dared so much.

There came a confused sound of clapping and cheering, which welled to a roar. Geoffrey, his arm around her, was taking Aileen from the court. In the corridors they were jammed by a crowd of excited, happy people, who kept gripping her by the hand and waving handkerchiefs at her and shouting congratulations.

"Take my car, Buckram, and drive her home," she heard some one say.

In the car that rushed them back to Rubington, Aileen murmured his name and tried to speak, but Geoffrey only crushed her to him.

"Don't try to talk, darling. Rest! God knows, you need it!"

Her eyes drooped. Rest! She knew now that she wanted rest more than anything, except Geoffrey. She must stop thinking, puzzling, planning, or her nerves would give way and she would be robbed of the joy that was now to be hers.

When they reached home, he took her straight to her room and made her lie down. Then he sent for a doctor to give her an anodyne.

The drug was a slight one, but it calmed her and enabled tired nature to have its way with her. It was noon of the following day before she awoke to find Geoffrey seated at her bedside.

"I lied to you, Geoffrey," she murmured.

"Yes, you lied to me, darling," he said with infinite gentleness. "And with your lie you told me an eternal truth—that you love me more than your own life. Aileen, my wife, our married life begins to-day. As soon as you are able to travel, we are going to have another honeymoon."

The second honeymoon of the Buckrams lasted three months. In themselves they were ideally happy, though their sky was by no means free from clouds. The tragedy in which they had become involved reverberated inevitably through their lives.

At the dramatic moment when Mrs. Fairclough had been carried from the witness-box, it was believed that she had fainted. The doctor who was hastily summoned when she failed to recover explained that she had received a paralytic stroke, and she was removed to a hospital. In three days she was dead. It was a merciful release from the ordeal of standing trial with her son.

As Geoffrey had feared, Aileen was served with a subpœena ordering her to appear as witness in the trial of Charles Brazier. Yet Aileen was never again obliged to appear in a court of criminal law. Charles Brazier was not the first criminal to defeat the vigilance of his warders. With characteristic coolness, he went point by point into the facts against him with his solicitor. His legal training, combined with his natural shrewdness, not unmixed with a certain courage, enabled him to realize that there was nothing to be gained

Your Tongue

—its Part in Improving the Singing or Speaking Voice

"WHO is qualified to teach voice?" This is the great question of the day. In musical circles it has become a topic for heated discussion. Learned writers are agitating the subject.

Madam Galli-Curci has said, "Singing teachers know very little about the science of voice, and scientists know just as little about the art of singing."

Dr. Marafioti in his book, "Caruso's Method of Voice Production," writes, . . . "We must resort to a new professional man, an expert of the voice, who must combine all the musical requisites . . . with sufficient scientific knowledge to guarantee that singing conforms to natural laws."

A leader, and perhaps the greatest exponent of this new idea in the teaching of voice is Professor Eugene Feuchtinger, A. M., founder and director of the Perfect Voice Institute.

He is the ideal combination of Vocal Teacher and Physiologist.

To Prof. Feuchtinger belongs the credit for the discovery of the Hyo-Glossus Muscle. It was he who subjected the human voice mechanism to a thorough scientific analysis. It was he who discovered the vital function performed by the tongue in all singing and speaking—and who isolated the controlling Hyo-Glossus muscle and learned how to strengthen it by exercise.

Before Prof. Feuchtinger came to America he gained great reputation through his remarkable success with the voices of noted singers and speakers of his native Germany. He has trained such famous artists as Madame Puritz-Schuman and Sofie Wiesner of the Metropolitan Opera; Paul Hochheim, Paul Bauer, and Adolph Kopp. Great artists like these give to him the full credit for their success.

But in those days his work was limited to the few who were able to study with him in person.

Now, through his connection with the Perfect Voice Institute, the benefit of the Professor's unique knowledge is placed at the disposal of thousands of American men and women.

Many among his pupils have come to him as a last resort, after failing to receive benefit from ordinary methods of teaching. Others are located in small towns where good personal instruction is not to be had. And thousands who can not afford to pay for personal instruction are progressing rapidly under the Professor's guidance.

All this is possible because the Perfect Voice method of training is ideally adapted to instruction by correspondence.

While the Perfect Voice Course gives adequate instruction in music, the fundamental part of it is development of the vocal mechanism by silent exercises, which you practice to best advantage in the privacy of your own home.

So certain is the success of this method that the Perfect Voice Institute does not hesitate to guarantee that your voice will be doubled in power and quality if you will practice these exercises faithfully. If you are not satisfied with the results of your training your money will be cheerfully returned to you. You alone are to be the judge.

You will learn many interesting and vital facts about voice culture from the Professor's book, "Enter Your World."

This book is FREE to all interested. It explains how *any* voice can be developed by this, the one natural, scientific method. Until you read it, you have no conception of the possibilites of your own voice.

Though you have never sung, you can develop a strong, rich singing voice, if you are determined to do so. If you speak, it tells how you may develop a voice of powerful, commanding quality that will prove almost impervious to fatigue.

If you have lost your voice, or are afflicted with any vocal defect, the Professor tells how you may regain a natural strong voice.

Write to Professor Feuchtinger telling him of your problems and ambitions—or just send the coupon below. But be sure to get his free book at once. This may be the first step in your career. Write today.

How many singers ever heard of their Hyo-Glossus musle?

Or, if they heard of it, how many know how to isolate and exercise this all important muscle?

This is the human throat. The arrow points to the Hyo-Glossus muscle showing development as found in the vocal mechanism of great singers and speakers. Whether your voice is strong or weak; pleasant or unpleasant; harsh or melodious, depends upon the development of this muscle. You can have a strong and beautiful singing or speaking voice if your Hyo-Glossus is developed by correct training.

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Please send me your book, "Enter Your World," without charge or obligation. I have put X before the subject that interests me most.

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at Atlantic City. Bring along your golf kit. Fetch your favorite walking stick. Tuck away your good, old comfortable shoes and you will use your riding togs.

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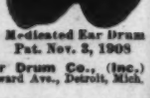

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Larkin Co Inc. Buffalo, N.Y.

by submitting to the ordeal of a trial, with certain death at the end of it.

That he had contemplated the possibility of his own arrest from the beginning was proved by the inquest on his body, when it was ascertained that the prussic acid he had swallowed had been concealed in a pencil-case, and that the poison had been bought a week before the murder of Joseph Blenkiron.

The estate of the murdered man passed into the hands of the public trustee. It was the last day of their "honeymoon" before the Buckrams received a letter intimating that the claim of the estate of William Dennison against the estate of Joseph Blenkiron had been investigated and found good, and that the public trustee would have pleasure in handing Mrs. Buckram the sum of forty-six thousand pounds.

"Forty-six thousand pounds! We shall be rich, Geoffrey," said Aileen, in her voice a strange lack of enthusiasm.

"Yes," said Geoffrey dully.

"It comes from my father; yet to me it will always seem tainted," continued Aileen. "It has come to me through a murder and a suicide, and the ruin of a woman who might have been as good as any other if circumstances had not proved too strong for her."

"I'm so glad you said that, kiddie!" said Geoffrey, seizing her hand. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Remove the taint, if you will help me," said Aileen. "We'll keep it in a special account and not touch a penny of it ourselves. Let's start a fund to help young married couples who get into money troubles and are in danger of having their home sold."

Geoffrey smiled.

"It will be difficult to administer the fund," he said practically.

"Yes; but it will be such fun—helping to make other married couples as happy as we are."

"Speaking for the men, beloved, we shall never succeed in doing that," said Geofrey, as he drew her to him.

THE END

Who Are the Greatest Americans?

HERE are some of the replies received from readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in response to its request for names of Americans eligible for a place in a list of the hundred greatest living Americans, and in a similar group of one hundred greatest Americans no longer living.

These names are to be used as a basis for a series of biographical sketches to be published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE in connection with America's celebration, in 1926, of the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

Dear Mr. McClure:

I have just finished reading the announcement of McCLURE'S intention to discover the hundred most distinguished living Americans, and the hundred most justly famous persons America has given to history. It is a most interesting announcement.

Do you mean that McCLURE'S would consider articles pointing out the right of certain people to inclusion in these lists? If so, I have some candidates whom I should like to submit in more detail, if they meet with your approval, for the series. Of course, the difficulty of comparison is great; yet, because of their services in certain crises in history, I believe the following men would be worthy:

EDMUND RANDOLPH, Governor of Virginia at the time of that State's ratification of the Constitution of the United States. Had it not been for the tremendous weight of Randolph's influence, and the consistent

advocacy of the Constitution that he displayed at the convention, the eloquence of Henry and pith of Mason would have doomed the measure. Virginia was the crucial State; New York was watching her, and likely to reject if Virginia did so. Randolph was what now would be called the "key man" of the convention.

JEFFERSON, of course, the great expositor of the principles of individual liberty, under law, of freedom without license, of government by the people. Had it not been for his philosophy, the Constitution and constitutionalists would have set up a far more rigid and overbearing instrument of government than the nation desired. Philosopher, metaphysician, lawyer, statesman, astronomer, architect, mechanic, farmer, practical politician, educator, seer—he is perhaps the most many-sided man America ever had as President: the man whose ideas had most weight on unborn generations. Surely he can not fail to be included.

It is a far cry from Jefferson to ANDREW JOHNSON, but this maligned mountaineer-tailor of East Tennessee has always been misunderstood and misinterpreted. Coming in Lincoln's shadow, a Southerner untrue to the tenets of his section, an abolitionist unwilling to yield to the excesses of the professional abolitionists of New England; a man who wished to preserve the union, and to heal the wounds of fratricidal war other than by bayonet and carpet-baggers, he is certainly unique in our history. The only President whose impeachment was sought; a Tennesseean so execrated that he would have been lynched in his State in 1868; three years later he was elected United States senator in an unparalleled come-back. What claim has he?

GEORGE F. MILTON, JR.

Your idea of presenting American history through the pages of your magazine is most admirable. I can not too emphatically express my approval and admiration of it.

Just for the moment I would not want to undertake to name all whom I consider to have been prominent in the building of the American nation—that is a pretty large order, as you will admit. But just for a starter I would name first of all, above all, and the most important of all, GEORGE WASHINGTON. When one weighs all considerations, the Father of this Republic stands far and away above and beyond any other character in our country's history.

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

Your idea of arousing interest in three centuries of Americans is most praiseworthy, and none can do it better.

I note with pleasure your statement that the most useful are the greatest, and it is for that reason I am calling attention to a person whose usefulness seems to have been forgotten, although millions of people have been benefited and hundreds of millions of dollars have been made in great business ventures through his labors.

I give you the name—CHARLES GOODYEAR, the inventor of vulcanized rubber. His invention made some of the great inventions possible. The insulation of all electric wires, the development of rubber tires for numerous vehicles, the use of vulcanized rubber in medical and surgical industries and professions—these are all traceable to Charles Goodyear.

Can not his usefulness be called great? Has he no place in the ranks of great men? He was born in New Haven in 1800, dying in New York in 1860. He impoverished himself and his family in his search for the secret of hardening rubber. It was a tragedy up to 1844, when he received his first patent. The story of his discovery is full of interest.

FRED HOVEY ALLEN.

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SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for

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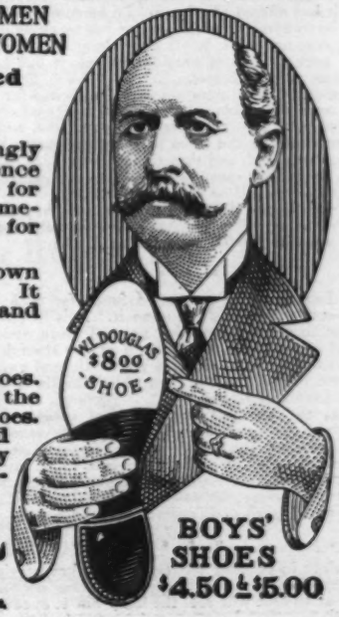
shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. If not convenient to call at one of our 116 stores in the large cities, ask your shoe dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the name and price stamped on the sole of every pair before the shoes leave the factory. Refuse substitutes. The prices are the same everywhere.



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Enrolling New Members, and Selling Art Productions on Approval

THIS is the pleasant method the Decorative Arts League has adopted. It sells its productions simply by sending them for examination, and by taking them back cheerfully if the borrower does not want to keep them. In the ordinary commercial sense of the word it does no "selling" at all.

Each of its productions, sent out in this way, has to *sell itself*, all by itself. There is none of the annoying persuasion or artifice that is too often associated with the sale of works of art. If it does not sell itself to the person who receives it on approval it simply comes back, and that is all there is about it.

Yet this, as you will see, is by far the best way in which the League could carry on its work.

* * * *

As soon as you are a Member of the Decorative Arts League you find that you have the privilege of sending, in exactly the same way, for a wide variety of different art productions, of beauty, dignity and permanent utility, for your home or as gifts.

Now just how much that means to you depends of course on your own tastes and instincts, in forming and maintaining that environment which, in the eyes of all who know you, is the reflection of your own quality and character. If you are one of the gentlemen or gentlewomen the League is formed to serve, you do not accept and admit as part of your environment the sort of thing that will grow stale and tiresome in a few months; you recoil from the vulgarity of constant changes in the furnishings and decorations of your home; you realize that the articles of beauty and utility you buy for your own home are things you will live with for a long while; and therefore you choose with the *utmost care* any article that is to become a permanent part of your surroundings. You reject mere novelties; you refuse everything that is garish—everything that does not meet the one sure test of true art and real beauty, the test of *never wearying the eye*.

* * * *

The privilege that is yours, as a Member of the League, of sending for any of these productions to be examined in your own home—at once takes all the anxiety and uncertainty out of the problem of selecting the right things for your home; all risk of spending your money for some purchase which might prove unsuitable. It transforms the problems of choosing beautiful things for your home, and makes it a real delight.

* * * *

This system of sending the article to "sell itself" is pleasanter not only for "the Corresponding Members" but for all the workers in the League,—for artists, craftsmen, office workers and executives. Because the League can always feel sure that *everyone* who owns one of its productions has bought it because he *wanted* it; because he had ample time to prove to himself by comparison that it had an artistic value far greater than could be procured for the same money elsewhere; and he has kept it because he *wanted* to keep it.

* * * *

The Decorative Arts League (Incorporated) is a self-supporting organization, operated on a strictly business basis, to unite the purchases of a large class of people in this country who are desirous of securing a higher standard of art in the things they acquire for the decoration of, and use in, their homes.

Each Corresponding Member is a unit in the co-operative plan for acquiring, producing and distributing meritorious designs. Corresponding Membership is voluntary, free and without responsibility, financial or otherwise. All responsibilities are carried by the Corporation.

* * * *

The League does not wish to increase the price at which it has offered this lamp. To be compelled to do so will be to admit that the League has made an unwise experiment; and that, in its effort to prove its idea of selling works of art at very low prices, it has fixed a price that is far too low.

However, if, after a certain period sufficient for a fair test of its idea, it finds that not enough persons respond to the offer, or that they respond too slowly, and that the cost of selling the lamp is, for that reason, higher than was expected, and that the lamp *has been sold at a loss*,—then in that case the loss will be stopped at once. No more lamps will be sold at this price.

The experiment, if it is resumed, will be on a basis of a much higher price; perhaps the originally contemplated price of $36.00, rather than $19.85.

* * * *

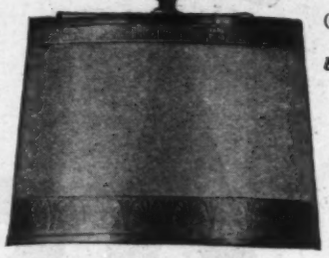
The League has a guarantee fund, for such risks, but does not wish to draw upon it. It is in position, however, to promise now that none of those who have received or will receive this lamp at the special price ($19.85) will be asked to make any additional payment whatever, to make up the loss. The lamp is sold with that distinct understanding.

Audits to determine the degree of success of the League's experiment, and to detect any serious loss before it proceeds too far, are made at frequent intervals. It is entirely possible that at the next audit, within a few days, the League's auditors may call a halt, and no more of these lamps, thereafter, will be sold at this price. After that day all such orders will be declined.

* * * *

Certainly in offering this lamp at so low a price as $19.85 the League is making a very daring experiment indeed; as anyone who sees the lamp will at once agree.

EXAMINING a work of art in your own home is the best and pleasantest way to find out if you want to keep it,—



Hand the Carrier **$3.85** *(deposit) when borrowed*

Total Price $19.85

. . . having it on approval for three or four or five days, using it, *comparing* its artistic merit and value with the values you are offered in your own city or in Fifth Avenue retail establishments,—

—and, entirely at your leisure, satisfying yourself that it is all that you expected, and that it is double or treble the value you could get for the same money elsewhere.

CERTAINLY the pleasantest and most *confident* way to do it,—particularly when from first to last you *know* positively that if you do not want to keep it you have only to *send it back*.

—when you have the calm certainty that any money you have deposited will be returned to you in full—willingly, pleasantly, promptly, and without the slightest suggestion that you are under any obligation whatever.

Noted Artists Designed it in Collaboration

A painter, a sculptress, and a noted decorative expert collaborated in the design of this lamp—Olga Popoff Muller, whose work as a sculptress has attained international recognition; Andrew P. Popoff, student of the Beaux Arts, and John Muller, architect of many buildings noted for their distinction and beauty.

The result is a design of beauty, richness and grace, which at once distinguish it unmistakably from the ordinary commercial products of factory "designing departments."

This low present price is a test

This lamp was designed to sell for $36. We want to see if, by offering it at a much lower price, we can secure enough orders to cause a great saving in the cost of production and distribution, and without a loss to the League. So, as an experiment, we are offering it at $19.85.

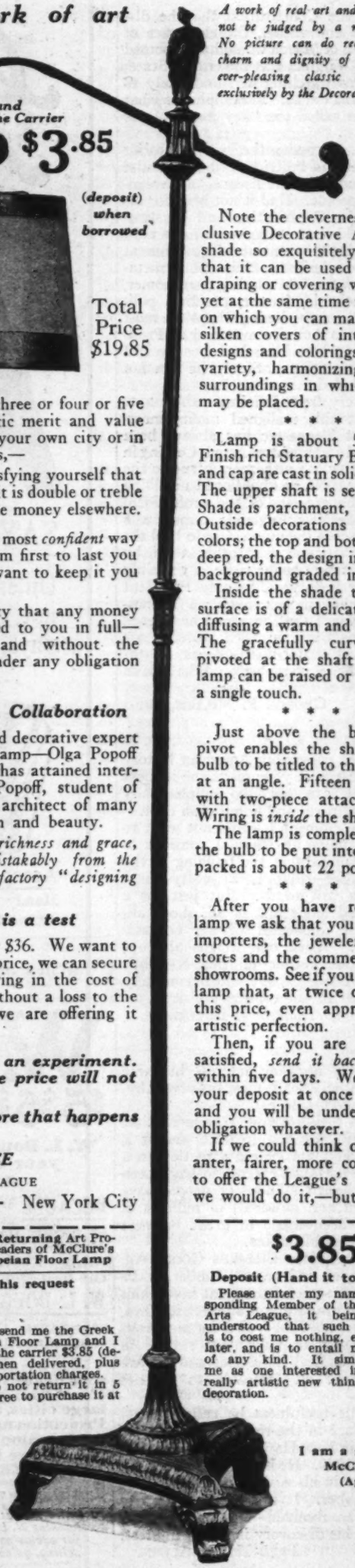
For the present, this is only an experiment. We cannot guarantee that the price will not be raised.

If you wish to secure one before that happens your request should be

Mailed AT ONCE

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE
175 Fifth Avenue - - - - - - New York City

A work of real art and true beauty can not be judged by a mere illustration. No picture can do real justice to the charm and dignity of this superb and ever-pleasing classic design. Owned exclusively by the Decorative Arts League.



Note the cleverness of this exclusive Decorative Arts idea;—a shade so exquisitely ornamented that it can be used without any draping or covering whatever, and yet at the same time the ideal base on which you can make and fasten silken covers of interchangeable designs and colorings, in limitless variety, harmonizing with any surroundings in which the lamp may be placed.

* * * *

Lamp is about 5 feet high. Finish rich Statuary Bronze. Base and cap are cast in solid Medallium. The upper shaft is seamless brass. Shade is parchment, brass bound. Outside decorations are in three colors; the top and bottom bands in deep red, the design in dark green, background graded in brown.

Inside the shade the reflecting surface is of a delicate pink tone, diffusing a warm and mellow glow. The gracefully curved arm is pivoted at the shaft so that the lamp can be raised or lowered with a single touch.

* * * *

Just above the bulb another pivot enables the shade and the bulb to be titled to throw the light at an angle. Fifteen feet of cord, with two-piece attachment plug. Wiring is *inside* the shaft and arm.

The lamp is complete, ready for the bulb to be put into it. Weight packed is about 22 pounds.

* * * *

After you have received this lamp we ask that you visit the art importers, the jewelers, the large stores and the commercial electric showrooms. See if you can find any lamp that, at twice or five times this price, even approaches it in artistic perfection.

Then, if you are not entirely satisfied, *send it back* any time within five days. We will return your deposit at once and in full, and you will be under no further obligation whatever.

If we could think of any pleasanter, fairer, more confident way to offer the League's productions we would do it,—but we cannot.

Members' Privilege of **Examining and Returning** Art Productions of the League is extended to Readers of McClure's Magazine for this occasion: **[Greek Pompeian Floor Lamp**

No money need be sent with this request

DECORATIVE ARTS LEAGUE,
175 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit.

Please send me the Greek Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier $3.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges.

If I do not return it in 5 days I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of $19.85 and will send $4 monthly from date for four months, the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

Signed.....

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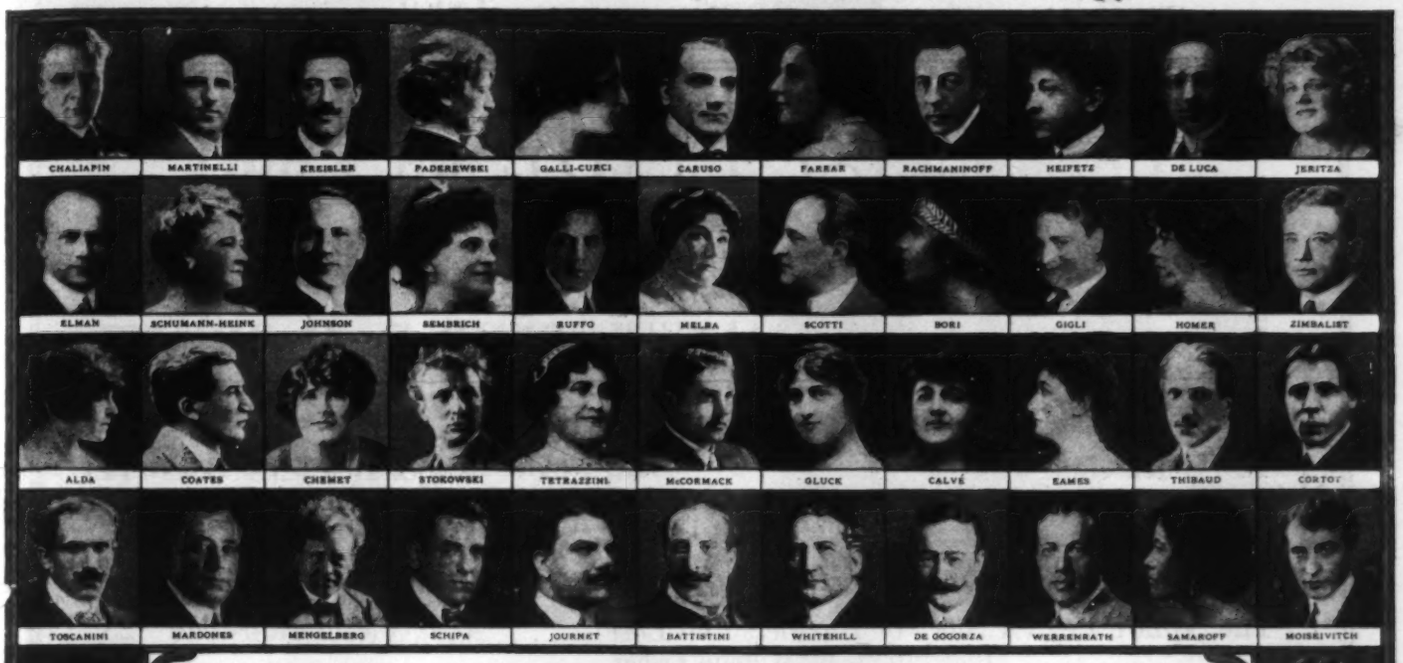

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Volume 55 Number 3

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

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Contents *for* May, 1923

The Black Gang . . . . . Major H. C. McNeile 11
(*Bulldog Drummond in a New Series of Adventures*)
Illustrations by Don Ross

The Island of Babel (*An Inspector's Life on Ellis Island*) Stephen Reynolds 19

The Square Peg (*A Story of Business and Love*) . . Victor Rousseau 25
Illustrations by William Fisher

The Killing of Baron Stockmar . . "Sapper" (Major H. C. McNeile) 33
(*A Thrilling Jim Maitland Chronicle*)
Illustrations by G. W. Gage

Howard Eaton . . . . . Dr. William T. Hornaday 40
(*An Easterner Honored by the West*)

Not on the Blotter (*A Detective Novelette*) . . . James Fellom 43
Illustrations by E. C. Caswell

So Passeth the Glory (*A Story*) . . . . . Hapsburg Liebe 53
Illustrations by A. L. Bairnsfather

General Grant as an Author . . . . Robert Underwood Johnson 61
(*How He Came to Write the Story of His Campaigns*)

The de Sar Round-Up (*A Military Secret Service Narrative*) . Lieutenant X 69
Illustrations by L. F. Wilford

Manhattan through Three Centuries . . . . . S. S. McClure 77

Serena and the Cave-Men (*A Story of Youth*) . . Alida Sims Malkus 84
Illustrations by William van Dresser

Restoring Lost Lives . . . . . Zoë Beckley 93
(*Rescues of Persons Wrongfully Imprisoned*)

Twilight Sleep and the Baby . . . . . Edna Purdy Walsh 97

The Hall-Mark of Merit (*A Theatrical Story*) . . . Helen Drew 102

America's Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary 110

Consult Your Banker (*Financial Article*) . . . Paul Tomlinson 122

Poems by Daniel Henderson, Eleanor M. Denny, Dixie Willson, Jean Kenyon Mackenzie and Margaret Adelaide Wilson

Cover Painted by William Grotz

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McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

"You don't need more money!

That's only temporary relief —this is a cure"

The story of why one wise employer refused to advance money, but gave something worth far more

By

HUGH S. FULLERTON

THIS story was told me by an old friend as we sat on the porch of his home in Orange, N. J. Six years ago he was bankrupt, in danger of losing his job and threatened with divorce proceedings.

He brought out a neatly bound volume and showed it proudly. "That book was worth $28,000 to me," he said. "It made, saved and invested that much for me in six years."

I was puzzled and inquired why.

"When Ella and I were married," he said, "I had $10,000 and she had $5,000, a wedding gift. My job paid $5,000 a year. My wife's father was reputed wealthy. His income was large, his family expensive, and Ella, the only daughter, was brought up ignorant of housekeeping, marketing, cooking or finance. She had charge accounts at the stores and bought what she wanted. Sometimes her father kicked at the bills, but he always paid them.

Expensive Bachelor Habits

"I had formed expensive habits, liked good clothes, cigars and drinks. Marriage made little change. We entertained extensively. My wife ran bills at stores, and six months after marriage I found expenses exceeding salary and $3,000 of my reserve fund gone. I attributed it to 'extraordinary expenses' natural to establishing a household. A year later we were still drawing on our reserve to meet 'extraordinary expenses'.

"The end of the second year brought our first baby, and I attributed the deficit for that year to 'extraordinary expenses'. The third year brought our second baby and more 'extraordinary expenses'.

"Less than a year later my father-in-law died, leaving only a few thousand dollars when debts were paid. His death alarmed me because I had felt that, if we came a cropper, he would help us. Expenses still exceeded salary and my reserve was completely wiped out. I told my wife and discovered that she had checked out practically all her $5,000 for trifles.

"I commenced to economize on everything. My clothing looked shabby. Debts were pressing and even the grocer was hesitating about credit.

"The climax came when the next monthly bills from the stores arrived. I was bankrupt. My wife's charge accounts were larger than ever, and her bank account overdrawn. I scolded, stormed—told her that her extravagance had ruined us. She retorted that I drank, was wasteful and perhaps worse. The quarrel became so serious that she left me. I realized that I had been wrong and determined to make a new start. I went to my employer and asked him to advance me $1,000 on my salary.

" 'So it has come?' he exclaimed. 'I've been expecting it. No, I won't advance you money. Fight it out yourself.'

"I was hurt and angry. He checked me as I started out, and took this book from a drawer.

" 'Here is something that will help you to help yourself,' he said. 'You don't need more money. That's only temporary relief—this is a cure. Take this book to your wife. Both of you study it and have her keep it. You'll find out what becomes of your money and if you have any sense you can stop the waste.'

"I wondered how much . . ."

"The idea of a book full of red and blue lines helping me when I needed money seemed ridiculous. I took it without enthusiasm or hope, but that evening I studied the simple instructions and looked over the headings of columns. They did not interest me until I wondered idly how much we spent under each division. Rough mental calculation surprised me. I began to see what the boss was driving at. I went to my wife, admitted I had been wrong, and explained about the book. She was interested.

" 'Let's call a taxi, go to the apartment and figure the old bills,' I suggested.

" 'No, let's take a street car,' she corrected.

"We studied bills and the book. She started to keep the accounts. The book was so simple and interesting that it took only a few minutes a day. We were amazed to find how much we had spent uselessly and often for things and amusements that bored us. In a month we were living within our income and paying debts. My wife was rather rigid in her economies. We sub-let our expensive apartment and rented this house with the privilege of buying. We were amazed to find that we had better times, had more and enjoyed things more than we ever had done before.

"The book contained space for four years' accounts and when it was filled we had the house half paid for and our income was larger and expenses smaller. My wife had developed into a good manager. This book of ours is Woolson's Economy Expense Book."

* * * * *

Woolson's Economy Expense Book was designed by an expert accountant to enable his wife to keep their household accounts without waste of time. No knowledge of bookkeeping or accounting is necessary. The book makes it easy to locate financial leaks and stop them. It shows just how much is being spent for dress, food, fuel, allowances, amusements and charities at a glance. Instead of being complicated and tiresome, the keeping of this book soon becomes a pleasure and frequently prevents or settles family arguments over money matters.

No matter whether your income is $1,000 or $10,000, the Woolson Economy Expense Book is the surest way to have 100% control over every cent you earn. At a cost of one cent per week, you can buy this four years' record. Send no money. Simply fill out the coupon, mail it to George B. Woolson & Company, 120M West 32nd Street, New York. When the book comes pay the postman $2.50 and the postage. Examine it for yourself. If you do not wish to keep it, return it in 5 days and we will refund your money. Use the coupon.

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That Curious Device for Making Fire

IT was only seventy-five years ago that a woman of the Middle West wrote to her cousin in New York:

> *"Last winter I was told of a curious new device for making fire. It consisted of small splinters of wood with tips of some substance that bursts into flame when rubbed on a rough surface. If you can procure some of them for me I shall be grateful."*

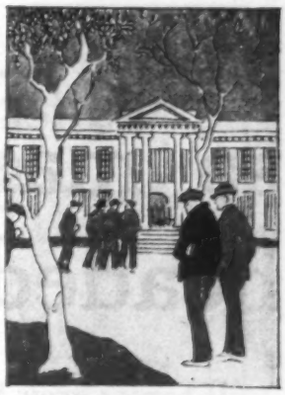
Matches were in general use in Europe for years before they were seen in this country. There was no means for spreading such news rapidly.

Today, the new invention that contributes to comfort or convenience is quickly known the country over. Advertising conveys the information. The farmer's wife in Texas or Idaho is as well posted on these things as the city woman of the East.

Don't overlook the advertisements. They are heralds of progress, with real news for you and your family. They save your time, lighten your work and enable you to obtain the utmost in value for the money you spend.

Time given to reading the advertisements is well spent.

THE SCHOOLS OF AMERICA



We are pleased to place before our readers the following directory of the leading private schools of America. Write to the school for full and complete information, which will be gladly furnished to readers of McCLURE'S.—*Editor.*

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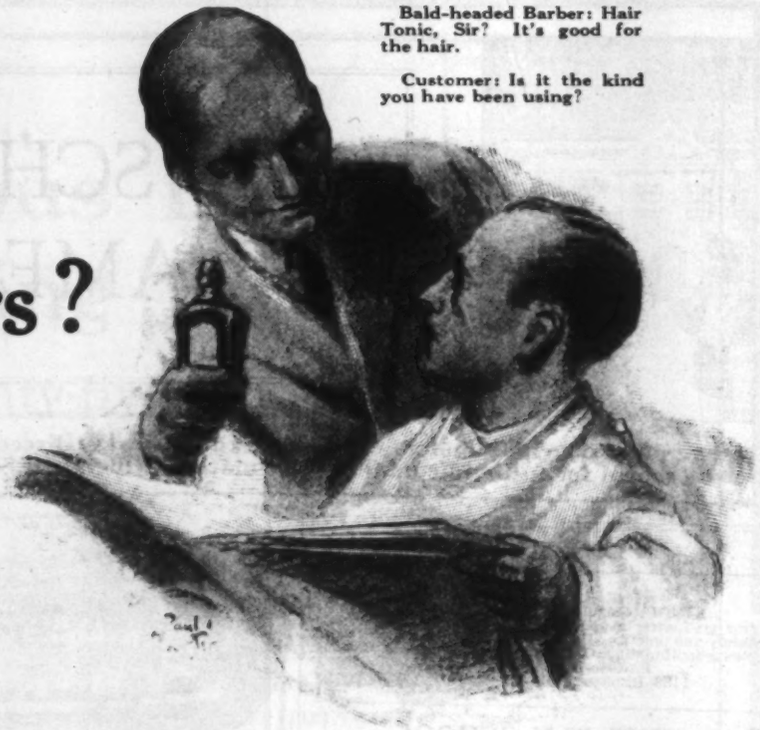
Col. R. P. Davidson, President.

Why are there so many bald-headed barbers?



Bald-headed Barber: Hair Tonic, Sir? It's good for the hair.

Customer: Is it the kind you have been using?

If tonics grew hair, or even prevented its falling out, surely you would never see a bald-headed barber. Here are some facts about hair culture unknown to barbers but which anyone can use daily, at no cost, and with unfailing benefit.

IN spite of the myriads of hair-treatments on the market, there does not seem to be the slightest noticeable decrease in the number of men and women afflicted with dandruff, gray hair, partial baldness and other scalp and hair troubles. Even barbers, who of all people should know what is best for the hair, are subject to those troubles and derive no benefit from the use of tonics.

Is it possible that these ointments, salves and tonics, for which people pay millions of dollars every year, are only masquerading as dandruff cures and hair growers? Is it possible that they can do little, if anything at all, to eradicate hair-troubles? And if this is true, what hope is there for the thousands of men and women who are so anxious to find something that will assure them of a thick, heavy, luxuriant growth of hair.

The Truth About Hair

There *is* a way that will absolutely prevent loss of hair and that will even make it grow healthfully! It was discovered, by purest accident, by Bernarr Macfadden, admittedly America's foremost physical culture exponent. Thirty years ago his hair began to come out by handfuls, and obsessed by the fear of completely losing it, he began at once to find some way to save what hair he had.

At first he tried one of the patent preparations then popular. After a few applications without any appreciable benefit, he threw the bottle away and determined to find out just why hair falls out for, he said, if he knew what *caused* hair troubles he would then know how to prevent and remedy them.

So he began to make a study of hair. He examined it under the microscope, made an analysis of it in chemicals, obtained the help of physicians to learn the nature of scalp diseases and what causes them. Among many other things, he learned that hair lives—that it must have food to nourish it that it must have air to grow and develop. And that if it were deprived of its food and its air, like every other living thing, it would decay and die.

Bernarr Macfadden's Discovery

With this background of scientific information' Mr. Macfadden devised some very simple methods of treatment that proved to be a really amazing discovery. He applied these methods to his own case, and found that they not only prevented the further loss of his hair, but in a comparatively short time, made it grow again, made it grow more abundantly, more thickly than ever!

Yet the most wonderful thing about Mr. Macfadden's discovery is that his methods do not require the use of any dope or treatments, it does not need any apparatus. In fact, his methods of hair culture are so simple, so easy to apply, that anyone can learn how to use them in only a few seconds. Once you have learned the amazing secret *you* can be sure to have strong ,vigorous, healthy hair, and *it won't cost you a single penny to use it day after day, year after year!*

So remarkable are the results obtained through Bernarr Macfadden's new easy hair culture methods that they may seem unbelievable to some who have tried the usual kind of "Hair-growers" without benefit. Yet thousands upon thousands of men and women have already used these remarkable Macfadden methods, with uniformly satisfactory results.

Stops Falling Hair — Ends Dandruff—Makes Hair Grow

So sure is Mr. Macfadden that his methods can help anyone who is troubled with dandruff, gray hair, baldness, split hair, and all other hair ailments, that he has instructed his publishers to send his remarkable new book *Hair Culture* to everyone requesting it, for five days' examination. It makes no difference how many remedies you have tried without success, it makes no difference how stubborn your case may be, nor how long it has existed, Mr. Macfadden is sure that you will obtain the results you want through the simple methods which he has discovered, and which are fully and completely explained in his book.

If your comb reveals that you have dandruff, or that your hair is coming out too fast, if your head is too dry or too oily, if you are troubled with baldness in any degree, you owe it to yourself, to your peace of mind, at least to investigate Mr. Macfadden's discovery. Get this book; find out what your hair is, how it grows, why it loses its color, why it becomes brittle, why it dies and falls out. Then read how this simple natural method can quickly end your troubles, stop your loss of hair, end your dandruff, and make your hair grow thicker, stronger more beautiful than perhaps you have dared to hope.

Send No Money

You need not send a single penny now. Merely mail the coupon, or a letter or postcard, and the book *Hair Culture* will be sent to you by first-class mail, prepaid. When the book arrives, deposit only $2.00 with the postman. Then examine it for five days. Find out exactly what causes dandruff, what makes your hair lose its color, what makes it fall out. Then see how quickly Mr. Macfadden's simple methods can remedy your troubles, at no cost, and in only a few minutes each day. If you are not absolutely satisfied that you will get all the results you hope for, return the book and your money will be refunded at once. At any rate you take no risk, you have nothing whatever to lose, so send the coupon now.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
Dept. MC-5
1926 Broadway, N. Y. City

Your Hair

What do you know about it?

What are the most scientific preventatives of baldness?
Should a wire brush ever be used on the hair?
When should the hair be forced to fall out?
Of what benefit to the hair is singeing?
How often should the hair be washed or dampened?
Which is the one great cause of dry scalp and hair?
What is the best soap for oily hair? for dry hair?
What are the three causes of baldness?
What is a dry shampoo and how does it affect the hair?
What is the strongest stimulant that can be used on the scalp?
What one thing is most important to luxurious growth of the hair?
Why does hair fall out after sickness?
What causes gray hair?
Is dandruff contagious?
What has diet to do with dandruff?
What is the best way to kill the dandruff germ?
How can the eyebrows and eyelashes be strengthened?
How often should a baby's scalp be washed?
What is the best kind of brush to use?
How often, and with what, should a baby's scalp be oiled?

Bernarr Macfadden's photograph, taken at the age of 54, illustrates what his simple and effective methods have done for him, and what they will accomplish for every man and woman who uses them.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.
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Macfadden Building
1926 Broadway
New York City

Please send me, prepaid, Bernarr Macfadden's new book **Hair Culture** explaining his simple methods for naturally preserving and beautifying the hair. When the book arrives I will deposit $2.00 with the postman. It is understood that if for any reason I return the book within five days after receipt my money will be refunded.

Name.....

Address.....

County.....State.....

O. Henry lunged forward, the don flashed his stiletto, the senorita screamed — *but* —

Al Jennings, outlaw and train-robber, was too quick on the trigger. Let him tell you the amazing story of O. Henry's bohemian career.

She was a born flirt, the Senorita. Just the glance of a dark eye over her fan, behind the back of the princely don. In its wake came livid passion, death, riot—and breathless flight for O. Henry and Al Jennings, the most picturesque pair of adventurers since the days of Captain Kidd.

Al Jennings and his brother Frank had stepped off a boat at Honduras. They wore top hats and dress suits—the only garb they had. They were outlaws, with prices on their heads. Al walked up to the American consulate. On the veranda sat a figure dressed immaculately in duck. It was O. Henry, penniless, yet unconcerned. O. Henry was not there for local color. He, too, was a fugitive from justice. For what crime? Let Al Jennings tell you, as only he can, in his inimitable memoirs.

"Colonel, we meet again"

Years later, after Jennings had been trapped and lay in a cell in the Ohio Penitentiary, one day he heard a familiar voice. He looked up and there—in prison stripes, too—was O. Henry. "Colonel," said O. Henry, in his Southern drawl, "it seems we meet again!"

Then follows what is certainly the most remarkable biography in American literature. Why was O. Henry imprisoned? There is no doubt he was innocent, but the story is too long to be told here. In any case, in the midst of the degrading prison life, O. Henry began to write. Jennings tells about his first story, how when he read it to two hardened convicts they blubbered for the first time in their lives. He tells how there, in prison, O. Henry got the material for some of his most famous stories. Among other things, you read the pathetic story of the *original* of the immortal Jimmy Valentine.

Out of Prison Into Fame

All through his career O. Henry was an enigma. Editors could never make him out. The Four Hundred opened its doors to him, but he was not to be netted. A strangely reserved figure, except to the few who knew him. Now at last Al Jennings gives the world the key to this enigma.

You see what the incidents were that shaped O. Henry's character—not only in colorful Central America, and in the penitentiary, but later also in all the byways of that modern Bagdad—New York—where O. Henry wandered tirelessly, as did Haroun Al Raschid of old.

How Can Such Things Be?

"Through the Shadows with O. Henry" is a book of life, not fiction. In that fact lies its inexpressible fascination. One gasps at every page. Here is, truly, a picture of his country that no American can afford not to read. For Al Jennings is, in his way, no less a remarkable man than O. Henry. You read of a childhood as pathetic as Oliver Twist's, a young manhood more exciting than any Western fiction ever penned, full of tales of wild Western feuds, of train and bank robberies, of hair-breadth escapes.

And it is about *real* men and women, not puppets of fiction; you see on one page the lovable but always strange character of O. Henry—you see Roosevelt, Mark Hanna, prominent New Yorkers—and then on other pages are the figures of desperados, convict bankers, pickpockets, fallen women, burglars, murderers! Each one with a personality so picturesque, with a history so vivid and often pathetic, that one marvels that such things can be! It is an astonishing *tour de force*!

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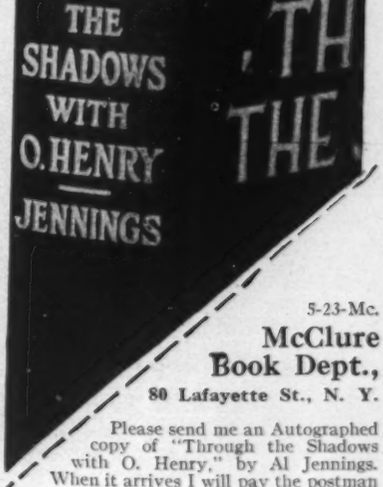

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